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THE
INSURGENTS:

An Historical Novel.

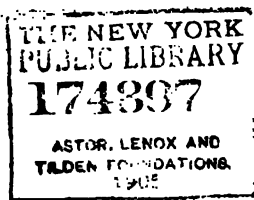
———"Allez—Maréchal Ney, les bleus seront toujours bleus, et les blancs toujours blancs."—NAPOLEON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

1835.



Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year
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THE INSURGENTS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

HERE is now and then, at pretty long intervals, upon this globe, in the shape of woman, a being that we might fancy to have descended here from a superior world ; to have sprung from a purer and purer race, in another planet, and to have assumed a terrestrial form for a season, to show how surpassing bright and fair the tender and engaging qualities of the heart and soul may make that appear! To prove to us how far superior in value to power, a heart like Belvidera's, or a soul like hers, is to the mere external beauty of face and form, or even the higher charms of female refinement, taste and intellect. Whenever and wherever women have flourished, it has been a grievous loss to the times on which they have fallen, and of the places in which their lot has been cast, if they have not illustrated and adorned the age in which they lived. They must, of course, degenerate, if they were in breathing an atmosphere dense with ig-

noble tastes and prejudices ; if they force themselves down to the standard of everyday people, by whom they cannot be appreciated or understood ; where their sentiments and conduct must square with those of beings who were “ born—merely to eat up the corn.”

Such a woman will soon find herself isolated in society—more a recluse in the midst of fashionable crowds, than in the solitude of her own chamber. She will wander up and down, without interest, among a herd where the absolutely insignificant, but conventionally important affairs of people of the same description are all that claim her attention. She will discover, before long, that etiquette, when thoroughly studied, prescribes not only her behaviour, but her very thoughts, and opinions, and feelings. She will perceive that ridicule is more powerful than reason, and wit only appreciated when seasoned with ill-nature. If she should, by hazard or design, display her native superiority, wo to her tranquillity, for she rouses to a perpetual war with her, Scandal—that sleepless, shapeless imp,—and Envy, that basest of the evil spirits, that keep man and woman-kind from heaven. It is only when such women find themselves on a theatre of stirring events, amidst the strifes and tumults and convulsions of an incipient revolution, when ambition is aiming to subvert old or erect new empires, and treason is busy in its midnight conclaves and daylight hypocrisies ; or when patriotism, unfurling the banner of freedom, summons her noble spirits around the standard—it is only in such scenes that

they feel themselves breathe freely, and deem the times to have arrived for which they were born.

With all her love of study and meditation, Mary Talbot had felt somewhat such sentiments, when she looked out upon the military bustle which the village presented. Not that she had either the wish of taking up arms on either side, or that of seeing any active hostilities between them. On the contrary, her dissatisfaction was extremely lively, that their quiet and lovely village should be made the field of operations ; and her resolution was taken to devise some plan of accommodation which should be acceptable to both parties, and rid the village of such troublesome and dangerous tenants. " Why should I not ? " said she ; " those people, on both sides, are too mad with passion and hatred to think at all, and if they were not, they are not in the habit, and it requires long practice to think to much purpose. Ah well ! I have had a grand plan of accommodation for some time under consideration, and to-night I'll propose it to my brother for his opinion."

When her brother came home late in the evening, fatigued and care-worn, he cried out, " Pray, Miss Mary, have you anything for supper ? I am not only very tired, but very hungry."

" Oh, certainly ! there's an abundance of eatables in the house, and I'll call the girl to wait on you."

" Do hurry her, for I am half-famished."

The table was soon spread, and as he was sitting down, he said, " I wish you had gone down to Hartford, as I begged you to do ; I am really afraid that those rebellious rascals may be mad enough to attack us,

and there is no fortelling in such a case where the balls may fly, or where the fight may be. I think you had better let the doctor take you down early in the morning, as he offered to go at any time."

"No, I thank you, I am not very easily frightened, and if it should come to actual shooting, why, I'll take refuge in the wine vault, or the cellar store-room. I am not very easily alarmed. But, dear brother, why not get rid of these people at once, peaceably and honourably, by offering them some terms of accommodation—of arrangement?"

"Because it is not for *us* to offer terms to traitors, in open arms against the laws. If it were anywhere else but here in this native village of ours, I would engage they would not long remain so."

"I am glad to see you have so much grace left, as to wish to avert such scenes of bloodshed from our dear native village; at least, let not that be the first spot polluted with the stain of brother's blood shed by his brother! Let the first field of blood be far, far from our peaceful homes."

"So I wish, with all my heart; but if they attack us, we shall, of course, defend ourselves with a little vengeance."

"But why not pacify them, not only now, but permanently, and offer them a compromise which will quiet them now, and satisfy them hereafter?"

"Oh, yes! if anybody could propose such a plan of permanent accommodation, it might do, but nothing would suit those gentry but the government of the commonwealth."

"But I have a plan of my own, which I think will satisfy them, and if it do, your party ought to grant it at once."

Talbot laid down his knife and fork, and stared at her. "Why, what now? have you turned your attention to reforming the commonwealth too? And you dabbling in politics, when you are always entreating me to take less interest in them, and even to renounce them entirely! But come," resuming his eating with energy, "what's your plan? I should like to hear it."

"Oh! it is very short indeed, and I think will quiet all these troubles."

"It must be some system of petticoat government."

"Silence, while I expound it. The greatest of all the grievances complained of by the insurgents, that at least against which they have gone greatest lengths, is the enforcement of debts, by law, in the present state of things. To say the truth, I think it is wrong to allow the creditor to sacrifice his poor debtor's goods, because the times are so bad that nobody can be found to buy. But I have sought so long and in vain for a remedy that would not bring with it greater evils, that I have concluded to let the present tender law expire by its own limitation. It does not appear to me suited to this state of society."

"Bless my soul! you talk like an oracle. Go on; I am all attention to you. This cold chicken is truly delicious."

"Well, then, as I still think that something should, if it be possible without very great mischief, be done for the really poor and oppressed debtors, who are

crying out for relief, I propose—but you are paying no attention to what I say.”

“I swallow every word, as greedily as I do this sallad. Pray proceed. I’m all expectation and wonder.”

“Well, then, I propose, that hereafter the *bodies* of all debtors shall be free from arrest for debts of all kinds, and that the creditor shall only take the property. If he cannot find any, his power is ended.”

“Ha! ha! ha! That is superb! The project is worthy of a place in Utopia. You must have been reading that work lately. I have caught you rummaging among that old lumber in the old book-case, a great many times of late. My dear sister, I acknowledge you have a talent for thinking upon out-of-the-way subjects; but for once you have ventured upon one which all the reading, all the philosophy, all the reflection in the world would not enable the wisest man without experience to decide upon.”

“And pray, sir, if your laugh is ended, what mighty objections do you see to it?”

“Objections! why, they are so numerous that my breath would fail me before I should have done with them.”

“Please to give me the first five or six.”

“They resolve themselves chiefly into this—that it would destroy all legal remedy for one-half the contracts every day made.”

“Ridiculous! *you* ought to be ashamed to talk such utter absurdity. Is it true that the creditor trusts to his debtor upon the security of his *personal liberty*? Then ought he to lose his debt and be soundly amerced into the bargain.”

“Come, you appear to be in earnest in this. Let

me tell you, that of all the visionary, impracticable projects of which I have ever heard, this is the most visionary and the most pernicious. The creditor does not exactly trust his poor debtor upon the security of locking him up in jail; but he trusts him, thinking that he will rather exert himself to pay him than go to jail for default, and the policy of the law is wise and sound."

"Ha! ha! it is really my turn to laugh now. If that be not the nicest distinction which I have ever yet heard! But let that pass. You say the policy of the law is wise and sound, in allowing this power of the creditor over the debtor's person. How is it wise? In immuring an unfortunate, or, if you please, even an improvident man in prison, because he cannot pay what he has promised? Will he be any nearer, after having languished there for months or years? How is it sound? Is it sound policy to put a man in confinement at the will of his creditor, where he loses all habits of industry, and instead of becoming a productive becomes a useless citizen. But I do not stop to dwell on such considerations. I would appeal to the humane and generous feelings of human nature—to the spirit of liberty which spurns such bondage as more degrading than that of the most absolute of despots."

"Huzza! Liberty for ever! This chicken is still more excellent. Will you have a glass of this port with some water? You seem to be getting hoarse."

"No; and I'll have no more to say to you about my plan either. You are too much wedded to old notions and prejudices. But to-morrow I'll get you several great names among the English Lords and Commons that shall astonish you, who were in

favour of such a total abolition of the power of the creditor to make a slave of his debtor."

"Oh! I dare say. There is no proposition so absurd—no idea so ridiculous that it has not at some time or other found support from some philosopher or learned man or other, as I heard your ladyship observe some few days ago, in answer to me when I quoted an authority."

"Ah! I shall convert you yet. Observe, I have never failed when I have attempted. Good night! For pity's sake, spare those bones."

"Good night, goody! I am going to try this cold roast beef before I give up to you, however."

While he was thus employed, he fell into a serious meditation upon the subject of imprisonment for debt in general, which he had never very carefully considered, and after half an hour came to the conclusion that it was not too absurd or too dangerous to be worthy of consideration. Still he saw many and more formidable objections to it, which he could not by any possible means obviate. Such is ever the fate of the wisest measures to be worst dreaded and latest tried. Our age has dispersed the fog.

"It's a fine project, but things must remain as they are;" and he went to rest with that wise result.

The next morning at sunrise he was mounted and in the field again. The insurgents had given out such threats, that an early attack was expected. A council of their leaders had, however, been held over night, at which it had been pretty unanimously resolved that it would not do to attack the troops under Gen. Shepard, who were not only better armed, and better disciplined, though inferior in numbers, but were commanded by a brave and skilful officer

in whom they had implicit confidence. This result was by no means displeasing to Captain Shays, who, though no coward, had great doubts about the fighting propensities of most of his followers.

The insurgents had been paraded about nine o'clock, and after going through some manœuvres after their sort, began to inquire about the attack, and at what time it was to take place. Various were the replies they received from their officers, as Captain Shays had let no one into the secret of his intentions. A party of the secret friends of the cause, among whom were Eustace and his brother Tom, Osborne, Jackson, and others, were sitting on horseback, amusing themselves with their movements, when Captain Shays was seen riding towards them at full gallop !

"Look at Shays!" said Osborne ; " he appears to be frightened at something. How like the King of men he rides !"

"Oh !" said Tom Eustace, " he is coming to tell us that his army is going to move this way, and we had better get on the windward side!"

"Tom, for shame! If I hear such another expression from you, I'll take notice of it. If you spoke a little less you would be quite as well esteemed."

"Poh!" said Osborne, " we are among friends ; there are no tattlers here ; and certainly if the captain's force should move this way, I shall profit by Master Thomas's hint."

The captain brought them intelligence, "that he did not know what to due ; that the men were gittin' fractious and wanted to march right straight down and 'tack the inemy. That they were now loadin' their

guns on purpose, and he wanted to know what was best to do."

Osborne, Eustace, and two or three others rode aside a few paces, and after a two minutes' council of war, called him up to them, and Osborne gave him the result as follows :

"If your men are so very much bent on a fight, and you want to put a stop to it the speediest way, march them down immediately, in column, within two musket shots of Gen. Shepard's troops. Let them look their enemy in the face. If that does not cool their courage, and they still insist on fighting, the devil is in't!"

The captain returned to his command, and finding that the pugnacity of his troops had doubled in his absence, he gave them the word to march. When they set out, full three-fourths of them were furious for an immediate onset; by the time they had gone one-fourth of the intervening distance, one-fourth of those three became quite opposed to such precipitate measures: by the time the other fourth of the way was gone, another of the three-fourths saw the folly of the movement, and wished themselves out of the scrape: by the time they reached the ground which Osborne had designated, several of the men, and among them some of the most clamorous for an immediate action were missing, and never appeared again. At that moment there was not, independent of the continentals, thirty men who were disposed for an attack, or who were fit to oppose one, either.

"Why, the men look rather droopin', seems to me," said Lieutenant Brindle to some officer near him, "and jest now they was all for fire and tow !

Ah! I knew it! tu much flash in the pan for me."

The troops halted, and deployed into line as they best might, while their attention was so fearfully absorbed by the array of their adversaries, now almost within musket-shot range of their ranks. The government troops were exercising as they came in sight, although Gen. Shepard had timely notice of their approach. He did not think it worth while to betray the least interest in their approach, until they should advance "so near as to incommode his prospect," as he observed to one of his officers, which he called musket-shot distance; and in that event he intended to send one of his aids to warn them off, and in case of neglect of orders, to charge them with bayonet, an arm in which the insurgents were lamentably deficient, and still more so in the knowledge of using it.

The insurgents stared with gaping admiration at the quickness and precision of the manœuvres and the manual exercise of their opponents: their bright armour glittered in the sun like burnished mirrors, their carriage was erect and military; their whole air one that indicated the utmost confidence in their leader and themselves, and some degree of contempt for their enemy.

"Well," said Talbot, "they have had lessons enough, methinks, general," pointing to the insurgents,—“in the drill and field exercises; I think it would not be amiss to show them how to form in battle array."

The orders were instantly issued, and almost as instantly in a course of execution through the whole body. The aids and adjutants flew about the field

like lightning ; the band struck up that peculiar hurrying sort of music, which is appropriated to the formation of a line of battle ; everything in two minutes was executed with a precision that would have done credit to regular troops ; the insurgents looked on in wonder.

“ Now, what the thunder, I don’t like that,” said Hezekiah, shaking his head, although he did not understand the meaning of it. “ There’s some mischief brewin’, or I’ll eat grass. Captain Shays, what the plague does all that muss over there mean ?”

“ Mean ! ha ! ha ! it means they are forming their line of battle, and very likely mean to give us a salute.”

“ Oh, I thought so !” said Hezekiah seriously, and then to himself, “ Now if I wanted to be on the strong side, I should jest as lives be on that side as this, and may be a little d’ruther.”

In the mean time, at the alarm that “ the insurgents are coming,” the woman and children who had been viewing Gen. Shepard’s troops from their doors and windows, had perceived with unutterable dismay that formidable body of troops come pouring into the other end of the village, with drums beating, fifes playing, colours displayed, and with Captain Shays on horseback to increase their terror, they fled from the sight, and gave up all for lost. Then commenced within doors a tantarrarra of female shrieks, of boyish howls, of infantine yells—a scene of tears, hysterics, sobs, and convulsions that would have melted any heart not steeled against the sights and sounds of female wo, and the moving noise of their innocent squallers ! There was scarcely a family from which a father, a son, or a brother, had not

gone forth to join one standard or the other ; and in many instances—alas ! that we should be obliged to record it—the father was arrayed against the son, the son against the sire ; the ties of brotherhood, of kindred, of friendship—all seemed to be sundered by the demon of civil discord. Wives, whose husbands were ranged under hostile banners, and who had themselves previously come near blows on political topics, now embraced like friends, and mingled their shrieks and tears over their common calamity. Mothers who had lost sons in the battles of their country for independence, were now doomed to behold those yet left to them, the hope and stay of their declining years, ranging themselves against each other in the opposing ranks ; above the notes of trumpet, the beat of drum or the squeaking of the fife were heard, in many a house of wo, the wild moans and the fearful screams of tender wives who, now that they were likely to lose them, began to feel a sort of terrified tenderness for their consorts. Many who had led their husbands the most wretched lives, repented them of their past wilfulness and termagancy, and devoutly prayed for their safe return, vowing a holy vow, that if they were restored sound and unhurt to their longing arms, they would be the best and the tenderest of wives from that day forth and for ever. But of the fifty odd tartars and gray mares who made this solemn vow, stern authentic history compels us to record that in two only was the repentance lasting and sincere. The rest soon fell from grace, and some of them even grew worse and worse unto their dying day ; and of the two cases of reclaimed tartars, we are also forced to add that one was always afflicted with a trick of gently kicking

her husband's shins beneath the table, if he put more than one lump of sugar into his tea. Such is the addition to matrimonial statistics, which our unwearied search after truth has enabled us to make. It is no more than justice to mention, that the tartar species has entirely disappeared from that part of the country at the present day.

While the hostile legions were thus manœuvring and eyeing each other with no friendly looks, the court, which was in session, not relishing the position it occupied, as it were, between two fires, and being unable to complete a jury, dismissed those who were in attendance from further duty, and adjourned to next morning. One of the learned judges suggested, "that as it was impossible to transact any business, the court might as well adjourn without a day at once;" to which, the chief justice replied with a smile, that "it was some consolation to yield slowly, if they must yield to force and tumult."

As they came forth from the court-house, notwithstanding their opposition to the sitting of the court, the insurgents, as they perceived the troops on the other side present arms, did the same, and went through the same manifestations of respect for the persons of the judges, as those who were there as the guardians of the laws. So deeply rooted in that population was the reverence for the laws and the persons of those who administered them, that while in open resistance to both, they would not be seen to fail in their outward observances of respect.

The judges were scarcely out of sight, before a deputation from the insurgents was sent to say to the commandér of the government forces, that they had heard with great pleasure of the dismissal of the jury

by the court, and that it would not proceed to the transaction of any business. That they were not desirous of provoking any hostilities, but that they did demand the privilege of marching through that street.

A long and warm discussion took place on the propriety of granting it, in which Talbot was most violent in opposing it, but it was finally thought best to give them permission, on condition of peaceable behaviour. "If they accept that proviso, without having their dignity offended, there will not be much to fear from them," said the general.

The insurgents having performed this last feat, without violating the condition, returned in tolerable order to their encampment, where they soon began to feast in honour of their double victory. We should not expect to be believed, if we ventured to set down the number of barrels of cider, and the quantity of cold corned beef, cold ham, cold pork, bread, cheese, onions, raw and boiled, which were consumed on that eventful afternoon. Brindle and his partner sold so fast of their refreshing liquor, that they were obliged to keep three men constantly employed with hand carts to bring up the five gallon kegs alternately. Brindle shrewdly observing, that "he did'nt want any of it left on his hands, when they come to clear out. They would'nt take it back agin without some 'batement, and darn'd if they was a-goin to catch him." The water, meanwhile, to temper it before it was passed out, was not forgotten. Kye said, "it made it go fudder, and 'twas a great sight better for the critters than to take it so fiery hot and raw, if they did take water arter it." The partnership realized a handsome sum of ready hard cash. If the same tax had been levied on Jonathan that day

by direct taxation, would he not have bristled up, indeed, to open resistance? Such creatures of contradictions, of actions without motive, of motives without reason, and whims without taste, are half—yes, all mankind! there is nothing so easily swallowed, by most human throats, as a camel !

The court next morning, before the insurgents had left their encampment, had met and agreed to adjourn without day, after passing a resolution that it was not expedient to proceed to the county of Berkshire. The Chief Justice then most feelingly returned the thanks of the court to Gen. Shepard “and his brave and patriotic companions in arms, for their prompt attention to the call of their country. He expressed a hope that the deplorable disunion which had well nigh severed all the ties of society, might be speedily healed ; and that they might thereafter be spared the sight of the Supreme Court of the commonwealth sitting to dispense justice surrounded by armed cohorts—amidst the clangor of martial sounds, and the threats of martial strife. If, gentlemen,” he added, “it shall please Heaven to preserve the goodly fabric of our commonwealth, to preserve you and us until the time of our stated session shall return again, and we shall then be able to meet in peace, I am sure I speak the sentiments of all my brethren, as well as those of my own breast, when I assure you, that we shall ascribe much of the honour of such a restoration of order, whenever it may arrive, to your most praiseworthy example of firmness and intrepidity in the cause of the law and the constitution.

“I pray Heaven to preserve and bless you all, and to restore those who are husbands and fathers among

you, to your anxious wives and beloved children—the sons to their aged fathers and mothers, who have not only had reason to sorrow for your absence, but to tremble for your safety, as well as for that of the commonwealth itself.

“Gentlemen, with the most lively emotions of a grateful heart, I bid you all FAREWELL !”

Deep and solemn was the feeling with which this parting scene inspired all who witnessed it. It was not alone the circumstances of the present scene that tended to produce it. When they looked forward to the dark clouds that rested on the future, they saw still gloomier days for the commonwealth at hand. They were now at the outset of a struggle in arms. The extent, and progress, and ferocity of it, no one could pretend to set limits to. All was doubt and anxiety. At the moment that the court was separating from its armed protectors, the music, if such it could be called, of a hostile band marching towards them, broke in upon its adieux. To many, that sound seemed the harbinger of a wild anarchy for a period, and a stern military despotism ever after. To part under such circumstances with the highest tribunal in the land—driven forth, in a manner, from the seats of justice by lawless, triumphant insurrection, was, to many others, like bidding already farewell to government, to laws, and constitution for ever.

The court had scarcely retired, when the insurgents arrived at their former post near the courthouse, and with numbers still increased, seemed to have increased in their confidence of themselves and their estimation of their own prowess. They now assumed a bolder tone, and a peremptory message

was sent to Gen. Shepard, informing him that he must forthwith evacuate the court-house, and quit the ground on which his troops were posted. Captain Shays also desired to say to Gen. Shepard that "the people at arms" would be satisfied with nothing less, and if the ground were not cleared in twenty minutes, they would clear it for themselves.

When this impudent message was delivered, every officer present was for sending them an instant defiance. To be so bearded and insulted, threatened even by a set of lawless rioters, was too much to bear. But Gen. Shepard could not be moved to depart from the strict line he had prescribed to himself. He declined any answer to the communication, and as the post was now of no earthly consequence, and he was already on the point of quitting it to move toward the federal arsenal, for which he began to entertain some apprehensions, he determined to proceed precisely as he would have done if he had received no such insulting message. He accordingly, after taking double the time allotted to him by the missive of Captain Shays, coolly and leisurely moved off the ground, and the insurgents, as if they remained in possession of a field of battle after an obstinate contest, marched forward and took possession with the loudest rejoicings.

They were now considered masters of the village, and the number of their friends and admirers increased at every moment. Before two hours had passed, there was scarcely a head of a family that could muster it, who had not sent some kind of provisions, some article of meat or drink, to the friends of the people, with the compliments of the donor to captain Shays. The captain never knew till then the

number of his real friends. They did not wish to be obtrusive while the poor fellow was in tribulation, but now that he was suddenly become a great man, the captain of a great army, and in quiet possession of the village, they were determined to make amends for past neglect. The captain's table was supplied for a year to come, if he could but have preserved all his presents. But he generously distributed them among his officers and men, and invited them to feast themselves "while it rained porridge." Mrs. Shays was also called on the same day by several of the most distinguished ladies in the village, who declared that she was quite a different sort of a woman from what they had taken her to be; and the little Shayses! they were unanimously pronounced to be "the finest, healthiest, prettiest, most interesting children that ever had been seen!" They were the three ugliest, dirtiest, most ill-mannered brats that the whole country contained.

The captain himself was hesitating, when his hour of dinner arrived, on what he should condescend to dine, when who should enter his tent, which was pitched in a shady orchard by the road-side, but his old friend Moses Bliss; and bringing in his own hand a nice new splinter basket, white as cream, covered over with a cloth whiter than snow, wherein were laid, side by side, a pair of the most lovely young ducks that had ever been cooked. They were roasted to a turn; and being destined for the captain's own delicate mouth, had been done under Moses's own personal inspection. The captain had dismissed most of his levee, and with the exception of Osborn and Eustace and their two friends Jackson and Ri-

chardson, and two or three of his "right hand men," as he called them, he was just clearing the tent of the rest when Moses entered.

"Why, Moses Bliss, you old critter, how-de-due? If I ain't glad to see you?"

"Why, captain, how goes it? I thought I'd show ye I don't never forgit an old friend, and so sez I to my wife, 'I don't b'lieve now that my friend Shays is a goin' to git any great shakes of a dinner, for all the corn-baskets full of old hens and old geese, and rusty salt pork they've been sendin' over to the people all mornin'. So, sez I, do you jest kill a couple of our fattest young ducks and cook 'em in your chicest manner, and I'll go and carry 'em *myself*;' and here they are in the basket. Look on 'em; how do you like their looks, old acquaintance?"

"Wa-al," said the captain, smacking his lips, "if that ain't about as pretty a pair o' twins as I'd wish to see. Here, boys, due look at 'em!"

They were pronounced worthy the table of the king himself, and there having been a pine table and sundry plates, knives and forks lent to the captain and his military family by one of the nearest neighbours, some time before, the table was soon set out, with a profusion of good cheer, and down the company sat, to eat, drink and be merry. Moses was so delighted with the encomiums passed upon his ducks, that he paid no heed to the invitation of captain Shays to "set by." When it had been repeated a second time, Moses said "No, he'd no 'casion; he guessed he might as well go: there wasn't no room to spare at the table nuther."

"Thousands o' room, neighbour, now set down;"

and down Moses, nothing loth, sat himself, with the general request of the company.

"You'll find him excellent company," said Eustace to his companions, and speaking so loud that Moses should hear it.

"I don't know what ails me to-day," said Moses, as if he just recollected something. "If I didn't forget all this while that quart of my best old Jimaiky, under the leaves in my basket."

"You don't say so?" cried the captain, jumping up from table and running for the basket; "why you tarnal critter you, how d'ye know that 'are was jest what I was longin' for? Major Eustace, you don't drink this 'ere licker," holding it up with a fondling air. "Lord, if you knew what sperrits it is! why, there's no such a licker as that to be had in this country; Boston-can't turn out an older and a better rum than this 'ere same rum o' Moses Bliss's. Come, gentlemen, now due *you* jest, try a glass on't and see if I give it a greater recommend than it deserves."

Two or three of the gentlemen being prevailed on to taste it, declared that it fully justified the captain's encomium—that it was smooth as oil and had a flavour unequalled.

"I got that 'are very rum," said Moses, with an air of consequence, "in Jimaiky, myself, when I was about twenty-tu years of age. Ye see, I took a notion to go one v'y'ge to sea, when I come of age, jest to see the world, and so I went out to Jimaiky along with captain Jonas Crafts, an old townsman o' mine. He was the curisest nagivator you ever did hear tell on. He had nothin' aboard to steer his course by, or tell where he was, but an old compass,

and that would'nt traverse more'n half the time. But the old critter get up in the morning and tell allers within about twenty miles o' where he was when he was right out in the middle o' the ocean."

"Oh, Moses, Moses, that's incredible! that yarn's a little too tough!"

"Well, it's as true as preachin'—but no matter—I was tellin' ye about this Jimaiky, and how I come to get it in the island myself. Ye see, I took out along with me some leettle notions, and the captain told me he'd help me trade when I got there, and 'mongst the rest I took along a nine year old colt that I traded away for a five year old nag to one o' the first marchants about that part o' the island. He took such a fancy to him to match another young hoss he had, that he was willin' to pay most any price. So the day afore the vessel sailed, I let Dobbin go for tu pipes o' that 'are rum, and I ruther guess I didn't care about seein' my customer agin. I've got only about a barrel on't left now, and I've left off sellin' it now for some time."

Moses amused them with the recital of several of his nautical adventures, when Eustace suddenly exclaimed, "Moses, by the way, havn't you some good old wine, that I could offer these gentlemen, if we should adjourn over to your house, since dinner is over."

"Wa-al, I can't say whether it'll suit ye, but I can tell ye what I hav' got, and you can try it, if you like. I've got some old Port wine that's been in the bottle jest seventeen years, last harvest. I bought it in Boston myself, and 'twas warranted not to have a drop of brandy in it. I've got about tu groce on't

left yet; for people never took much fancy to it hereabouts. I hav'nt opened a bottle in three years."

"No brandy in it, Moses! why it must be spoiled. What fancy was that to have Port wine sent out to this climate without any brandy in it?" said Osborne.

"Wa-al, I'll tell ye. Ye've hearn tell of Abel Tinpan, hain't ye, in Boston, the great dry-good marchant—he's dead now. Ye see, Abel was about as 'cute a feller, in his day, as any you'd meet with. He got a right insight into things, when he was a young man, and he went on the same jog till he died. Abel-sarved his time and sot up for himself, like other young men, but he soon 'gin to find out that a good many of his old cronies that warn't half as cunnin' nor half as drivin' as he, was a gittin' ahead like smoke, and he all the while jest about where he started. So what does Abel due, but jest goes to cypherin' on't out, what the plague could be the reason? Abel stuck like wax to it, and one Sabba-day mornin', as he was takin' a stroll out o' town to get some fresh air, after his week's confinement, which he did 'most every Sunday, sure enough, it come to him! He jest turned right straight 'round and streaked it back to meetin' that very mornin', and never missed goin' two and three times a day agin. In a short time he got to be a member of the church, and went ahead of every body, their oldest christians, in zeal, if he didn't in knowledge—and sure enough, the more he went ahead in zeal, the more he went ahead in custom. They couldn't propose nothin' that Abel wouldn't put a cap-sheaf on it. Some on 'em wanted to have prayer-meetin's a week-day nights—'And why not in the mornin' tu, afore business hours?' says Abel. Some on 'em wanted to

have meetin's to catechise the children. Abel hitched on that there should be meetin's also to catechise the grown folks. Some on 'em wanted to send out some young fellers that 'ad jest done studyin' their divinity, and didn't know where to settle, among our Indians to try and convert 'em—"Sartin!" says Abel, "I'll give a hundred pounds; but why not send out some heralds of Zion to convert the East-Indians tu?" and so he got up a society for that. Finally, they got a notion agoin' that there was a leettle too much drinkin' goin' on in Boston, and they preached pretty strong agin it. "But," says Abel, "there's no use in preachin' agin' it; we must form a society, and agree to abstain entirely, and not to give our custom to any body that don't due the same, from all sperrituos lickers." Wa-al, it made some noise, and a darn'd sight o' talk, and some folks ralely thought it was a goin' to ruin the West-India trade. But, Lord! you might jest as well undertake to build a dam across Enfield Falls, with white sand. So one day one of his neighbours, that liked his joke as well as his glass, says to Abel, "Why, neighbour, you are so spunky about drinkin' a leettle old sperrits or brandy and such things; do you know that you take down, every time you take the sacrament, nearly as much brandy as I do in a glass of brandy and water?" Abel was struck all up in a heap, and he went right down to Long-wharf and freighted a small schooner, and sent her out to Porto and got this wine made on purpose for him and his friends, without one drop of brandy or any sperrit in it."

"Impossible!" cried all the party, "why the man would have been taken up for a madman, and had

his property taken from him. He must have been stark, raving mad."

"A good many people had that notion, but Abel knew what he was about—all the while haulin' in the shiners. Well, they made such fun of Abel's wine when it come over, that when some on't was put up at vandue, it would'nt hardly sell at any price. So I jest bid on half a pipe, a pretty low bid, and they knocked it down to me in a jiffy—and that's the way I come by this wine without a drop of brandy in it."

"Well, let us go and taste it," said the young gentlemen. "At all events, if it is not good, we are not forced to drink it."

"Sartin," said Moses, and in a few moments Osborne, Richardson, Eustace, and Jackson were snugly quartered in a private room at Moses', with half a dozen bottles of the famous old port carefully deposited on the table before them.

The first bottle was condemned. The colour, flavour, strength, everything had disappeared, and nothing with the taste of port wine remained. The second proved a more fortunate selection, and was pronounced very fine. The third was delicious. The fourth was not bad; but the fifth and sixth were past all praise.

They all agreed that they had never tasted such a port in their lives before. Moses, who began to think he had at last lighted on the right customers for his wine, was in ecstasy. He had been compelled by the party to take his seat and his glass along with them, and to swallow bumper for bumper with the company, a penance to which he had long

ago learned to submit without repining. He now broke forth :

"If some tavern-keepers now, had that wine in Boston, or York, or Philadelphia, they'd make you believe it cost 'em three or four dollars a bottle, and come out of some governor's or great man's stock or other, and then they'd shove it off at seven or eight dollars a bottle, I due believe."

"Yes," said Osborne, "if they'd only put the price high enough, they'd find people fools enough to believe them, if they said it was some of that our blessed Saviour made at the wedding in Cana."

"Hush ! hush ! 'squire," said Moses, "that don't sound jest right to me."

"All right, Moses. Come, let us have some sentiments in honour of Abel Tinpan's wine and memory," said Osborne, who was master of the revels.

"The chair will give you : "Abel Tinpan and his port—The verjuice of sanctity and the pure juice of the grape ; Heaven be praised that the first did not sour the last."

"Gentlemen, fill for Rich's toast. Moses, are you charged ?"

"Tu the brim," said Moses ; "I'm ready."

Richardson gave, "Abel Tinpan and his orthodox wine—

"For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He oan't be wrong whose *port* is in the right."

"Jack, we must trouble you for your essay, never mind if it be not very smart. There's more wine wanted, and Moses must step down again. Moses, are you charged ?"

"Tu the brim—all ready."

Jackson gave, "Abel Tinpan and his followers—They must have been very like *black swans*."

"Major Eustace, your sentiment in honour of the Tinpan sect and wine, if you please. Moses, are you charged? No flinching, my old boy."

"You don't catch me a flinching, yet awhile; I'm full to the brim," said Moses.

"Gentlemen, I give you the memory of Abel Tinpan and all such mischievous fanatics—May this epitaph be graven on all their tombs, 'Empty bottles!'"

This was a hint to Moses to bring in a fresh dozen. The carousal lasted till the grey dawn began to dance in the eastern sky, to speak poetically, when Osborne and Eustace, recollecting that they were to set out early for Boston next morning, broke up the party."

As they were going down stairs, Moses said in a whisper, "Honour bright, boys; no tales out o' school. When you come this way again, you'll find it all snug. I'll keep it all for you, seein' you likes as well as you due."

"Because he can't sell it to any other such a set of roysterers," said Osborne, "does he think we're drunk? This is Springfield! Yes. Then I know where I am." He added—

"But what an old sinner that Moses is, and pretending to be so sanctified and devout. He's pretty drunk for once I trust, though, hypocrite that he is."

"Hypocrite! pooh, pooh! he's a good saint enough," said Eustace. "If he has any fault, it is his excess of exterior sanctity, perhaps. But I will give you a precept, which if you go by in judging of such people, you will not always go wrong:

"Puer! ne crede colori!"

"I'll forthwith write it in my tablets," said borne. "It is as wise a thing as I've heard ever I was born. Ah! Eustace, you are so good a precept! Fie upon precepts," and after more tiring they hurried on and reached their home safely.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY the next morning, Talbot, who was so impatient for news from his beloved, that he had scarcely closed his eyes the livelong night, despatched his carriage for his sister, who had spent the preceding day and night with Elizabeth Eustace, with an urgent message to her to return and make her preparations to set out with him for Boston immediately. The insurgents had not yet entirely left the village, but confidence was so far restored, that the peaceable villagers of both sexes were issuing forth to give each other joy of the great and signal deliverance which had been wrought for them. Talbot, who was pacing his chamber in feverish expectation of news from Elizabeth, knew nothing of the insulting gestures and shouts that were directed toward his mansion, as the straggling rear of the "people at arms" marched by on their way to their own houses.

As the last disorderly column was opposite to the house, they saw the carriage drive to the door. "There he is ! the traitor ! the tory !" cried a score of voices at once ; and without losing a second to deliberate, they turned out of their path, and surrounded the vehicle. Their cries as they approached it were more menacing, as well as insulting, and when they came up, some seized the reins, while others were preparing to drag the object of their resentment to the ground, and to trample him in the

dust, before they proceeded on their way. They saw their mistake, and that it was his sister, who was reputed to differ in political feelings and principles from her brother.

"Ax yer pardon, young woman," said a brawny, ploughman-looking fellow, who was both leader and drummer to the squad, "we was a-thinkin' it was the squire, an' ye see—an' ye see——"

"And what then?" said Mary Talbot, with her characteristic *sang froid*. "If you would see him, I engage that he shall show himself to you, if you were fifty to one! Wait here, I am going in; I will send him to you I warrant you;" and so saying, she alighted from the chaise, and knocked at the door.

There was something in her manner that made the drummer quite indifferent about pursuing the adventure. He stammered out a further apology, and saying "it was no matter about it," drew off his troops and retreated at quick step.

"I should have liked well to see how they would have behaved to my brother if he had presented himself armed with his pistols and sword," thought she, as she entered the house. "They would have gone down on their knees and begged pardon, if he had pointed his pistols at them, I really believe."

She found her brother just resolving that he would see his dear Elizabeth before he left Springfield, in spite of all human resistance. He ran up to her—

"Speak—speak quick—tell me all!" cried he.

"It is a very short message, and very soon told," said she coolly. "It is little, little else but sighs and sobs that I could get from her this morning."

"In heaven's name, what does it mean? speak! tell me at once!"

“Why, it means only this, that martial law has been proclaimed this morning, and the poor girl is a close prisoner. Harry Eustace and his father had a long interview with her at an early hour, and as soon as it was over, Harry and his friend Osborne set out for Boston together, apparently in high spirits. What was said—what promises extorted, I do not know, for Elizabeth would not, or could not tell me. But I fear that her brother treated her very harshly. When I went in, I found her crying to break her heart.”

“Ah! this is too much ; for God’s sake, tell me what she said.”

“All the answer I could get from her was, ‘Oh, do not ask me ! do not ask me. I shall soon be at rest.’ Poor girl! she clung to me, when I told her I must go home and prepare for our journey to Boston, so convulsively, that I was really afraid to leave her alone. I asked her if she would not write to you, and after a quarter of an hour spent in hysterical sobbing, her answer was, ‘I must never write to him again! Tell him—tell him that I shall think of him to my last hour as tenderly as ever, but I shall never see him again!’ and in the midst of it her brother Thomas entered and I came away.”

“Now, by heavens! this is not to be endured! I’ll not leave this village till I have seen her and spoken with her, if twenty fathers, and twice twenty brothers say me no! *must* not write! must never see me more! I’ll go this instant!” and he started up to rush out of the room.

His sister was on the point of attempting to detain him, but she said to herself, on second thought, “he is right enough ; he *should* see her, at all hazards.”

"I'll see her, that's sworn to!" said Talbot, as he sprang into the carriage, and with hot speed, and high in blood, he dashed up to Col. Eustace's gate. The old gentleman saw him alight, and hastily called out to his son—

"Tom, there's Talbot come to bother us; just tell him that I can't see him, that's enough."

"Ay, ay, father, let me alone for that; I'll tell him can't and *won't* too, if you please."

Talbot met Tom at the door, and requested to speak with Elizabeth. "She is too unwell to see any body," said Tom, "and if she were ever so well, I think *your* chance of seeing her would be rather small."

"Master Thomas!" said Talbot, "I came to see your sister, and I shall insist on seeing her before I leave this village, unless she expressly refuses me an interview. If you will have the goodness to inform her that I am waiting to speak with her, and will inform me of her answer, I will be greatly obliged to you."

"Indeed!" and so saying, the saucy young rogue shut the door in his face, and walked in to his father again. Talbot raised the latch, and followed him into the room.

"How *dare* you, sir," said Tom, fiercely, "intrude upon us in this manner? Sir, leave the house this instant, or——"

"Tom, be quiet," said the good-natured old colonel; "since he's here, I'll hear what he's got to say, but it's no use, colonel, I can tell you that before you begin."

Talbot commenced a warm expostulation upon the subject so near his heart, and spoke with so much feeling and tenderness, that the colonel, if he had

been alone, would certainly have relented. But Tom reminded him of the letter which he had already written to send to Talbot, and the colonel, crying "Oh! sure enough!" pulled it out of his pocket and handed it to him, with a remark, that "he hoped it would satisfy him."

Talbot turned aside to the window, and read the following courteous but by no means satisfactory epistle.

"To F. Talbot, Esq.

"Sir—Recent circumstances, which I shall ever sincerely deplore, have so changed the feelings and relations which formerly existed between yourself and my family, and with my daughter in particular, that it is my unpleasant duty to inform you, that she desires the engagement now subsisting between you should be considered as at an end. As I cannot suppose that this change of her intentions, after all that has taken place, will be very unexpected to you, so I doubt not that you will readily agree with her that it is entirely inevitable.

"With every wish for your future happiness and with sentiments of the highest respect,

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"WALTER EUSTACE."

After reading it twice over, to assure himself of its contents, Talbot turned round very coolly to the Colonel and said:

"This, sir, will not do! I have a right to hear this strange, this most extraordinary declaration from Elizabeth's own lips, before I can be made to believe it. By heaven and earth, it cannot be that she is false to all her holy vows!"

"Sir," said Tom Eustace, with the fiercest look he could call up, "*you* must not call my father's honour in question. I was present when the request was made by my sister, and my father wrote the letter under her own eye. You have nothing more to say to us; and—"

"Yes, Master Thomas, I have much more to say to your father, and I shall say it, even if *you* look twice as fierce as you do. I have seen such sights before without running away from them." Then, without heeding him further, he went on to address the father again in his most earnest and persuasive tones.

"My dear sir," said he, "let us not forget that we have been friends, and that we have not to this hour ever had the slightest cause for any personal enmity towards each other. As for what regards my unhappy encounter with your son the other day, I do take all the blame and all the task of making friends with him again upon myself. I wish that he were here at this moment. I know his noble generous nature so well, that I truly believe he would give me his hand after what I have just said, and never think of it more."

The Colonel went on relenting at every word, and had already made up his mind that Talbot's request was not so very unreasonable.

"And," pursued the latter, "is it so very unnatural that I should ask to hear from Elizabeth herself the reasons why she has thought fit, thus suddenly, to break through a solemn contract of marriage, so long since made, and which was to have been, but for these unfortunate civil dissensions, consummated before this day? If *she* gives me any reason, however slight, however unsatisfactory—if it be only the sha-

dow of a pretext—painful as the task may prove, I will submit and suffer in silence ever after.” His voice faltered, and the Colonel’s stern resolutions were all vanquished.

“Tom,” said he hesitatingly, “I think you may as well go and call your sister. She will give her own reasons, and that will be the end of it, I hope. She is not a child that we should be afraid to let her speak for herself. Go, and bring her down. You may as well.”

“If you desire it, sir, I will go; but I should think we might as well spare her all this. And, certainly, if she do not wish to come, neither you, nor any one else, I trust, with your permission, shall repeat the request.”

“No, indeed, that I’ll take my oath to,” said the old Colonel; and Tom repaired to his sister’s chamber to summon her to the interview.

He found her in a state of despair and agony that made him doubt whether she was not losing her reason. She had wept till tears would flow no longer, and it was not till after he had spoken to her some half dozen times that he obtained the slightest recognition of his presence. Even then her attempts at articulation were little more than hysterical efforts. Tom Eustace was a good-hearted creature, and really pitied his sister’s distress, but that only made him the more indignant at Talbot’s conduct, which he regarded as the cause of all her grief. He made a last effort to obtain her attention.

“Elizabeth, Elizabeth Eustace! for heaven’s sake, hear what I am saying to you.—That letter to Talbot—”

She looked round wildly, and started up to look

for it. "I'll read it again before I send it. It is cruel—cruel to torment me as you do."

"My dear Elizabeth, you forget yourself. The letter is already sent to him, and at your request. He has read it, and now he insists on knowing from you yourself whether it was written by your desire, as it states, and to have your own reasons for it."

"My own reasons! I have none—none—none!"

"You have none! and it is so short a time since you wished the letter written and sent to him."

"I wished! I wish nothing but to die, and—to go to my poor dear mother in heaven!"

Tom was a little touched by her manner, and tried to soothe her by assuring her that he felt the greatest sympathy for her unhappiness. "But, my dear sister," said he, "will you, can you still cherish an affection for him who raised his hand against your brother's life?"

"He never did—never—never!" cried she, and again started up from her seat.

"By heavens, he did!" cried her brother impatiently, "and you are not a sister to Harry Eustace, if you ever think of the wretch again, except with hatred and scorn. Are you mad? How long is it since you renounced him for ever, and yourself agreed that it was right and proper that you should acquaint him with it?"

"Oh! I remember it!" faltered the poor girl, passing her hand across her brow. "It is right it should be so. How strange that I should have forgotten it!"

"Very well, then arrange your dress and your hair a little, and come down with me and tell him so yourself. Upon my life, I am ashamed of you! here,

put on your other shoe, and come with me. He is waiting to hear your reasons from yourself."

"Who is waiting? what do you say?" cried she, catching hold of her brother's arm.

"Why, I say that Talbot is waiting below to hear ——"

"Talbot! Frank Talbot!" shrieked Elizabeth, and at a single bound she was out of his reach, and before he had time to turn round to pursue her, she was half way down stairs.

"By heavens!" said he to himself, as he followed after, "the girl is gone mad." He came in sight of her only to see her rush into her lover's arms, without uttering a word. At the next instant he was crying for help, while Talbot supported her—her head sank upon his arm—she was insensible.

Tom Eustace ran for Molly Mopps, who, in her turn, came running in with a glass of cold water, which, without ceremony, she dashed into her young mistress' face. The lover received his full share of the ablution, and became somewhat cooler than before. The father looked on in the most bewildering amazement and compassion.

The moment that Elizabeth opened her eyes, she disengaged herself from her lover's arms to throw herself at her father's feet, or, to be more exact, at his foot. That, however, her brother prevented by catching her in time, and as he did so, he requested Talbot to step into an adjoining room, until she had time to compose herself, which he very reluctantly did.

Another long and warm expostulation with her by both brother and father succeeded, and after half an hour she faintly gave a consent to say to her lover, in

the presence of her father and brother, that the letter which they had given to Talbot was written under her sanction, and that she still adhered to that resolution. She begged her father to apologize for her strange behaviour in the best way that he could, and summoned all her fortitude for the scene.

"Colonel Talbot," said the old gentleman, as the other took his seat, "my daughter desires me to say that her health has suffered so much from alarm and agitation for the last four days, that she was entirely unconscious of that part of her behaviour which must have appeared so strange to you. She begs you will attribute it to that cause, which is the true one. She will speak for herself in what concerns the letter you have just received."

Talbot had fixed his eyes upon her, and saw by her death-like paleness and quivering lips, that she contradicted every word of the letter. He spoke to her, as he held up that document to her sight—

"Elizabeth, my dearest, is it so? Have you sanctioned, and do you now, this cruel sentence?" pointing at the letter which he held open before her. Every word he uttered thrilled through her very soul. She gazed at the paper, but she read and saw no words—all was glimmering and confused—she remained silent.

"Elizabeth!" said her father, so sternly that she trembled at such unwonted sounds; "I command you to answer. Did you not sanction that letter?"

Another minute's silence and she articulated a faint "Yes!"

"Now, sir," said the old colonel, "I presume you are satisfied. My dear child, go to your room, and compose yourself."

"Stay, Elizabeth!" cried Talbot eagerly, as she rose up mechanically to obey her father; "listen to me! Do you mean to say that you now renounce all your vows to me—that you wish that this separation shall be an eternal farewell? Am I to understand you so?" and as he said it he seized her hand. She snatched it from him, as she said—

"Let me go! you will drive me mad!" and she darted from the room and ran up to her own as rapidly as she had descended.

The father looked upon the son, the son upon the lover, and the lover upon both, with most significant expression, for a short space of time. The silence was not broken, except by a deep sigh from the latter, who turned to a window and made a reflection or two upon the circumstances of the case.

"She is still mine—her heart can never, never change," said he to himself, "and I will not distress her by any further trial." He turned to the old gentleman, and offering his hand, with "Good-by, colonel," was very cordially bid "Good-by, colonel," in return. But Tom Eustace, when the same politeness was tendered to him, drew up with dignity enough to support the character of nine old maids, and refused his hand. Talbot gave him one of his sarcastic smiles, and touching his beaver, with a very ironical respect, quitted the house much better satisfied with his prospects than he had entered.

He was so persuaded of the constancy of his beloved, that he did not stop to think of the anguish that she was to undergo, in her struggle with the despotic temper and turbulent disposition of her two brothers. He rode along, thinking of various modes to keep up the correspondence between them, while

he was absent, none of which appeared to him very practicable, when, just as he had reached his own door and had resolved that his sister should contrive the means at some rate or other, who should cross his path but the reader's old acquaintance, lieutenant Brindle. Of course that officer accosted him, with his characteristic familiarity—

“Wa-al now, Squire, I want to know what the plague you're a duein' here, this time o' day, when you should be ha-af the way to Boston town. An't you ashamed to be so behind-hand? why, they'll git thro' the business afore you get to your post, if you stay much longer.”

Talbot, instead of telling him that he was an impertinent jackanapes, sprang out of his carriage and called him aside. “Hezekiah, you are the very man I wanted to see. If you will do me a favour, a very great favour, while I am at Boston, you shall be no loser by your service. Will you do it or not?”

“I don't know till ye tell me,” said the lieutenant, cautiously, “but I guess if you want to make a fair bargain, I'm about ready.”

“Can you keep a secret?” said Talbot, putting a handful of silver into his brawny palm.

“If you'll jest tell it to me, now, I ruther guess I can,” said Hezekiah, as he took an account of the rare coins that had been forced upon him, and by one hasty glance satisfied himself that it was a fair price for his discretion.

Talbot briefly explained to him his new position with respect to Miss Elizabeth, and his anxiety to maintain an active correspondence with her during his absence, through the medium of a trusty agent.

“I guess ye need'nt look any further,” cried Heze-

kiah. "If I can't due that 'are thing as slick as grease, I'll 'gree to be burnt for a witch."

The bargain was duly ratified. Brindle received his instructions about receiving and delivering the letters, and forwarding the lady's replies, and went on his way home whistling "yankee doodle," and saying to himself, that "a feller never lost nothing by duin' a good turn to another feller." The other high contracting party set off in an hour with his sister, for the capital, and in due time arrived at that celebrated seat of learning, arts, and arms.

CHAPTER III.

THE whole population of the town of Boston was as much on the tip-toe of expectation for the "speech from the chair," as the Governor's address to the two houses was called, as it has ever been in our times, for the debut of any celebrated actor, actress, male or female singer. Owing to the troubled state of the country from the recent insurrections, the fifth day of the session had arrived before the two houses had assembled, and communicated their organization to the Governor. Talbot walked in to take his seat, and was just inquiring of some of his colleagues, to whom the speech had been confidentially shown, what was the tone of it towards the insurgents, when his excellency was announced to the senate, and the house of representatives being immediately summoned to hear it, made their appearance before his curiosity had been fully gratified.

As they entered the senate chamber, there was more than one look of hatred and defiance exchanged between those members of the lower house, who had made themselves conspicuous in the late popular disturbances, and those senators who were particularly obnoxious to the malcontents. Eustace entered with the air of a man who had no terms to keep with the whole body, and a keen observer might have seen, as he cast his eyes around the senators grouped about the chair, an expression of half-smothered exultation at their troubled looks. He fixed his gaze for an in-

stant upon his quondam comrade, but he read nothing in Talbot's countenance but the same imperturbable coolness which he had often seen and admired in him in the heat of a bloody battle.

"He shall lower his crest yet, the traitor jesuit," said he to himself.

"He shall go home humbled and disgraced, if he do not mend his ways," was Talbot's soliloquy—and the governor rose to deliver his speech.

A breathless silence pervaded the whole assembly, while his excellency was detailing the lawless proceedings of the insurgents which had induced him to anticipate the period of their assembling. He had the advantage of a fine person, and a polished, flowing elocution. He was not only a scholar, erudite and profound, but accomplished and refined in every sense of the words. With all those qualities he was, as a statesman, superior to every consideration but those of duty and patriotism. There was no petty artifice, no duplicity in his policy, and his firmness corresponded with his frankness. It is said that he was, though of popular and affable manners, less beloved by all classes than his illustrious compatriot, Governor Hancock ; though, by his intimate friends and companions, he was truly idolized. Such as he was, he never opened his lips to speak to the assembly which surrounded him, without being listened to with the deepest attention and respect. The area in front of the president's chair was occupied by the *élite* of the beauty and fashion of the commonwealth in those days ; and if the scene had been arranged expressly for effect, like one of our modern *tableaux vivants*, it could not have been made more striking and impres-

The whole assembly—senators, representatives, ladies and all, rose up, as the Governor did so, and of course, remained standing till the speech was finished. From this it may readily be inferred, that it bore no comparison for length, to those stupendous—we had like to have written stupid—Governors' messages in these modern days, which occupy three months in the composition, and half a day in the reading. If the strength of a speech, like a kiss, is to be measured by its length, the great men of that epoch were but a weak set of orators. Governor Bowdoin's occupied less than thirty minutes.

Yet he found time to exhibit a striking picture of the state of the commonwealth—to express his honest, fearless sentiments upon the measures which it was the duty of the government to pursue towards them, and to vindicate, in a high and eloquent strain, the whole policy of the commonwealth upon the different subjects which had been made the pretexts of the risings. He spoke of the conduct of the insurgents as equally unjustifiable, whether their grievances were real or imaginary, and laid before them, in few but determined words, the measures which he had felt himself bound to take to protect their peaceful fellow-citizens, and maintain the authority of the laws.

"If," said he, in conclusion, "the right of petition and remonstrance had been denied to the misguided authors and abettors of these outrages—if their grievances had not been so often listened to, discussed and decided on by their own constitutional representatives, we might find some slight motive for violence in the pretext that no other mode of complaint, no other means of redress existed. But when we regard, for a moment, the universal right of petition for

a redress of grievances, secured to the meanest citizen, by our free constitution—a privilege of which those who have now resorted to force have not been slow or sparing in availing themselves on all former opportunities—when we recollect also the remedy which the constitution has placed in the hands of the people, by a change in the administration of the government, in all its branches, at our annual elections, we shall be constrained to pronounce the severe, though painful sentence, that even if all the grievances complained of really exist, those who have had recourse to acts of rebellion for the purpose of redressing them, have adopted a mode of redress not only repugnant to the constitution, but fatal to the existence of liberty itself—destructive to the order of all civil society, in its aims and pretensions—treasonable in its nature, and calling for the most prompt and vigorous measures of repression and punishment.

“Gentlemen of the senate and house of representatives—in devising and deliberating on the further measures that may be necessary to secure respect and obedience to the laws and the constitution, I am confident that you will at the same time deem it equally incumbent upon you to examine, again and again, with the most anxious solicitude, the foundations of the various complaints which are made the pretexts for violence, and wherever they are found to be just, that you will hasten to apply the necessary legislative remedy. I trust that your labours to restore order and tranquillity to the commonwealth will be conducted in such a spirit of wisdom and patriotism that the spirit of disorder and licentiousness will be left without excuse, and insurrection be

speedily repressed, never more to rear its head within our borders."

The same silence of attention and reflection lasted for some minutes after the speech was concluded. Talbot turned to the colleague who had not had time to explain to him the tone and sentiments of it in advance, and whispered him, "Come, that will do; I think there is no flinching in Master James's speech, and I'll be sworn there'll be none in his action. See how Sam Adams clenches his fist, there! They say he is for hanging them by thousands. He is exactly the man that I should have expected to be more than half inclined to join them."

"Not he!" replied the other; "he is as stern as old Cato Major or that old Brutus who ordered his own son to execution. He has taken one or the other of them for his model, and 'Republic, at any rate, perish who may,' is his motto. He says, that in a republic insurrections are infinitely more dangerous than in monarchies, and that rebels should be more strictly punished."

"He is right," said Talbot; "I'll go and speak with him."

The tone of the speech gave as much offence to the other party as it did satisfaction to the friends of government. As the representatives were retiring to their own chamber, some political friend inquired of Eustace what he thought of the speech.

"Speech! speech!" said he, so loudly that his excellency himself heard a part of the denunciation; "you may call it a speech, but I call it a *war-whoop*! Ay, the governor and his privy council, I suppose, will indict whole counties at once for treason—I dare say Mr. Attorney-general there has bills ready drawn

against old Hampshire and Berkshire! By G—, he must bring a larger jury than he has ever seen yet, and a better foreman than Gen. Shepard, if he expects to convict them. I stake my life on that.”

A member from Boston, standing near, a lawyer of the opposite party, said good humouredly, “Why, Eustace, they say that old Hampshire is so well disposed, that Shepard can turn his attention to Berkshire, and set that to rights in a few days, with the jury he had empannelled there at the last court.”

“No doubt,” said Eustace, coolly, “with the assistance of Boston counsel, such a panel would do wonders.”

The moment that the representatives had reached their own chamber, the turbulent spirit that a large portion of them had brought from their constituents began to manifest itself. When the question of appointing a joint committee upon the speech was introduced, a course usual on such occasions, several of the more violent orators in the opposition took occasion to speak of it, and of the governor himself, in terms very far from complimentary. The debate grew warmer at every instant, and it was not until the speaker had called several members on both sides to order, and promptly compelled them to take their seats, that the house began to resume the appearance of a deliberative body. The committee was appointed, according to custom, and in the course of two or three days reported to both houses.

The report contained the strongest expressions of the abhorrence of the two houses for the violence which had been practised toward the courts of justice, and a warm approval of the governor’s conduct in calling out the militia to protect them. It pro-

pressed the intention and earnest desire of the legislature to examine and redress all grievances of which the people could justly complain. In the mean time, it also recommended that the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* should be suspended for a limited period.

The senate, almost without debate, and by a nearly unanimous vote, immediately adopted the report, but the leaders of the opposition in the lower house had been preparing a storm for its reception. They were well apprized that the suspension of the *habeas corpus* would be among the measures proposed by the joint committee, and they had been indefatigable in their efforts to secure a majority against it. The consequence was, that a most tempestuous debate occurred, the moment that the clause containing that recommendation was taken up. No opposition whatever had been made to that part of it which condemned the proceedings against the courts;—that, it had been arranged, should pass in silence; and the approval of the conduct of Gov. Bowdoin was gone over in the same manner. Those, who were not in the secrets of the opposition, would have naturally supposed that the remaining clause would have been but feebly contested. Indeed, so little of the violence which had been shown at the commencement of the session, was visible in the first stage of the debate, that the government party felt already secure of the quiet passage of the bill by a large majority before the house adjourned.

As the speaker was about to put the question on that part of the report, a moderate opposition member, who had been fixed on for that purpose, rose and moved to “recommit that part of the report,” and immediately set down. “Is the motion seconded?”

asked the speaker, in his usual tone ; " ay, ay !" at once responded a hundred voices.

The speaker took his seat, and waited a minute before any member rose to speak to the question, another moderate opposition member then took the floor, and in a very few words opened the debate.

" Mr. Speaker," said he, " I do really hope that this motion to recommit will prevail. I feel obliged to my friend who has moved it, as I should otherwise have felt it my duty to have done so. I think, sir, that this is a very unsuitable time for coercive measures, and I can't help thinking that we should be better employed in examining and redressing the grievances of which the people complain, than in devising ways and means to stifle their complaints. If these violent plans of redress shall most unfortunately prevail, the danger will only be increased ; the whole body of the people will become uneasy and disgusted with the government. The great portion of the neutrals—a very important gender just now, Mr. Speaker, will be apt to take sides openly against you. They are now kept from joining the insurgents, because they prefer, and still hope for a peaceful redress of grievances. But, if you show a disposition to coerce and to punish, without the least plan of reform, they will no longer observe their neutrality in the contest. Their feelings and wishes will then be enlisted against you, and when that is the case, it will not be long, if it should come to blows, before their hands and arms will be on the same side. I earnestly hope, therefore, that this part of the report may be recommitted, and undergo a further examination."

He sat down, and a slight stir among the government leaders was observable. In a moment after, a

plain, blunt man rose up from among them, and spoke much in the same tone and manner, as the opposition orator, but in sentiments of a very contrary description.

“Mr Speaker, I hope this motion to recommit *wun't* prevail. I think we or't to take the sense of this house whether or no we will do anything for to defend the authority of the government against the open and the secret attacks that have been made, and are now making on it. And, sir, if the sense of this house *wun't* sustain this report, for one, I shall vote to go home to our constituents at once, and let them know, that after this, every man must take care of himself, and protect his own wife, and children, and property, as he can best do it. This measure of suspending the *habeas corpus* was often adopted during the recent war, and always with good effects. It is not a measure of severity or punishment; it is a mild measure of precaution. In times not half as critical and perilous as these, we adopted it without hesitation. The safety of the friends of government in many of the counties, absolutely requires it.”

Several of the moderate members on the government side followed, reiterating the same sentiments, and were replied to at length by two or three of the leading opposition speakers with much earnestness and with strong appeals to the apprehensions of the more timid, who were secretly trembling at the idea of provoking a civil war. The debate grew warmer at every turn, and the force of declamation, if not of argument, was thus far evidently on the side of the opposition. They spoke with more confidence than their opponents, and many of the government members were beginning to waver, and slyly whispering

to their neighbours that it would perhaps be as well to let the report go back to the committee. At this stage of the debate, a leading, but younger member of the government party, who afterwards carried away the palm of eloquence from all competitors, in a higher arena of debate, rose to address the house. The moment Eustace saw him advancing to the space in front of the speaker's chair, he left his own seat, and placed himself facing the orator. "Here will be something worth attending to," said he significantly, to one of his colleagues, who gave him his seat at the table, and went out, as he said, "to get a mouthful of something to eat."

Mr. A——, the new member, drew a rapid and a vivid picture of the late outrages, and of the alarm which the mad proceedings of the insurgents had excited, not only among the friends of government who were exposed to them, but among the friends of the republic in every part of the commonwealth. "Not," said he, "an alarm for their own personal security; that they are willing at all times to hazard in the cause of the constitution, but a serious apprehension for liberty itself. He asked whether it was not as much the interest, as the duty of every citizen who valued the constitution and the public tranquillity, to rally around the government, and support it in its firm and patriotic efforts to assert the supremacy of the laws. Equally," said he, "is it the interest and the duty of the government to protect the loyal, and the peaceable citizen." He spoke of the leaders of the insurgents, as composed of two classes; one, of men with just talent enough to be mischievous, and the other, with barely sense enough to second the plans of the first, but not enough to penetrate or un-

derstand the real designs of the chief conspirator. He remarked also the tenderness and forbearance of the executive in the use of the military force of government. He dwelt on the bold and treasonable proceedings which had just taken place at Springfield, in the most indignant strain; and when he spoke with all the fervour of his eloquence, of the cowardly insults offered to the venerated judges of the supreme judicial court—of the patient dignity with which the chief justice, whom they all loved and admired, had borne himself through all the scenes of menace and violence—of the alarm of the citizens for their homes, their wives and their children—the terror and agony of shrieking females, when insurgents actually marched down with loaded arms and bristling bayonets to attack the brave band who had stepped forth to protect the highest court in the fairest village in the land from violence and dissolution—when he pronounced a glowing eulogy on the courage and patriotism which alone had shielded the temple and the ministers of justice, and the abodes of unoffending citizens, the whole house was still and breathless. Many a lip quivered, and many an eye filled with tears, which the bloody scenes of the field of battle had never moved to exhibit such a weakness. The orator himself was forced to pause a moment to recover from the emotion into which he had been betrayed. Then the tone of his speech changed to a more sarcastic vehemence.

“And now,” said he, in a stern, subdued voice, “when the question is, of measures to prevent recurrence of such fatal disorders, of scenes which made good men tremble, brave men blush, and v

men mourn, gentlemen tell us, ‘this is not the time to repress them—the proper period has not yet arrived!’ In God’s name, sir, when will it have arrived? Gentlemen have not condescended to inform us what it is they would wait for. Is it to see our judges not only expelled from the halls of justice, but dragged from the judgment-seat itself by bands of armed men, and cast into prison? Do they wait to see those halls, where justice can now only sit secure from the assaults of rebellion, while she is surrounded by a wall of glittering armour—do they wait to see those seats of justice levelled with the ground or consumed to ashes? Or is it only the flames of a general conflagration that can rouse their patriotism? Do they wish to see, to try how long they can stand on the edge of the crater, while the volcano below is belching forth streams of burning lava, without being overwhelmed by the eruption? Has the time not come indeed to save the commonwealth from such perils? It will have long gone by, sir, before gentlemen on the other side are ready to cry, ‘to the rescue!’

“But, say gentlemen, ‘we had better employ ourselves in redressing the grievances of the people.’ Agreed—agreed! Let us hasten to the redress of grievances. I say amen, with heart and soul. But let us begin first with the greatest, the most insupportable of our grievances. And what greater, what more terrible, what more intolerable grievance can exist in any commonwealth than an open insurrection, setting government, courts, laws, and constitution at defiance? An organized, banded insurrection, filling the peaceful citizens with alarm for life and property—collecting and binding together the turbulent and profligate.

gate with hopes of spoil and temptations of unbridled license? If there be any grievance within our commonwealth so crying as to compare with this, let some gentleman now present call out its name, and let us pause on the instant and redress it, ere yonder sun sinks below the horizon. If there be none such, then let those who are so anxious for a redress of grievances, begin with us here! We shall be better able to devote ourselves to the task of examining and redressing minor grievances when we shall have taken such precautions against this most imminent danger, that while we are looking after alleged defects in the superstructure of the political edifice, its foundation may not be undermined and subverted, and all of us buried in one indiscriminate heap beneath its ruins."

Eustace was himself half carried away by the enthusiastic ardour of the speaker, as he had grown warm with his subject. At the commencement, he had turned to his Achates, Osborne, who happened to sit near him, and, in fact, generally followed him up and down like his shadow, and said, "Now for a studied speech after the model of Cicero;" and now and then, he would, as he proceeded, turn to another friend and whisper, "I hate lamp oil, of all the other smells upon earth;" and, "Lord help us! we are to have a treatise about the origin of government and the cosmogony;" but as Mr. A—— came to his peroration, of which, of course, we can only give a faint idea, from the imperfect report extant, Eustace renounced, for the moment, all his political prejudices, and contemplated him as an orator only. "That is a man I should like to call my friend," said he to himself. Presently, when some bursts of feeling,

some eloquent appeal, roused and electrified the house, he would recollect that he had determined to answer him, "The devil take the fellow," said he, "he is giving me a hard run to follow him. I believe the creature suspects that I am to reply to him, and that has inspired him with such a quantity of fine thoughts and pretty words." As the orator drew to a close, deep as the sensation in every part of the house and the audience evidently was, Eustace was rallying his ideas and growing cooler as he reflected that he was to rise, in two or three minutes, to refute his whole train of argument, and to neutralize the influence of his powerful declamation. He perceived and felt that the speech he was about to answer had produced such effect, that if the question had been then taken, the government would have carried it, by a majority of two to one. He saw the leaders of that side exchanging looks of exultation at the splendid success of their new champion, and he observed also that the looks of his own friends wore a correspondent air of depression. In addition to all these trying circumstances, he had seen the greater part of the senators flocking in to hear the great speech, which it had been buzzed about the state-house Mr. A—— was making, and along with some of them, a large party of ladies, who were lounging away the morning in the senate chamber, had also entered.

There needed no boisterous applause, when the speech was concluded, to manifest the feelings of the assembly. Every eye remained, for some minutes, fixed upon the speaker after he had taken his seat, and the brightest and keenest of them all were those of Mary Talbot, who was one of the party of ladies of whom we have had the honour to speak before.

She was, also, one of the first to look round the house, to see who, among her own party, for she was far from having changed faith, like her brother, would attempt a reply. Her astonishment when she saw Eustace rise, and heard him named by the speaker, was so overpowering and her agitation so unaccountable, that she scarcely heard a word he said for the first two or three sentences. She must have betrayed her emotion to every body around her, if their whole attention had not been riveted on the new-risen member. His confidence in essaying a reply on the spot, to such a speech, seemed to excite far more interest than expectation. Nobody as yet offered to retire, but many already began to think of their dinners. Eustace was not much known as a speaker, for he had spoken but seldom, though he was admitted to speak always well. Now he was summoned to display, *impromptu*, all his rhetorical skill—his parliamentary tact, which had been greatly improved by experience—and to aim at a style of eloquence which he had never yet indulged, if he hoped to come near the classic orator who had just preceded, and who had spoken in a strain which excelled anything he had ever heard while he had been a member of the house. It was lofty, sustained, and chaste in diction; and though, perhaps, in the delivery a little inclining to that stiffness which following a particular model of style is apt to produce, was, on the whole, given with great force and energy.

Eustace, without being himself conscious of it, possessed far more grace and variety of action, and a peculiar and original vivacity of style and manner. Though a less studied and less practised speaker than his opponent, he was by no means an unculti-

vated rhetorician. He trusted to the excitation of the moment, and his only effort was to control his feelings, so as to begin in the coolest and bitterest tone of sarcasm. He had an air of unconstrained military ease about him, which did him no harm, although, if he had followed the precepts of the ancient masters, he would have blushed and stammered, and endeavoured to appear exceedingly embarrassed. He began in the slowest and most deliberate manner, and even his opponent admired the skill with which he managed his exordium.

He commenced with observing, "that he would take leave, with the indulgence of the house, to say a few words upon the question before it, although at the hazard of making himself a subject for the summary power now proposed to be created, of being treated as a case requiring the application of this new remedy for the disorders of the body politic." He said "that he was content to incur that or any other danger to his own person, rather than the imputation of a voluntary and silent surrender of the general liberty. If," he said, "he felt none of that repugnance, that abhorrence for arbitrary power which he had ever cherished—if he were so complaisant a courtier as to be willing to lay the writ of *habeas corpus* at the feet of the executive—if he were seeking to recommend himself to the government by anticipating their wishes, without regard to the rights of the people, yet on this question he should pause, not from principle, from a fear of consequences. Whatever might be his longing to signalize himself in that service, his courage would fail him here. He should, even then, shrink from a measure, agreeable as it might be to those in power, which could not

fail to aggravate, with ten-fold violence, all those dangers and mischiefs against which it was thus proposed to guard the commonwealth.

"If, therefore, it were made apparent that such would be the tendency, such the certain effect of this measure, he desired to see the member of *that* house who would be bold enough to stand forth, and in the face of it and the country, declare that he would support it, though that could be proved to be its inevitable result. Above all, if there were any such gentleman on that floor, he should be happy to hear what reasons he could assign for provoking a contest between the government and the people, at this time, which would lead to consequences so disastrous to both, whatever might be the issue.

"If this measure," said he, mildly, "be intended by gentlemen who support it so earnestly, as one of vigorous, uncompromising hostility to all the claims of the insurgents—if it be resolved to bring the complaints of a distressed and suffering people to the test of force, without regard to their justice, then never was measure better chosen—never plan more cunningly contrived to attain that object. If gentlemen were longing to celebrate military triumphs over those of their fellow-citizens who had lately been hurried beyond the limits of the law, he knew of no step so likely to furnish them with an opportunity to flesh their maiden swords. But much as he could pardon in favour of an ardour for military glory, he could not forgive any man an ambition so unholy as to wish for laurels stained with the blood of his fellow-citizens. No, sir, not if those fellow-citizens had acted over all they have done with seven times less pretext—not if they were instigated by leaders seven

times more vile than the gentleman who last addressed the house has described them, would I still *dare* to dream of shedding their blood—of plunging the commonwealth into the horrors of an open civil war, as a sort of royal road to public tranquillity.

“But, sir, I am wrong. I beg the gentleman’s pardon. He does not support this measure with a view to that deplorable result. Oh, no! he urges it upon us as a grand stroke of pacific policy—a mere measure of prevention, not at all of punishment! It is designed to operate upon the leaders, the agitators, the Absaloms, who have seduced the people from their true allegiance; and the gentleman, with a view to reconcile us to this summary mode of dealing with those persons who may be so unfortunate as to incur the vague denomination of leaders, has informed us that there are but two classes of them, neither of which could certainly claim any sympathy from any portion of this house. To the first class, the gentleman has allowed barely sense enough to be mischievous: to the second, only enough to follow blindly the dictates of the other! Now this classification, reduced to plain English, divides them precisely into knaves and dupes! If I have not translated the gentleman correctly, I beg he will correct me. Now, sir, condemning, as I most certainly do, the conduct of those leaders as illegal and unwarrantable, I shall not stop to inquire whether he has justly characterized them or not. Nor should I, if I knew them to be as pure and patriotic in their motives and their conduct as those true-born sons of liberty, who first dared, in this cradle of liberty, to raise their arms as well as their voices against oppression and usurpation, turn aside for a single moment to vindicate them

from such sweeping denunciations as those in which the gentleman has thought proper to indulge. The same epithets, we all know, were liberally bestowed upon those illustrious rebels, by the minions of power. This practice of calling one's own party the 'good,' and our opponents the 'bad,' is of very remote antiquity. It was a favourite mode of expression of a certain great Roman orator, whose works, I should imagine, the gentleman has made his particular study, one Marcus Tullius Cicero. His own party are always the '*omnes boni*,' while the adverse faction are always the '*inimici reipublicæ*.' And yet, great as is the reverence for that illustrious orator and philosopher, there is no sensible man who knows anything of the history of those times, but smiles at the childish arrogance of the phrases, as he reads them. I do not mean, however, to say that the gentleman has, of course, fallen into the same mistake in using the same phraseology. I will take it for granted that he has grounds more relative, and has correctly characterized those leaders.

"But, sir, it is not of the talents, the characters or the designs of those leaders that we are to consider, upon this question—it is of their influence with the people, and whether the public tranquillity will not be ten times more endangered by these measures to repress associations, originating from their real or supposed grievances. We are to consider whether they are in the temper to submit to what they will consider as efforts to stifle their complaints. Is it wise or prudent to try this experiment, after what we have so lately witnessed ?

"Of the scenes at Springfield, which grew out of the recent measures of the government to sustain, by

military force, the authority of the supreme judicial court, it was my painful lot to be a spectator. I had there some opportunity to judge of the temper and conduct of the people, whom it is now proposed to put, in mass, under the ban of the commonwealth—under one general sentence of outlawry and imprisonment! It is an omen most inauspicious to the gentleman's grand pacific measure, that the very origin, the sole cause of that most deplorable tumult, was an apprehension, a rumour, that the leaders of the disturbance at Northampton were to be indicted, and to be tried at the bar of that court. So true is this, that the insurgents, from the outset, requested only some assurance that no proceedings should be taken against those who were engaged in the previous riots, as the condition of allowing the court to proceed with the business of the session and themselves quietly dispersing. The court very properly replied that they had not the power to give any such assurance. And what then, sir? With the strong military force, the judicious and timely arrangements of a most intelligent and intrepid officer to sustain the court, it was at last obliged to yield to the illegal and tumultuous proceedings which were set on foot to prevent any of their number being brought to account.

“Now, sir, let us suppose that the gentleman, armed with the pacifying power proposed by this bill, had made his appearance there to arrest the obnoxious leaders—does he imagine for a moment, does he so fondly dream, as to believe that he could have taken the humblest of those insurgents into custody upon a warrant? Sir, the bare attempt would have been the signal of battle, would have deluged our streets with blood; the groans of the

wounded and dying would then have been heard, instead of those shrieks of female alarm and distress, which the gentleman so feelingly dwelt upon—so eloquently, indeed, that when our fair visitors shortly afterwards honoured us with their presence, I could not help thinking that it was fortunate for them that they missed that part of the description, which produced so powerful a sensation even upon the stouter hearts and stronger nerves of the members of this house! Indeed, the description was so much more appalling than the reality, that I fear that we should have had a practical illustration, if the fair portion of the audience had entered the house a few minutes earlier. I beg the house to believe that I am not so lost to gallantry, such a recreant to chivalry as to think or speak lightly of those agonies of alarm to which our females were exposed, during the four days of terror in Springfield! I trust that where the duty is to protect and guard that sex, we are all of the same party. For myself, I will not consent to rank second in zeal and devotion, in that service, to any member of this honourable body, unless it might be the eloquent and gallant member himself!

“If then, sir, the attempt to arrest the leaders of the insurgents, upon that occasion, would have been fraught with such hazard to the public tranquillity, how much more would the passage of this act tend to exasperate those people to deeds of violence, and even to drive them to despair! For, the moment a measure of such severity is adopted, they will see and say, that there is an end to all their hopes of relief from the burdens they complain of. Adopt this report, pass this measure into a law, arm the government with the power of repressing the discontents

of the people, and is any member of this house possessed of so much simplicity as to believe that any measure of redress can pass the other branch of the legislature? The fact is too well known, is on record, and attested in too great a variety of ways to leave a doubt of their almost unanimous sentiments upon all the measures of relief demanded by the people. Are they likely to change their sentiments by this accession of power to enforce them? Does any sane man hope that that honourable body will change the policy it has heretofore avowed, when it has armed the executive, by the aid of this house, with dictatorial powers to repress 'factious discontents,' as the popular movements are called, by force and strong hand?

"And all this is to have the most pacific tendency, while the people are in their present temper! They are expected to sink, trembling and disheartened, into perfect repose, perpetual tranquillity, the moment they despair of a peaceful redress of grievances! No, sir, no! This temporary despotism will produce a real alarm for liberty itself—a struggle will and must ensue, begun and carried on in the sacred name of freedom, and as if nothing less than that birth-right was at stake!

"Believe me, this is not the pacific policy that these times require. The people are discontented, are suffering, are alarmed! They are more! They are in open insurrection against the burdens under which they are groaning! They demand, yes, demand! certain measures of relief, which those who are opposed to them tell us are not wise. They tell us that patience and industry are the grand medicaments for all their complaints! Those who give that advice are

sage counsellors, but they do not feel the pinchings of the times. Some of them are supposed to be profiting by the depressed prices of real estate, and of everything else, to increase their ample possessions. The people cannot help seeing these sights. They are not blind, and their patience has given way. Let us not drive them to desperation. They are not to be treated as vassals, but as fellow-citizens and companions in the dangers and privations of our late contest for liberty and independence. Grant that the measures of redress which they insist on are not the sure remedies which they believe—that they will only make things worse, and aggravate the disorders of the body politic—still it may be extremely wise and politic to adopt a measure of doubtful or injurious tendency, to avoid infinitely greater calamities !

“ The member who spoke last has, it is true, professed his readiness to enter upon an examination and a redress of grievances. But first in his catalogue of them, is the obstruction of the courts of justice by armed assemblies of the discontented, and he asks those of us who are in favour of certain measures of redress, with a tone of triumph, as if the question were unanswerable, ‘ what more intolerable grievance can exist in any commonwealth than such an insurrection ? ’ I will tell that member of a grievance that may exist, so much more intolerable, that, compared with it, this noisy but bloodless insurrection, which he deems so insupportable, were but the sport of mischievous school-boys on a summer’s day. It is that of a whole people rent in twain, arrayed against each other under hostile banners—it is that of a commonwealth separated into two great camps, and all the furies of civil discord let loose between

them! That were a spectacle, indeed, which the member's sensibility might be excused for exaggerating, though even *his* vivid imagination could not overcharge the horrors of the scene. When and where, let me ask him, in what age or what country has a civil war once kindled, its flames once burst forth, ever proved other than long, bloody and remorseless? Can he point to one, in the whole range of history, ancient or modern, the scenes of which he would not shudder to see re-enacted here in our commonwealth? The sturdy spirit of freedom is easily roused to a contest with the overbearing arrogance of domination. It is a spirit that has never yet been conquered. Betrayed, exterminated, its champions may be—seduced, terrified, vanquished, never, never! To provoke the contest, is not, I am sure, the wish or the aim of any member of this house; but, if it were, the step now proposed would be more than sufficient. The torch of civil discord, once lighted, a sea of blood must flow to extinguish it. That alone can quench the flame. For all the dark deeds of mutual hatred and revenge, for all the horrors of the conflict, those who may wantonly goad the people to arms will be responsible. The indignation of a bleeding and distracted commonwealth would not be slow to overtake them. The blood they should cause to be shed, would rise from the ground; it would mount up from every field of slaughter, and along with the woful lamentations of widowed wives and childless mothers, along with the wail of untimely, helpless orphans, it would ascend to heaven to testify against them!"

He ended, and, as he pronounced the last sentence, with his eyes and his right arm raised toward

heaven, apparently overcome by the intensity of his feelings, he remained for a moment in the same attitude, after his voice had ceased. A profound silence prevailed until he took his seat, and not a whisper or breath was to be heard in the house. Every eye was upon the orator, and his triumph over the feelings of his auditors was manifest. The speaker forgot to look round him to see who was rising to take the floor, and indeed no one seemed to be inclined to break the spell. Presently, a buzz of congratulation from the friends around him commenced, and several started from their seats to approach and shake hands with him. His opponent, Mr. A——, was among the first to pay him a delicate compliment, by forbidding him, in a pleasant tone, ever to speak again.

That the speech was a good one, all the newspapers of that day were agreed, and, of course, whatever the critics of the present may say to it, we shall refer with confidence to the files of the able and impartial journal from which we have made our extracts. The editor does not pretend to have given a *verbatim* report, but he assures his readers that he has preserved the substance and the spirit of it, and mentions, as a very remarkable circumstance, that the member spoke nearly, if not quite an hour! Shades of Demosthenes and Tully! what would become of such an orator in our times, when single speeches last whole days and weeks, and occupy more time in delivering, than they are remembered afterwards!

Among those senators who had come in to listen to the debate, Talbot was the most surprised at this effort of his quondam pupil in politics. "That fellow is certainly possessed of several devils!" said he to

himself, as he bent his keenest, sternest gaze upon him. "Who would have thought of his making such an impudent, off-hand reply to one of the most accomplished orators, young as he is, that we have in either house. But it is true, as he used to say, the wretch 'delights only in impossibilities!' What a fund of address and hypocrisy the dog has acquired in his short parliamentary career! and nobody going to answer him! He affects such sensibility too about the widows and orphans, and yet he is night and day plotting civil war! He is more dangerous than I thought him, and if the *habeas corpus* be suspended, it shall go hard but he shall be put out of harm's way, for a while, traitor that he is!"

As these reflections passed through his mind, his sister, who was half inclined, she could not tell why, to shed tears, was gazing as earnestly at her former admirer. She was so absorbed in the scene, that she did not observe that an adjournment had been moved and carried, and that the ladies and gentlemen of her party were in motion, while she alone remained in her seat. She started up in confusion, and caught the arm of a young lady with whom she was on terms of great intimacy, and who was at the same moment commencing a flirtation with a gentleman who had just offered her his arm.

"Mercy, Mary Talbot!" cried Miss Warren, "how you frightened me! I declare I should faint, if there was the least convenience in the world here. I have a great mind to make a scene of it!"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Miss Talbot, "he is coming this way!" but the latter words died away upon her tongue, and her gay companion went on with her flirtation.

"Positively, Osborne," said she to him, "you shall make a speech the next time I come to the house, or I will never speak to you again!"

"Ah!" said he, with an air of mock-gallantry, and in an undertone, "if you will only give me kind looks, I will agree that you shall keep silence as long as you please!"

"Impertinent booby! for that fine speech I quit you, and throw myself upon the protection of Major Eustace, who is coming this way, and I think to seek me;" and so saying, she dropped his arm, and beckoned to Eustace to come to her.

Osborne laughed, and turned with the best grace in the world to Miss Talbot, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and implored her to take the place of the cruel, capricious fair one, who had just abandoned him. The lady mechanically took the arm that was offered her, but she had no eyes or ears for any person but Eustace, who pressed through the crowd, and took the gay belle who had summoned him, under his protection. He was just beginning some fine compliment, when he turned his head and saw Mary Talbot, with her brilliant black eyes brighter than ever, at his elbow. Her face was covered instantly with a deep blush, and he thought he had never seen her appear to such advantage. He forgot the beauty under his charge, and the congratulation she was tendering him, was entirely unheeded. He would have given more for one approving word from Mary Talbot at that moment, than for the applause of all the world beside; and yet he only saluted her with a cold and distant bow. She had regained her characteristic self-possession, and returned it with a studied air of respect, that piqued

him. The four passed on together, and the gay and beautiful Miss Warren was once more listened to. Miss Isabella Warren was not a young lady, in fact, to be overlooked. She was celebrated for her beauty, and yet was not spoiled by the admiration she received. She was lively and intelligent, and knew precisely how to divide her smiles among the crowd of her admirers. Her complexion, which was of the most dazzling, transparent white and red, and her lovely blue eyes, were enough to establish her pretensions; but in addition to this, she was acknowledged to have the finest form, and the prettiest foot and ankle in all Boston. She had made a deep impression upon Osborne's susceptible heart, and she took great pleasure in teasing him. But she had not yet discovered which of all her train pleased her most. Eustace was one of her favourites, and merely, as Osborne maintained, because he was the only one of her visitors who did not care a fig for her. There might have been something in that theory, for during the walk from the State-house to her own dwelling, it seemed as if she was resolved to add him to the list of her conquests, and beginning with reproaches for the rarity of his visits, the conversation assumed a turn that was very far from pleasing to Miss Talbot or her companion, who walked close behind them and overheard it all.

"Then you promise to make amends for the past, as well as to do homage daily in future?" said Miss Warren. "On that condition I will forgive your ungallant conduct of late, and provided also that you join our party. That I am determined you shall!"

"By heavens!" thought Osborne, who was grown

suddenly silent and grave, "she had better offer herself at once."

"Is it possible," said Miss Talbot to herself, "that Isabel is in love with him! This is too plain for flirtation. She is trying to captivate him."

"Ah! Miss Warren," cried Eustace with a sigh, "if I were sure that such a desertion would win your favour, I should be tempted to apostatize to-morrow; but I should require very positive assurances—very positive indeed."

"Assurances of what?" asked the lady in the most innocent tone.

"Of something," said he, "which I dare not hope for, and dare not speak of to you."

"You speak in riddles," said the lady, who, by the way, understood it all perfectly well. "I assure you there is nothing that would give me so great pleasure as to make you a convert to our party."

"I have never been so tempted before," said Eustace. "For pity's sake, Miss Warren, impose some other penance on me—and, be it what it may within the compass of human effort, it shall be done."

"There is a plain declaration of love as need be," said Osborne to himself. "The whole sex are a set of flirts and jilts."

"Ah! well," said Miss Warren, "I'll think what it shall be. Something severe, of course, you must expect. I shall not be satisfied with any ordinary proof of your devotion," said she gaily.

"Did ever any woman accept a lover more coolly?" said Osborne aside, getting very restive and impatient, but still maintaining his silence.

Mary Talbot was as far from relishing this dialogue, although it was mere flirtation on both sides.

They came to Miss Warren's door, and she had resolved not to enter; yet, when she found Eustace was going in, she suffered herself to be very easily persuaded, and felt greatly relieved that her dear friend Isabel and her new admirer were not to be left *tete-a-tete* in that stage of their conversation. The moment that dinner was over, and Eustace had taken leave, pleading engagements on public business, Osborne, who remained behind, began to rally Miss Warren on her new conquest; and, for the first time in her life, Mary Talbot took a malicious pleasure in hearing her best friend very soundly rated for coquetry and forwardness. Yet, when she reached her own chamber and was retiring to rest, she would not admit to herself that she felt anything more than a friendly interest in the fate of one who had formerly been the idol of her heart. "He is entirely indifferent to me now, if indeed he ever did care for me," thought she, and with that reflection and a sigh for the past, she sought her pillow and dreamed of his flirtation with Miss Warren and of his tender vows to herself till the rising of the sun.

"How absurd I am to think of him," said she, as she was dressing. "From this time henceforth I will avoid him and all thoughts of him. He may flirt with all the flirts in Boston—it shall never grieve me."

CHAPTER IV.

THE agitating contest in the house so entirely absorbed the attention of all the actors in the passing scene, that it will not surprise the intelligent reader to learn that Eustace and Osborne were for some days without seeing, and almost without thinking of the ladies who made their appearance in the last chapter. The event of the debate was supposed to be uncertain, and the public suspense was wrought up to such a pitch, that if the destiny of the republic had depended on the result, there could have scarcely been a more intense anxiety. The question was shortly after taken, and the opposition triumphed by a more decisive vote than they had anticipated. The report was rejected by a majority of more than twenty votes.

It was the first victory of that party, and created a deep sensation in all quarters. Alarm was visible in the countenances of the government leaders in both houses, and out of doors. They began to think and to speak privately to each other of a compromise. Eustace was in such a constant fever that he had forgotten all his fine promises to Miss Warren, and was, some evenings after this victory, just composing himself for a short nap, preparatory to writing a hundred letters to confidential friends in different counties, detailing the particulars of their triumph, and recommending further measures of popular agitation,

when Osborne, who had passed the evening with a party of ladies at Miss Warren's, among whom Mary Talbot had engaged most of his attention, bounced into the room, and throwing himself into the first vacant chair, broke out as follows.

"Hal, we are both undone! You have given mortal offence to Miss Isabella Warren, and I have conceived a desperate passion for Miss Talbot."

"Nonsense! let me go to sleep. You are too much of a man grown, to be always dangling among ladies in the manner you do. You are getting to be a perfect by-word in your love affairs. Go to, and reform, before you venture to speak to me of love."

"Why, you novice! Do you set up to give me lessons in the art of love? You who, for all I have ever heard, were never in love in your life! I can teach you your A B C in that science. I have had, be it known to you, my ten and twenty passions at a time. I am, as you say, somewhat remarked for my susceptibility, what of that? It is experience that teaches. 'Try all—hold fast that which is good.'"

"Fie! You are incapable of a serious attachment. Don't profane the name of love by applying it to your passions of the hour. If you will keep me awake, talk of something you understand."

"Now, you have touched me in a tender point, and I *will* speak—I *will* condescend to instruct you. Is it possible that you have not yet learned that we who admire the greatest number of charming women, are the truest and most devoted of lovers? Look you, if we adore a lovely face and form like Isabella Warren's, shall we, therefore, deny that Mary Talbot has the brightest pair of eyes, and the most interesting, expressive features in Christendom?

If one trait of beauty excites our admiration in one of the sex, must we, perforce, shut our eyes to the charms of all the other fair damsels around us? Tell me how this is to be done, while our taste and faculties are daily and hourly called into exercise in the perception and admiration of new charmers. I think you are a little puzzled, eh?"

Eustace remained a moment in a musing posture, and then with a serious air, said:

"What you describe as love, is no nearer to it than the admiration you would bestow on the portraits of a dozen different beauties. It may prove your good taste—your connoisseurship, but not a jot of love. *That* does not merely blind us to the beauties of all the sex besides the object beloved, but it makes us worship her very defects, as if they were so many of the brightest excellencies. It centres all our feelings of pleasure or of pain, in her smile or her frown. Every joy of our existence depends on her alone. You talk of the eyes and ears—I speak of the heart and soul. Have you ever loved to that degree that the bare sight of the object was sufficient to make your heart dance with rapture—to fill your bosom with the most delicious tenderness? Have you loved so deeply as to fly from all other society—from all the other pleasures of life as tedious, insupportable, and plunge into the deepest solitude—muse for days and weeks together upon one cherished look, one gentle word? Have you, when thus alone, resolved a thousand times to confess the flame that consumed you, and, at every fresh interview, find yourself more and more unable to make the avowal—find your tongue refuse its office, and your voice die away when you would speak of love? If you have felt all

this, you may know something of the passion, if not, you should never use the word."

"Egad! you would convince me, at that rate," said Osborne, "that no man ever was in love! I have suffered much extremity from that passion in my time, but nothing like what you describe. It seems to me more like madness than love."

"Ah! then let us drop the subject, for we shall never agree. Do you know what is going forward to-day?"

"Not I! you know I am tired to death of these everlasting politics. But if it is worth hearing, let me have the secret."

"Oh! there are great moves to be made in a day or two. The haughty senate begins to make proposals to some of our weaker brethren for a compromise; and seeing that they cannot carry their favourite measure of abolishing the *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, in our house, as things now are, they are bargaining to pass a tender law and one for paying the arrears of old taxes in specific articles, if our moderate men will but come round and vote their bill for establishing the dictatorship. They are sadly frightened, I assure you, and they are trying to frighten some of our people as badly as themselves."

"Hah! then I think we had better treat them to a little more insurrection. It would have a good effect just now, methinks!"

"Oh, that will come of itself, if we can keep our party in the house firm upon the *habeas corpus* question. If we defeat that we shall be able to mature everything, in a few weeks, for a great blow. But that confidential letter, which you recollect was sent by our Hampshire representatives to the select-men,

to furnish our friends with sixty rounds of powder and ball, has some how got into the possession of the governor; I suspect by one of that villain-jesuit Talbot's spies in our camp. His excellency is going to send a special message to both houses upon the subject, and in the excitement of the moment, aided by their promises to repass the tender law, they expect to press their *habeas corpus* bill through our house."

"They *dare* not pass that bill, I know they *dare* not," cried Osborne; "I wish to heaven they would; I am tired of this eternal talking. Let us try that logic, which is a great deal more convincing, and to the dullest capacity, as well as the most brilliant. If we are to fight, d—n! why don't we begin? Why, at this rate, we will die of old age, before we get ready to take the field."

Eustace sprang from his seat and seized Osborne's hand. "Why, why, are not," he exclaimed, "more such lion-hearted, glorious fellows as you to be found in our house? No matter! we will find some of them out when it comes to blows. Hark ye! we are now arranging the plan of the campaign, and you are not overlooked. We intend to make a busy autumn of it; and that crazy old Congress, which is just ready to drop to pieces, has dared to meddle with the internal affairs of old Massachusetts! We have the most positive confidential assurance, from our friends on the spot, that the late vote of that body to raise two thousand men for 'the Indian service,' was really to raise a force to suppress the movements of discontent in our stern old commonwealth! They will have need to be expeditious, if they expect to secure their armory at Springfield, for ten thousand men will pass

that way, before many weeks, on their way to Concord."

Osborne danced about the room with the ecstasy of a school-boy. "Let it be quickly, quickly, for heaven's sake! But, it is too good news to be true! our deliverance cannot be so near at hand!"

"Yes, everything is ripening! under the protection of that force which will threaten this metropolis, and perhaps march into it, if requisite, our convention is to assemble at Worcester, and proclaim our new Republic! You know the constitution is already completed."

"A fig for the constitution, new or old: give us a constitution of ten thousand brave soldiers, under our command, and we can govern well enough without any other!"

"Why, Osborne, what do you mean?" said Eustace.

"Mean! I mean," replied the other, exultingly, "that it must come to that, and the sooner the better!"

"Poh! you are a mad-cap, and don't mean a word of that. But, if you do, for God's sake, don't for the life of you lisp a syllable of it to mortal creature!"

"Oh, never fear that! I have known you and Talbot too long to be guilty of any very indiscreet frankness or sincerity!"

"You are a queer subject!" said Eustace, taking up his pen and commencing a letter, and forgetting his nap. "We will try to give you some employment that will tame you."

"Thank you! in the interim, I will go and pay my respects to the three Miss Hunters, every one of

whom is more charming than the other, as our French friend used to say—and when I come back, pray have some good fellows here to make merry over a bottle of wine; for, in good earnest, I am heartily tired of this trade of a law-giver.”

“Light-hearted, happy fellow!” thought Eustace as he retired. “If I could but be as indifferent to everything but the enjoyment of the moment!” And he wrote a long letter to his sister Elizabeth, by way of amusement, before he plunged into his treasonable correspondence.

CHAPTER V.

THE fair and gentle Elizabeth had not been neglected by her lover, and so far as writing unanswered letters can be called a correspondence, he had been a most active correspondent through all the turmoil and intrigues of the session. Hezekiah, to whom they were transmitted, had faithfully and discreetly performed his part, and he had moreover not failed to communicate to the Squire the evident joy with which his letters were received by Miss Lizzy. But notwithstanding all this, Talbot's earnest and constant entreaties for an answer, "if it were only one, one line," had so far been totally unsuccessful. He took up his pen, on receiving one of Hezekiah's last despatches, assuring him "that Miss Lizzy was a nation sight smarter and handsomer than ever whenever she got one of his letters; but t'wan't no use tryin' to make her answer 'em," and in an angry mood wrote to his agent that he need not be writing to him any more of the great pleasure which Miss Elizabeth derived from his letters, until she had condescended to answer one of them; and expressed the idea in terms so sharp and laconic, that Hezekiah, when he received it, slapped his knee, and cried out, "Highly tighty! the Squire is gettin' a leetle maddish or so, I guess. Wa-al, it's enough to make a feller think 'd——n it,' that's true. I wonder neow if *I* could'nt git Miss Lizzy jest to write the poor

love-cracked critter a few lines on'y to put him in good nater agin. I'll try, I vum. It can't due no harm, though I do purtend not to know where them letters all comes from."

Full of his zeal for his liberal employer, he at once proceeded with the letter in his hand to the parlour, where Miss Elizabeth happened to be alone. As he approached the door, and was on the point of opening it, he heard her commence warbling a sweet mournful ditty, and paused instantly for fear of interrupting it. It was as follows:

"Thou art far from my sight, my belov'd!
Yet dare I not wish thou wert nigh;
On thy image my heart ever dwells,
But thy presence henceforth I must fly!

"Yes, those accents of love, my delight!
The fond vows he so lov'd to repeat,
Must I never again hear him breathe?
Ah! may rather my heart cease to beat.

"But I'll hear thee and see thee, belov'd!
Though we never should meet here again,
Still thy image shall gladden my heart,
And thy voice shall beguile it from pain.

"For the love that has entered the soul,
Bids defiance to absence and fate;
It will flourish, though hope may decay,
Though requited with scorn and with hate."

"I don't know about that 'are," said Hezekiah to himself; and when the song ceased, he made his entry with his letter open, and without knowing precisely how to begin, drew a long breath, and giving the document into Miss Elizabeth's hand, attempted an exordium after this manner.

"There's a letter, Miss Lizzy, I got from your—

from the Squire this mornin'. He's in a leetle pet, I ruther calculate, about somethin' or other, and I thought I'd jest show it to you."

Elizabeth refused to read or to touch it, when she learned whom it was from.

"Well, now if that don't beat all nater! Why, Miss Lizzy, what's the matter neow? I wonder if I hain't give you more'n twenty letters from him sen' he went to Boston, and you never made no trouble about taking one on 'em afore."

"Hezekiah," said she mildly, "you are talking of matters of which you know nothing, and cannot understand. You must not give me that letter; for I am under a solemn, a sacred promise not to read or even open any letter from the person you allude to!"

"Whew!" whistled Hezekiah, in utter consternation, "and so you ha'nt read any of them 'are twenty letters I give ye, Miss Lizzy?"

"Not one of them; and shall not, until I am released from my promise, of course. And so you may inform your correspondent if you choose," said she, turning away her head to conceal her agitation.

"If this ain't tu bad now, for a body to think on! Why, Miss Lizzy, I 'spose you promised not to receive any letter from him, as well as not to read 'em; and as you have received 'em, you may as well be hung for an old sheep, as a lamb! and so if I was in your place, I should jest take a look at 'em, to be sure they did come from him; for may be, after all, they are from his sister, and he only put on the subscription."

"Superscription!" said the young lady, smiling; "Hezekiah, why do you always call that word

wrong, when I have corrected you so often ? It is surely just as easy to say *super* as *sub*-scription."

" Well, so it is, Miss Lizzy, but ye see, I mean the same thing, so what odds does it make ? But come neow, don't you go to changin' the subject in that 'are sly way. I was tellin' on ye that as ye had received—

" Hezekiah, you need not repeat that ! I did *not* promise not to *receive*—I promised not to open or read, and that I would return every letter or note that person might send to me ! and so I intend to do."

" But you mean to take your own time for it, eh ? well done, Miss Lizzy, if you ain't pretty cute arter all ! Look a-here, though, you on'y promised *you* wouldn't open and read 'em yourself, but you can let *me* open and read 'em to you ; I know all about it. You ain't afeard of my tellin' any body. Come, you can due that with a clear conscience, for all I see !"

Elizabeth smiled at the impertinent proposition, and calmly inquired when the general court was expected to break up ?

Hezekiah paid no attention to the question, but as usual, when his mind was intently fixed on any proposition, went on talking half to the young lady, and half to himself, and maintaining the argument with great success.

" Miss Lizzy, I wonder now if I was in prison for any of our insurgent capers, and I made a promise that I would'nt break out, and somebody come and broke open the door, I wonder now if I would'nt have a right to depart ! By darnation ! I guess I

wouldn't stop to ax any body's opinion but my own! and what the plague difference there is I can't see; I think that will give some trouble to answer; heh! heh!"

No answer being made, except a significant smile at his folly in attempting to reason with her, Hezekiah thus soliloquized:—

"Well, I 'spose I've got a right to read my own letter yit, and I'll read it over, once or twice, in a low tone, so that you, Miss Lizzy, won't hear it," and so saying, without asking permission, he proceeded to read in a very distinct and audible voice, the contents of his letter. The lady affected not to listen, but did not object to the reading. She was visibly agitated, and when the second reading was finished, said in faltering accents,—

"Go and send my father to me. I desire to speak with him, directly."

"What for?" Hezekiah had liked to have let slip, but he was awed and checked by the manner of his young lady, and he hastily retreated to perform his errand. He could not, of course, go along without a crowd of reflections.

"Now, I want to know if this ain't a 'tarnal, 'tarnal shame! not to let that 'are young woman have her own way, when she's e'en a'most dyin' to read the Squire's letters, and would jump out of a three story window to get married to him! If I don't give the colonel a piece of my mind this day, I hope I may choke the next meal I eat! A pretty piece of biz'ness to be sure! I tell ye what, my dander's up, and I don't care a shin-plaster, if I have a ra-al time with him about it!"

As he finished this desperate resolution, stalking

along with his hat pulled over his brow, and in a dogged, heavy step, he chanced as he stepped into the open air, to place his foot on the colonel's gouty toes, as he was about to enter the door. Quicker than thought, down came the old gentleman's cane upon the head of the offender, and a groan of "Oh, Lord! what a lick!" gave notice to the colonel, that his wrong was well avenged.

"Bless my soul and foot!" cried he, "is that you, Hezzy? I beg your pardon, but I wish you would be more careful how you tread; you hurt my foot most awfully!"

"Wa-al, colonel, I wish to gracious you would be a leetle more particklar where you hit. Darn my gizzard, if you didn't e'en a'most knock my head off my shoulders! It rings enough for a meetin'-house bell!"

"I'm sorry, very sorry," said the colonel, "but I hope it won't knock any of the senses out of their places!" laughing, as Hezekiah was feeling of the rising bump.

"There!" cried he, "it's as big as a hen's egg a'ready, and I swow it'll be the size of a goose-egg to-night! I don't see what satisfaction it is to folks to hurt other folks 'caze they've got hurt a leetle themselves. It's a blasted dirty trick, colonel, if I was a goin' to speak my mind plainly. Hows'ever, I shan't die on't, I reckon."

The colonel laughed till he cried, and Hezekiah, after the first smart was over, began to laugh too. "Wa-al, it was funny though, arter all, darned if 'twa'nt," said he, rubbing his new organ; "but I wish you wouldn't knock quite so hard next time, though, colonel, if you aint mad nor nothin'."

The contusion had by no means driven the important mission with which he was charged, out of his cranium, and he hinted, with a mysterious wink, that Miss Lizzy wished to see him forthwith about some matter of the last moment.

"What is it? what is it?" eagerly asked the affectionate father.

"I don't know nothin' about it," said Hezekiah, rather sullenly; "but I know you and some other people due treat that poor girl most cruel. She won't stand it much longer, now I tell ye—'twon't due, colonel, 'twon't due, and you'll find it out, when it's tu late. She's got the temper of an ann-gel, or she wouldn't a' stood it as she has so fur."

The colonel was seriously alarmed, or he would have repeated the thwack which he had unwittingly bestowed upon his major-domo's skull. He passed by the impertinence, however, to ascertain what new trouble was brewing in that quarter.

"Is Elizabeth unwell? what is it? speak, you booby, what do you mean?"

"Oh, she's well enough, for that matter, but I tell ye she wants to see you about somethin' that I ruther guess she don't feel very happy about. Why don't ye let her write to her old sweetheart—and—and—when he sends her a letter, what do ye make her send it back to him for, as if there was some plague o' London in it? I tell ye 'twon't due, colonel, 'twon't eend well. Set that down in the almanick!"

The colonel's ire was roused at such daring officiousness, even of the favourite, upon so delicate a topic. He forgot the blow he had already bestowed upon him, and without uttering a syllable he prepared to repeat it, with additional energy. But the agility

of the young man saved him from it. He dodged aside, and the cane, striking on the wheel of a cart, behind which he ensconced himself, was broken in two, and the only effect of the violence was, a severe pain in the colonel's shoulder, and a hasty imprecation, which we shall not record.

"There, there, I told ye so," cried Hezekiah.—
"How do you feel now colonel? any better, eh?"

"The devil take you and all your tribe, if you had any," said the colonel. "What a simpleton I am to put myself in a passion with such a varmint! I wish you would mind your own business, you blockhead, and not stick your finger into every pie, as you do."

"I don't care; I tell ye I will meddle with it, when I see Miss Lizzy so imposed upon. I don't care if all creation gits mad! Od-rot it, I'll make a noise about it if you don't let her write a letter to her sweetheart. And as to her readin' his, if she should git one, I'll go all the way to Boston town to-morrow and get Mr. Harry's consent, if you couldn't give yourn without gettin' his permit."

The Colonel turned on his heel without deigning a reply, and feeling a certain consciousness that Brindle was half right, and a lively curiosity to know from his daughter what had happened, to give the creature such an insight into the family secrets, he hobbled on as fast as he could to the parlour.

"My dear father," cried Elizabeth, springing towards him, "what has happened? You can hardly move, and you seem to be in pain."

"Nothing—nothing, my child, only I broke my cane. I would rather have lost a hundred pounds. It was a gift from poor General G——, as brave and noble an officer as ever led a charge. Never mind; I'll save

the fragments in honour to him. But what did you wish to see me for, my dear child? Hezzy told me you desired to speak to me of something of importance. Some request? What is it?"

"Papa, I have a confession to make," and the crimson mounted to her cheek in such a sudden torrent that she hid her face in her handkerchief for a moment, before she could proceed. She gasped for breath, and then, in a whisper, said—

"I will confess indeed. Ah! I have been made very unhappy this morning;" and she related every particular of the unopened letters—of the manner in which she had received them, stipulating first for Hezekiah's pardon, and then added that the reproaches contained in the letter Hezekiah had just read to her, without her permission, had made her wretched indeed." She asked permission to write a few lines, merely to explain her silence, and to inform her persevering lover that he need not expect a reply to any letter he might write to her while her promise to her father was in force. There needed no sighs or tears to soften the old gentleman's heart. Embracing her, he said—

"Dry your tears, my beloved daughter. Write what you please of that kind; and since you have been so dutiful as you have, in keeping his letters unopened to this hour, I give you leave to read them all. But don't forget, you are not to answer them, by any means—mind that!"

"By no means! I do not desire to do so," said she, smiling through her tears. "I am not so unreasonable as to ask for so much at one time."

"Ah! my dearest child, I wish heaven had ordered it otherwise; but we must not despair. Perhaps

Harry and Frank may bury their mortal feud yet, who knows? and we may all be happy again. But recollect, recollect your sacred promise not to marry your brother's *enemy*."

"I do—I do," said she, clasping her hands, and she hurried to her room to luxuriate in all the tenderness of devoted love, in reading the treasured epistles.

Hezekiah shortly after met the Colonel in the garden, where he was at work, and laying down his spade, accosted him thus: "Well, old man, what did you do about it?"

"None of your business, Mr. Impertinent."

"I'll know though, by the hoky," and he was proceeding to the house to inquire of the young lady herself.

"Come back, you blockhead; Miss Lizzy is reading the letters that *you*, you cursed rogue! gave her against my express orders."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Hezekiah, "you don't say so! Dang my eyes, if I due another stroke of work this day. I'm tu happy. Ha! ha! ha!"

B O O K V.

CHAPTER I.

FOUR weeks of the session were past, consumed in intrigues and caucuses by night and debates by day, with no prospect of a speedy adjournment but that growing out of the impatience of members to return to their families and homes. November, with its chilly east winds and gloomy rains, had set in, but neither wind nor weather could abate the fervour of Eustace in the political cause to which he had devoted himself. He was still to be seen regularly at his post during the day ; in the evening, the first and the last at the conclaves of his party—and, after that service was done, he might still be found at his portfolio till one or two o'clock in the morning, penning scores of letters to the initiated in the western and northern counties, apprizing them of passing events, and urging them to still more decided measures in the future.

He was seated by a brisk fire in his chamber, not far from midnight, thus employed, when his friend Osborne as usual rapped at his door, on his way to his own room, and without waiting for a "walk in," opened the door for himself, and entered without ceremony.

"Ah! Ozzy, I am glad to see you. Why were you not at the caucus to-night?"

"Simply because I have been at a *tete-a-tete* with Miss Isabella Warren. A better reason, by Jove, was never given, and never will be. The devil take your dull, stupid politics! How much more rational, more agreeable, more everything in the world is it to spend an evening with such a charming, ay, divine creature, than to sit listening to your prosing fools at the caucus."

"Hah! is it so indeed? Miss Isabella again in the ascendant, in spite of politics and of your recent flame united? I hope you don't intend to break Miss Talbot's heart by this sudden desertion! It is but four days since you were ready to renounce all human follies—erase all the trivial fond records from your brain, and devote your life and soul to her alone, of all the rest of her sex. Do you not recollect something of it, eh?"

"Hem! I think I have some faint recollection of having said some such thing; but really, I can't be positive. If I did say it, I no doubt felt it at that time. But events have occurred since, that put a new face on both the ladies we have been speaking of.

"As how? speak forth the words of truth and soberness," said Eustace, laughingly.

"Briefly, and to be brief, I have ascertained since that time that Miss Talbot don't favour my passion, and that, on the other hand, Miss Isabella Warren is in love with me! me! and I with her, of course. I have no more to say. My destiny is fixed. Adieu to politics; adieu to martial ambition—to all but love and domestic bliss!"

"Domestic h—ll!" cried Eustace; "is it possible that you can think—can bear to think of quitting the

ship of state now, just as she is mounting on the foaming billows, just as we are coming to the grand onset, when our old watch-word of 'victory or death,' is the cry! Shame on you, Osborne! I thought you were born for something higher and nobler than a weak woman's slave; something better than 'to draw nutrition, propagate and rot!' Recreant champion of liberty! I disown you—I discard you for ever, if you stoop to such a weakness at this crisis!"

"Crisis! don't bother me any more about your crisis! The devil-a-bit of a *crisis* will you make of it, after all this fine talking. Here we have been, going on five weeks, and talk, talk, talk—in the house and out of the house, and around the house, about the *crisis*, and I see no more *crisis* than last year, or the year before that! If I thought you could, or would strike a blow, and do the thing in the true revolutionary style, I would quit—renounce my hopes of the loveliest she in the land, and be the first to mount into my saddle, when the bugle sounded. D—n it, I believe I did not use to be the last."

"True, true, my dear fellow-soldier," said Eustace, starting up from his seat, and pacing up and down the room, as was his invariable habit, when the blood began to stir within him,—“never lived a truer, braver, worthier gentleman! I knew you would not be found wanting. But depend on it, there will soon be beacons lighted in all the north and west! The spirit of '76 is up, by heaven! There are some of our men here who grow alarmed, and their fears have made them traitors; curse on such lily-livered slaves—but you may rely on the people! we appeal to arms, the moment the general court rises without

passing a tender act, whether they dare to suspend the *habeas corpus* or not!"

"And if that be so, here's success to treason!" said Osborne; "a fig for the event; if we are knocked on the head, that will be a soldier's death. If we escape death, and captivity should be our lot, they must treat us as prisoners of war. But, egad! supposing we should happen to conquer, what then? I have no very clear idea of what we are to go about after that; have you, Hal?"

"By heaven, yes!" exclaimed Eustace, stamping proudly on the floor. "Never was such a field for master-spirits, if we can once overturn this miserable, tottering aristocracy of old women! ay, we will erect a splendid republic in its place, to be the mistress of the whole continent in arts and arms! A republic that shall be the pride and boast of its own citizens, and the awe and terror of the western world! Look at the old confederacy tumbling to pieces, and the states all shifting for themselves, leaving that crazy vessel to sink, and plundering it as they retire, while Massachusetts, the most warlike, the boldest, the richest and most powerful of them all, the Queen of the East, with her half million of people, is clinging to the wreck, when she should be the first to wish it buried in the ocean, ten thousand fathom deep! Wasting her most precious resources in the service of the other states, who have neither honesty or patriotism to join her! Yes, our state, with her naval resources, her fisheries, her commerce and manufactures, is the mistress of the western Atlantic! Give us but a fleet, and an army commensurate with her resources, and her alliance and protection will be

courted at home and abroad. And now, instead of giving the tone and the law to the whole continent, our sage rulers are seeking to lay her commerce, her revenue, her power and independence at the feet of a central government, and to reduce her, with all her hard-earned glory, to the condition and level of a province, perhaps to be governed in the end by some proud satrap, sent from an imperial court at Philadelphia! But if not, shall we be kept in leading-strings by this dry-nurse of a confederacy any longer, when we can do by ourselves what that cannot do for us? Our glorious commonwealth can soon *command*, what they dare scarcely request of the other states; some uniform regulations of commerce with foreign nations; her strength is in her people—in her yeomanry—in the spirit they have inherited. Such a progeny is worthy of that stock of pilgrim-warriors, of stern old crusaders, that marched in the olden times to rescue the holy land from the infidels! Like them, our ancestors feared no perils, regarded no privations, no toil or conflict, while they were founding their new empire here in the west! She has grown up to the strength and majestic port that fit her for a queen, and they would degrade her to a waiting-maid! Perdition light upon them all!”

“Go on, when you recover your breath,” said Osborne; “I begin to think you have a good notion of government. But pray, tell me, would you be for conquering any of our neighbours, in case of disobedience?”

“Not at all; I would only *protect* them against their more powerful ones on the other lines; and at the first signal of hostile movements from any other quarter, to shake their connection with us—you

should see twenty thousand bayonets bristling on our borders, ready to march wherever the honour or the interest of old Massachusetts should require! That were watch-word enough; and it should find a responsive chord in the breast of every son of Massachusetts, who ever heard of Lexington, of Concord, of Bunker's Hill! But our rulers are doing their utmost to destroy that lofty spirit. They think only of grinding the poor, the honest yeomanry, who have saved their necks and their property from the penalties of treason, to the very dust. But I would raise them to a sense of their own strength and capacity. I am not for making conquests of territory; but I am for making our people the *regem populum* of this continent. Look what a little spot on that map of the world is England, ay the whole British Isles, and yet the British Empire, dismembered as it now is, is by sea the empire of the ocean that encircles the globe. On her dominions the sun never sets, and blow whatever wind it may, it is sure to waft the tribute of one or other of the four quarters of the globe to her ports. And Holland! look at her, if you would see what Massachusetts, brave, proud, free, *independent* old Massachusetts might be under a different system. Do you think if I did not look to this ulterior fruit of our victory, that I would spend anxious days and sleepless nights in this struggle? Not I, indeed! I would never have taken such pains to make 'fire burn and cauldron bubble,' if I looked no further than a contest for petty offices, miserable employments, which are conversant about nothing more dignified than town and county squabbles. Do you understand me now?"

"Passably well—and may my soul want mercy

but I'll join you too. But I am not sanguine of success in these lofty projects, when you come to explain them to your yeomanry. They will object a little to the expense, eh?"

"Ah, I know it—we must surprise them into it. Brilliant success, power, and the consciousness of their proud attitude in the affairs of this hemisphere will reconcile them to anything. Most men dread revolutions, let the present evils and abuses be what they may—and yet, is it not clear as the cloudless sunlight, that no revolution effected by arms ever took place without strengthening the nation and making its government more formidable to its neighbours while it remained in the hands of those who effected it? Yes! the people of this country are not an exception, though they were cheated into the glorious revolution which has just terminated. The government has changed hands! It is not the revolutionary, the Roman spirit of '75 which now holds sway."

"Oh, only give us plenty of raw material for soldiers and no matter about the spirit of '75 or '85. I feel more inclined to glory and less to wedlock, since you have talked so bravely about fighting. I wish you would begin. I think it is time we went home. I am determined to vote with the government, if the crisis don't come along soon."

"Oh, you need not be impatient. The governor is going to send us his confidential communication about our treasonable letter to the Hampshire selectmen early to-morrow morning, and I shall not be surprised if in the course of the day they force the *habeas corpus* question on, and frighten enough of our moderate men to vote with them to carry the suspension through, and I, for one, shall not regret it. That

will bring on the trial speedily, or I shall never prophecy again. We have made it the question of peace or war, tender-law or not, bank of paper money or not !”

“So I have written to all my trusty friends, to take notice and govern themselves accordingly; and I should feel very foolish if it should not be carried into execution now, and it should all end in bravado and bluster. I’ll quit the state and go to—d—n it—I’ll go to Vermont, if I can’t go anywhere else, if I have made such a ninny of myself,” said Osborne.

“Never fear,” cried Eustace, pouring out a glass of wine for each of them, and giving as a sentiment—

“Swords, not tongues, have won our liberty, and will defend it ;” and they separated, to dream of havoc and the dogs of war.

CHAPTER II.

THE negotiation which had been for some time on foot between the leaders of the government party in the senate, and that portion of the opposition in the house which was willing to pass the bill to suspend the *habeas corpus*, provided the senate would pass the tender law which had been sent them from the house, was now brought to a close. A sufficient number to turn the scale had been secured, and the moment that was known, some others who dreaded to be in a minority, went over in a body.

The next morning after the dialogue recorded in the last chapter, the senate took up the tender act and passed it almost unanimously. The uninitiated were struck with astonishment; but Eustace, to whom the progress of the negotiation had been partially communicated, was at once aware of what the result of the next debate on the subject would be, and though he saw no hopes of defeating the bargain, he resolved that he would have a parting blow at the government before the final question was taken, and speak in a tone and language that should border on the seditious and treasonable.

The day after the passage of the tender act and the other relief bills which the house had previously sent them, the Governor made his communication to the two houses on the subject of the proceedings of the insurgents in Hampshire, and transmitted the letters and other documents connected with them, in

relation to the arms and ammunition furnished by the selectmen in several of the towns to the insurgents. Their movements were characterized as indicating designs hostile to the peace of the commonwealth, and utterly subversive of the security and safety which the friends of the government had a right to demand from the guardians of the public tranquillity. It was recommended that some further provision should be made to enforce the laws and disable the dangerous leaders of the rebels from carrying on their machinations against the laws and constitution.

In the struggle that succeeded in the house, both parties acted and spoke as if it was the last opportunity that was to occur to discharge the virulence and hatred which had been accumulating the whole session. The opposition leaders were already premonished that the bill was to pass, and indignant at the treachery or timidity of their late adherents, they spared no invective which the language of that day could supply. They denounced the measure with the most furious epithets, as the first step toward despotism—the first great avowal that the government would rule by force, and the people must submit unconditionally to its decrees. The debate lasted three days; and never, even in those days when insurrection and insubordination were so bold, was there ever more violence exhibited, or such open, undisguised threats of resistance heard in a legislative hall. The Governor himself, whose amiable disposition and polished manners, united with the respect for his talents and accomplishments as a statesman and scholar, had hitherto saved him from open personalities, now came in for a full share. He was, by one set of orators, denounced as aiming at this

absolute power for the purpose of securing and perpetuating his own re-election ; by another equally fierce, as being made a passive tool by men behind the curtain, who meditated a death-blow at the liberties of the people—certain *unknown*, but well-known Warwicks in Boston and the vicinity, who made and unmade governors and senators for their own amusement and profit. The government speakers were not slow in retorting upon their adversaries the most daring and treasonable designs. They now appealed to the letter which had been transmitted to them by his excellency, as full and incontrovertible evidence of their previous charges. The names, which included nearly all the opposition members from Hampshire, afforded much opportunity for personality and sarcasm, and, under other circumstances, might have been the source of much harmless pleasantry. But the house was not in that vein, and some excellent jokes were entirely lost, for want of a proper audience.

Among those who came in for a full proportion of the comments of the government party upon his illegal and seditious, if not treasonable conduct, was Osborne, who being himself a lawyer, was said to have less excuse for this wanton violation of the laws. One of the deserters from the opposition party, who was now full of zeal for the passage of the bill suspending the *habeas corpus*, and affected to be in a state of deep alarm at the disclosure which had been made to them of the proceedings of his late coadjutors, took occasion to express his surprise at finding the name of the member from H——— (Osborne) appended to such a production. Osborne had borne all the comments of his old adversaries with perfect good

humour, and without manifesting any disposition to reply. But the moment that his *quondam* friend took his seat, he rose to reply. The house was all attention, as Osborne seldom spoke, and was now evidently about to lay aside the pleasant tone and style with which he always amused the assembly.

He began with saying that he had hoped that the worthy member who had just set down, would have rested content with abandoning the friends with whom he had, up to that day, been in the habit of acting in that house, and would not have taken upon himself the office of arraigning them, either collectively or individually. He said that he had hoped also that the worthy member would have been able to apologize for his own change of opinion and of conduct, without laying his conversion to the account of the newly discovered criminality of his late friends in or out of that house. "Methinks, sir," said he, "that it would have been both more decorous and more prudent, if that member had imputed his sudden illumination to the superior weight and force of the arguments of his present associates, than to any new revelation of the turpitude of his former ones. Up to this time, he has been in full communion with them, trusted and consulted, as much as any other member of it, with all the treasonable, seditious, and illegal measures which have been adopted or projected; and though I do not intend to question the sincerity of his horror at them now, I cannot allow him to single me out as one that had practised some disguise and concealment of my real intentions, and had led him on step by step to that verge of treason, from which he has recoiled with such alarm. Not a word—not a look of dissatisfaction at the general policy,

or the particular measures of his party, has ever escaped the worthy member, through all the counsels of his late friends at which he has assisted. Not a breath of discontent, not a sign of his being a dissident till now ! If, therefore, the worthy member accuses me of having aided in keeping up his confidence in the patriotic designs of the party to which I have the honour to belong, why may I not of right demand him to specify what new act of mine has this day come to his knowledge which has shaken his faith in my patriotism and fidelity to the constitution ? This very paper, which has so electrified him and other members of this house, was *not* for the first time submitted to his inspection this morning. Neither, sir, was it this day first known to him that my signature was affixed to it. If it were a secret, it was not so to him. Whatever, therefore, may be the secret of the member's sudden support of this act to create a dictatorship, it is not to be found in this newly acquired knowledge of the acts and designs of his late associates. What it is, I neither am anxious to know or willing to conjecture. I do, however, totally repudiate that account of it with which the member has furnished us, and in turn for his good counsel to me, I will take leave to advise him to amend his explanation of the matter, while he is on this floor, whatever he may do when he returns to his constituents. It won't pass with either side of this house, and the member will do better to leave the question for time to explain. The gratitude and esteem of his new friends would probably, ere long, give him an opportunity, by the refusal of office and emolument from them, to prove to the satisfaction of all parties, his entire freedom from all sel-

fish or ambitious views, and establish conclusively the purity and disinterestedness of his patriotism."

He then adverted to the observation which had been made, that he himself was peculiarly inexcusable for having signed such a paper, as from his profession he must have known that it was illegal; and he urged that "that very circumstance ought to make gentlemen who were not of that profession more careful how they charged him with violating the law!" This was said in rather a pleasant tone, and excited a smile from Mr. A——, who sat near him, and who had repeated the remark in the course of his animadversions upon the letter and signatures.

"The member from D—— smiles at this," said Osborne, turning to him, "as if I had purposely overlooked his expression to the same effect and wished to avoid the encounter with the authority of his professional opinion. I have the highest respect for that learned member's legal opinion and attainments, but I cannot surrender my own judgment and conviction to those of any 'prerogative' lawyer in or out of this house. I will most respectfully inquire of my learned brother, how he would frame an indictment for writing and sending such a letter as this? under what statute of our commonwealth? under what common-law of our commonwealth? Can he point me to one precedent, without crossing the water? and does he, dare he affirm that the crown-law of your Jameses and your Charleses, your Star-chambers, your Saunderses and your Jeffries' are the common law of this free commonwealth? No, sir! I say as a lawyer that there is no violation of law contained in that letter, which can be punished as a misdemeanor by the laws of this land. Constructive

treason is not yet naturalized, and sedition, vague offence as it is, is one into which this cannot be tortured. But this is not the time or the place to discuss that question. The learned member has wisely abstained from everything but assertion on this subject, and I shall follow his example.

“For, sir, granting that it be illegal, seditious—what you please—are we not entitled to be indicted and tried by the ordinary course of law? Must we have new and strange and, I boldly say, tyrannical and unconstitutional modes of *punishment* instituted under the pretence of *preventive* measures? and are we tamely to submit to such usurpation, and to have our spirit of resistance to the projected tyranny brought forward as the strongest, the sole argument, in fact, for the establishment of that tyranny itself? This would be, sir, as if the learned member were to make the remonstrances against the passage of the law the strongest reason for its enactment! Because a free people are not ready to submit to despotism, despotism must be established to keep them in order! Because they tell you, in plain terms, they will not submit to tyranny, the republic is in need of a dictatorship! This would be considered rather a strange way of argument among the people; and how would it have appeared to those who, at the outset of the revolution, openly proclaimed that it was the right of freemen to concert peaceably and without disorder, any measures that might be thought fit to resist usurpation and tyranny? But I beg pardon for quoting precedents to the learned gentleman which are not to be found in transatlantic law-books, and I beg pardon of the house for trespassing such an unusual

length of time upon its patience and polite attention."

"Egad! Osborne never made so long a speech before," said half a dozen of his friends to each other. "He won't speak again this year, I warrant."—"He hates to speak, and hates to listen," said another. "But see, A—— has the floor—now there'll be some warm work, I guess."

Mr. A——, the member alluded to, had risen from his seat, and looked round the house, as if to invoke the attention of the audience, and as he did so, Eustace, who as yet had taken no part in the debate, quitted his seat and placed himself in front of the orator. It was at once understood that he intended to reply to him, and both parties were all eye and ear to the debate.

"The gentleman from H." he said, "had surprised him as much by the tone of his observations, as by the course of his arguments, and he could not help most sincerely regretting the delusion of passion under which he was evidently labouring, and which would, while it lasted, prevent him from all rational conclusions. He said that if he had seen cause for alarm in the contents of this letter on the table, and the names appended to it, he felt more, far more, when he heard even the signers themselves not only avow their act, but coolly and deliberately carry out the principles of it, into the wildest uproar of anarchy! His learned brother had challenged him to draw an indictment upon this letter that could be sustained, and had contended that as it was neither treason nor sedition, it could not be reached by indictment. Meaning, apparently, that it went too *far* to constitute sedition, and not quite far enough to constitute

an overt act of treason. If by this challenge, his learned brother meant to insinuate a doubt of *his* legal skill to draw such an indictment, he had nothing to say to the compliment. But if his learned brother meant that such an indictment for a misdemeanour, for writing a seditious letter of that kind, could not be drawn by counsel who could easily be found in and out of that house, he, on the other hand, as freely and boldly asserted, that such counsel could be found, and juries could be found too, even in Hampshire, who would convict upon them ! That the right of preparing to *resist* unconstitutional and tyrannical acts by force, as long as the peace is not violated, may have been asserted in some revolutionary paper, to which the member had referred, he was not prepared to admit or deny. But whether it were or not, he was prepared to say at once, that such a pretension was never seriously insisted upon by any name of legal authority among those illustrious patriots, who with their pens defined, and with their swords maintained, the true principles of civil liberty.

“ But, sir, it is not necessary, as in fact it would be hardly proper, to consume the time and fatigue the attention of this house upon the question, whether the authors and signers of that letter have committed an offence punishable by law. If they have not, our laws are woefully deficient, and the culprits escape, on technical grounds, the punishment due to their daring misdeed. If they have, I trust, sir, that the proper tribunals will, in due time, take cognizance of their conduct, and pronounce that sentence which the laws of the commonwealth warrant and require. God send them a good deliverance !

“ We are in the mean time, sir, called on to in-

quire, earnestly, solemnly, whether such bold, disorganizing movements do not require something more than the ordinary, and somewhat tardy retribution of justice to repress; whether the fate of the commonwealth, as well as its tranquillity, be not deeply involved in these daylight insurrections and midnight plots, to allow us to separate, without being vested, somewhere, a preventive power that may be able to encounter both! My learned friend may not take the full benefit of the law he has laid down; the subject of 'preparing *peaceably* to resist by *force* if he will but give us the advantage of the correlating doctrine. He must yield us the same right, *peaceably* to suppress all such preparations. I might easily show that this would be entirely in conformity to my learned friend's own mode of reasoning, but I will not so far depart from the true question before the house.

"That, sir, resolves itself into two; first, the authority of the general court to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* at all, under any circumstances; secondly, whether a case has arisen which calls for the exercise of that power. With respect to the first question, I am happy to find that we can agree easily with our opponents. They do, rather reluctantly it is true, but they do at length admit, that the constitution having in the most express terms conferred that power, it must be conceded, though, if I am mistaken, the course of argument of more than one member on that side of the question, went to show that it never ought to have been conferred. The first question, then, is happily at rest. The next and the real one is,—has a case occurred within the true meaning and intent of that constitutional provis-

to call for its suspension ? And if the open, organized resistance to the laws which has taken place, be not cause enough to satisfy us of the necessity, let me ask whether this specimen of the secret, midnight conspiracy which is on foot against the supremacy of the laws, and, as I verily believe, the constitution itself, be not sufficient ? Gracious heaven ! Have we a government instituted for the protection of the citizen, and the administration of justice, which is openly set at nought; defeated, put down by force, which may neither resort to peaceable nor forcible means to guard the rights of its citizens, and the public justice and tranquillity ? Let me rather behold the thickest pall of despotism—the darkest night of arbitrary power settle for ever over my native land, than such principles of anarchy ascendant here ! Of all the remorseless tyrannies that have ever desolated the earth—of all the bloody orgies that have disgraced and degraded human nature, none come near those which have been performed wherever anarchy has gained firm foothold for a course of years ! She converts men into beasts of prey—soldiers into tigers—chiefs into fiends ! She extinguishes every spark of the generous flame of chivalry, which characterizes the true warrior, and implants, even in noble breasts a spirit of restless, insatiable ferocity ! It is not a civil war alone—a contest in which there is still some show of humanity, some observance of the rules of war to be hoped for, that I speak of. I speak of such a state of lawless *saturnalia*, as that which the member insists on the right of *preparing* whenever he pleases ; where the government may not interfere, and every contending faction may do that which seems good in its own eyes !

“From such a state we may not be far distant, if we leave the laws unsustained, the peaceful citizens unprotected, and the course of justice impeded and dammed up. From such a state, let us, at whatever risk, make what effort we may yet make to rescue our beloved country.

“Neither is it this commonwealth alone that summons you to the defence of liberty against the assaults of bold licentiousness. It is Freedom herself, as she hovers over what was her cradle in yonder Hall, and what I trust may ever prove her citadel! it is she that, though she hath no tongue, still speaks with most miraculous organ!

“She points to the unhallowed attempts of licentiousness. She bids us curb it in its mad career, or prepare to see freedom take her farewell flight from this hemisphere, never again to redescend! She conjures every living patriot to the rescue. She proclaims that the triumph of anarchy here will be fatal to her existence and her future hopes, in every part of the new world, where she had planted her last seeds of liberty, and as she fondly believed in a genial soil. She speaks to the living, but of things to rouse the dead! It is of things that might make her voice thrill through the bones of the illustrious fallen, who lie entombed on yonder hill, and make them start from the cold, unmonumented earth that forms their graves! Would to God—would to God! that it could rouse them! and those other gallant sons of Massachusetts, who lie unburied in other lands and other climes—whose bones whiten the fields where they fell! Then might we hope to see the legions of confusion and anarchy subdued and put to flight! If that illustrious martyr in the cause of liberty, whose

portrait hangs near you, sir—if the canonized Warren could step forth from the canvass and speak to mortal ears with mortal voice, he would exclaim—
 ‘Are you the chosen guardians of the constitution, sentinels round about the citadel of liberty, and are you ready to surrender your sacred trust at the first summons of discontented licentiousness? Leave, leave those seats, if you shrink from the encounter, to men who heed the discordant yells of licentiousness as little as they do the threatening frowns of tyranny. Surely that race cannot be so soon extinct, who rushed, at the first peal of hostile arms, to the battle-field, with no hope but in their courage, no war-cry but ‘Liberty now and for ever!’ If you deem it worth preserving you must imitate the courage and fortitude of those who won it, and guard it as vigilantly and as sacredly from the pollutions and violence of licentiousness as from the assaults of tyranny itself!’ ”

“There!” said the editor of the Government Journal, who sat in the gallery taking notes; “I’m glad he’s done. If members make such long speeches, I’ll be darn’d if I print ’em at all. Brevity is the soul of wit, and as it is, I shall just abbreviate my minutes one half, and put the rest in brevier!”—
 If the poor man had lived in our day!

The editor of the opposition journal, recently established, who was sitting near him, and now and then putting down a few words, whispered to his brother quill—

“I say, neighbour, you a’nt a-goin’ to publish all that in your next, be you?”

“Not by a jug-full, unless they pay me for it as an advertisement. That would alter the case.”

"Yes! that would make a monstrous sight of odds, as you say. Well, I give good speeches, first raters, one column; second raters, about three to a column; and all the rest, from three to ten lines a-piece."

"A good rule," said the other.

"Order in the gallery!" said the speaker, who heard the whispering, so perfect was the silence that prevailed, while it was uncertain who was to answer the last member. Eustace soon rose, however, and with apparent reluctance addressed the chair. He had been so disgusted with the desertions of some old friends, which were unexpected to him, that he was by no means in a fit mood for a reply to his chosen antagonist.

He began with saying that "the house was not to suppose he had risen with the intention to make a formal reply to the speech which had just been listened to by the house with so flattering an attention; that if such were his wish, he should be almost precluded from saying anything, by the necessity he should be under of agreeing with the member upon nearly every general topic which he had most laboured, and the honour he had to respond to almost all the sentiments on which he had dwelt with the greatest eloquence. He begged the house not to conclude, however, that he was about to avow himself a convert to the gentleman's side of the question, though even *his* conversion might not be deemed more extraordinary than some, which, without going back to St. Paul's, might be enumerated!"

"How bitter the rascal is!" said half a dozen of his late friends to themselves, as he went on.

"He should have forbore to trouble the house any further on the subject of this longed-for, much-co-

voted suspension of the *habeas-corpus*, if it were not for the use which had been made of a private, confidential letter, which by some means unknown had come into the possession of the executive. He knew very well and his excellency knew that this private and confidential communication was penned under feelings of excitement, which, though they may have now somewhat subsided, it was not politic to tamper with and outrage too grossly even now! He said, that it was most singular that this inflammatory, seditious letter—this *avant-courier* of rebellion and civil war, had produced so opposite an effect in Hampshire from what was now affected to be dreaded! So far from any riot, or civil commotion, not even a *rout*, to use the word in its legal sense, had been committed in any of these towns to which the letter had been addressed! It was uncommonly tranquil in that county, and so would doubtless remain, if you will but treat them like fellow-citizens and freemen, and not, like Jupiter to the poor countryman, appeal to your thunder, instead of listening to the respectful remonstrances of truth.

“It is evident that all this alarm is affected, and not very well affected, either. It is but a comedy of errors, a poor budget of blunders from beginning to end. If this recommendation was thought to be so dangerous to the public tranquillity, and so treasonable in its nature, why, on its being received by his excellency, no doubt from a *high* source in Hampshire county—why, I say, did he not *immediately* send down to this house this special message of precaution and alarm? Why keep this precious document locked up for so many days in his cabinet, when such imminent dangers were attendant on every mo-

ment of delay ? Why, for the last four or five has this very letter been the subject of exp wonder, while the state of the commonweal thus perilous, and the constitution, as I now stand from the gentleman who spoke last, very verge of annihilation ?

“ Seriously, sir, it is time for us to inquire v we are on trial here for high-treason, or whel are only put forward upon this occasion as tl head and bloody-bones of a farce ? I thoug that when my friend, who sits near me, u forcibly that this gun-powder plot only recor ed to the select-men to do what the law allow the same law which recognizes the right of zen to keep arms admits his right to have and ball at discretion, and that whatever n the suspected use, until an overt act was cor no authority has the right to arraign him for ! or me for supplying—I say, I had thought should, after that unanswerable argument, more of this wicked and treasonable plot ag constitution, the commonwealth, and liberty eral, throughout this western world ! Da seems, so imminent, since this letter has be municated to the house, that the member wl last has not only summoned the living v freedom to her defence, but has called on to come forth and savê her !

“ Alas, sir, if that sainted spirit which the man evoked—if that illustrious patriot, who look down upon us from the walls of this hou answer at the call, I believe he would rel gentleman and his friends in language very from that which he has ventured to put forth

that he might invite them to leave these seats, as the gentleman has made him do, I will not so positively say. But it would be for very opposite reasons. I may suppose, sir, that his first address would be to a member himself, who had conjured up his shade the name of freedom. He would demand from him 'What new perils surrounded the liberty of the commonwealth, that the very dead were summoned from their graves to shield and to save it? What new foreign tyrant—what new domestic treason menaced its existence?' The gentleman, no doubt, would point to this alarming letter, and talk, if not of treason, of wantonness, as he has spoken to the house. 'Wantonness!' the patriot chief would exclaim, "Is it possible that liberty has so soon degenerated into wantonness! What deeds of violence—of bloodshed—of rapine—what ravages of fire and sword have been committed, and by whom?" 'Oh! nothing of that sort,' the gentleman would be obliged to reply, but the enemies of the commonwealth, alarmed at the prospect of suspending the *habeas corpus* act, which would expose them to arrest and imprisonment, have dared to make preparations for resisting it.' '*Habeas corpus* suspended! for what in Heaven's name?' 'Oh! the people are extremely discontented without any cause whatever, and we have adopted that as the shortest and surest mode of reconciling them to the government.' He would only say to answer with an indignant frown, 'If they had not taken the alarm they were already fit for slaves.'

"Sir, if the trumpet of liberty could sound a blast as loud and piercing as that which is to summon the sick and the dead—if it could marshal around us,

in mortal form, every gallant son of the mother of liberty, whose blood has fattened so many soils, and whose bones lie scattered on so many fields of glory—if they came endowed with mortal feelings and mortal passions, then indeed the gentleman might be alarmed. The foremost of all the discontented—the enemies of freedom whom the gentleman has summoned them to subdue and disperse—they would at once perceive were their late companions in arms. They would rush, not to exterminate, as he fancies, but to embrace their brave compatriots. Then, and not till then, would they think of inquiring if they, who had devoted all to the cause of freedom, had taken up arms against her? They would receive for reply, ‘That they were ready as ever to lay down their lives in her defence and in that of the commonwealth, if she were menaced by domestic traitor or foreign foe.’ But they would relate the story of their wrongs. They would tell of an ungrateful country that had already forgotten their toils, their sufferings, their wounds, and their poverty. They would tell, with a blush for her fame, of their own native Massachusetts having witnessed, without a tear for their misfortunes, incurred in her service—without an effort for their relief, whole herds of their number driven from the few paternal acres which remained to them—expelled by relentless creditors from the hearth and the fireside to which they had looked as a haven of rest, when the contest should be over—torn from the bosom of their families, almost ere they had time to welcome their return, and immured in loathsome prisons. They would tell, sir, of wives and children in want, while they were counting the iron bars which held them in durance. They would tell them

of the distress and ruin of their friends and fellow-citizens, who were, but a short time since, happy and flourishing. They would confess that they had been goaded to desperation; but that, rejected and flouted as their petitions for relief had been, they had been guilty of nothing more alarming than a few bloodless disturbances, in the hope of making themselves heard.

“Think you that this tale of their oppressions would not move the hearts of their former comrades? Do you believe that those brave champions, fresh from the fields where the survivors saw them fall, would then shed the blood of their late companions in so many battles for liberty? Never—never! They would exclaim to each other, ‘Let us return to our resting-places on the hills and the plains where we fell. Our lot is enviable.—Let us pity the miserable survivors. Thrice and four times happy we, who did not live to experience such monstrous ingratitude and oppression. Brave comrades! accept our pity—accept our prayers. Since you have lost all but life itself in defence of liberty, you are right to risk that also to preserve what alone remains to you.’”

The impassioned language and vehement gesture of Eustace were not without their effect upon the feelings of the house, and many of the sternest of the government party felt, for a few moments, an unaccountable feeling of sympathy for the sufferings of the weather-beaten continentals, as they remembered their speculations in their certificates. One of the old soldiers, who had been swallowing every word of Eustace’s harangue, a man with an iron face, as hard as his hand, sat near him, and, as he ended, blubbered outright. Poor man! his was by no means

an uncommon case in those days. He had served his country faithfully through the whole war, and came home, after the peace, to be stripped of his little farm, for having neglected it so long. It was for that reason, he had been elected a representative from his town, where the opposition were in the majority. Eustace himself had been so far hurried beyond his usual state of feeling, that he had abruptly taken his seat, and veiled his eyes with his hand. The old continental approached, while his more familiar friends were keeping aloof from delicacy.

He seized the right hand of Eustace, which he carelessly extended to him, with such a grasp, that he corrected Eustace of the same habit for the rest of his life. "The Lord bless and presarve ye, major, you've done me more good than anything sen' Yorktown;" and adding, "they can't pass the bill, they daren't due it," he hastily retreated to his seat.

The Demostheneses and Ciceros of our own times seldom achieve such effects upon the feelings of their auditors, as are recorded of these two young orators, merely because they do not learn to *feel*, as well as to *speak*. To speak! nothing is more easy; to speak well, wisely, eloquently, nothing more rare and more difficult. The orator who aspires to enrol his name among the illustrious ones of by-gone times, must cultivate his heart as much as his head. He must possess, and must exercise the noble sentiments, the generous and tender sympathies which elevate and adorn our nature. Does a heroic action, a trait of magnanimity, of exalted friendship, of devoted love, as he reads of them, make his bosom thrill, and the blood course with a swifter current through his veins? Then, and then only can he ever hope to un-

æal those hidden fountains of feeling in the human heart, which require the magic touch of genuine nature to set them flowing. If he read—if he hear of all such things unmoved, let him never venture an appeal to the breasts of his hearers. He will only make them feel for him, and render himself ridiculous.

Our editors in the gallery, while the ayes and noes were calling on the question to adjourn, resumed their literary *tête-a-tête*. "Well, neighbour," said he of the government journal, "what will you do with all that speech? They'll make you print it in full, I guess, and it's good two columns, small pica."

"Oh! I don't mind that! I shall have the printin' of three or four thousand copies of it when it comes to be written out and corrected by the major himself. The party pays for *that*, you know, and then I'll just throw in a small charge, under the head of *extras*, and you see they'll never think of asking a question about it."

At that moment the house rose, and our gentlemen of the press rising with them, the rest of the dialogue is wanting. And it is to those editors that posterity owes, that speeches of such importance have been preserved. It would be well if the speeches of some of our cotemporaries could be compressed within the same compass. But we shall say no more touching prolixity, as we feel by the length of this chapter that we have a talent that way ourselves.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, the question was pressed to a division, and the report passed, as it would have been, if all the eloquence of Athens and Rome combined had been there to oppose it. The plan of compromise,—the passage of the tender act by the senate, had secured some twenty-five votes which no human eloquence could have moved. There had, apparently, been a little fluttering however, on the preceding day, in a new quarter, and for fear of further trouble, the government leaders resolved in conclave, the day before, that "it was time to shut down the gate."

The triumph of the opposition on this question, in the early part of the session which we have mentioned, had impressed upon the insurgents and their secret counsellors the idea, that no measure of that kind could possibly pass the house. Great was their amazement, deep their indignation, and loud and fierce their execrations when the news reached them of this unexpected change in the complexion of that body. Private and public meetings were held on all sides, at which the most violent resolutions were adopted. The leaders in Boston were not slow in despatching the most inflammatory letters to their adherents, and confidential messengers were despatched in great numbers to stir up the people. Their efforts were as successful as they could have desired.

The effect of this excitement was soon visible.

The law for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* was passed, but, at the same time, another was coupled with it, which amounted to an universal amnesty. The first gave the Governor and council the discretionary power of imprisoning without bail, all persons whom they should deem the safety of the commonwealth required should be restrained of their liberty. The other was a bill of indemnity, granting a general pardon to all who had been concerned in the late disturbances, on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance by the first day of January following. This it was finally thought, would weaken, if it did not entirely annihilate the party of the insurgents, so that they would no longer be in a condition to attempt forcible resistance to the laws.

But it appeared that the people were not in a mood to be conciliated. Instead of soothing, it appeared to inflame them still more, that a condition of pardon should accompany the coercive measure, which they execrated. Their leaders artfully held it up to them as evidence of the conscious weakness of the government, and treason went on as boldly as ever in its machinations.

The moment that it was known in Hampshire county that the bill had passed, secret orders were passed around to be in readiness for a general movement, in conjunction with their friends in Berkshire and Worcester, as soon as Eustace and their other friends came up from the general court. There was still a spy among them, who regularly transmitted his intelligence to Talbot, and along with this information came also the most urgent entreaties to him from his influential friends in the county, to persuade the Governor to arrest Eustace, under the new law, and keep him out of Hampshire at all hazards.

With all this new matter and the "plan of the campaign," which he had kept carefully laid by to produce against his victim at the proper moment, Talbot hurried to the governor. There were but two days remaining of the session, and the utmost promptitude was necessary.

His excellency looked over the letters—not without expressing his utter amazement at the infatuation of the people and the insane love of agitation which appeared to possess Eustace. "He can surely have no ulterior projects of his own that he expects to carry by such means?" said he, inquiringly.

"Perhaps not!" said Talbot; "but here is one for the use of his friends, of which he is the sole author," producing the plan of the campaign.

The governor, with the help of Talbot's explanations, went over it; and when he had done so, exclaimed, with a sigh—

"This is treason—rank treason! I must show this to Gen. Lincoln. He is below, and I think he will have done with his jokes and gibes about our fears of the 'poor, harmless insurgents,' as he calls them.

The general, being sent for, soon made his appearance, and was made acquainted with the whole affair. When he had examined the "Plan" for some time, in silence, he said—

"This must be Harry Eustace's. There's not one among them that has such bold conceptions, but that troublesome fellow."

"You have said it, Master Lincoln," said the governor; "it is his. But, gentlemen, I suppose there is nothing to fear from this military expedition. What say you, general? You will undertake for them with one regiment, I suppose?"

The general, who saw throughout the plan, a great deal more of alarming designs and concentrated movements than he chose to speak of, said to himself, repeating the words from the paper before him—

“ ‘Grand junction of divisions at Concord!—Twelve thousand men!—Lines of march on Boston?’—Impudent fellows! as if we were going to let them march about at their pleasure!” but he still kept silence.

“My dear general! you appear to have met with some new topics of reflections. May I ask you again if you meet with anything there that changes your views of the force necessary to repress the insurgents, which you have always, you are aware, put at one regiment?”

“My good friend! I see no cause still for your constant alarm. It seems, at all events, that you contrive to keep yourself pretty well informed of their intentions and without taking any open steps to put them down. I would be prepared with say a couple of thousand men that could be depended on. They must never be allowed to approach Concord.”

“What think you of the policy of arresting Eustace, under the new law?” asked his excellency.

“I have not thought of it at all,” said the general, with a smile. “It may be advisable——”

“Do you think so?” said the other hastily; “then it shall be done.”

“Allow me to finish what I was about to say. It was this—it may be advisable for your excellency to take the opinion of your council on that subject: I cannot presume to advise further than that.”

“Excellent advice! sage counsellor! Well, will you dine with us to-morrow?”

"Ah! I am pleased to inform you that I am already engaged to dine out on that day."

"Why, you seem disposed to be both useful and agreeable to-day."

"I mean to say that before I came up stairs your good lady had graciously invited me to dine with *her*, and that is my intention."

"Ah! well, if that's the case, I'll not get in a passion with you; but I wish you would pass this way this evening, while the council is in session; we may want to consult you about something."

The council was not long in deliberation when it assembled in the evening, and the papers relating to Eustace and some additional ones implicating Osborne were laid before them. It was unanimously resolved that they were suspected and dangerous persons, and state warrants for the apprehension of both, before they left the city, were forthwith prepared.

One of the council, after the session, hurried to Talbot's lodgings to exchange gratulations with him on their triumph over a mutual enemy. His sister was sitting at the other end of the room, and apparently paid no heed to their discourse; but when she heard the name of Eustace whispered, her hearing became painfully acute.

"Both, did you say?" said Talbot, in a low whisper. "Eustace and Osborne both? A very good beginning—an excellent one, i'faith," said he exultingly.

Mary Talbot became more occupied with her needle-work, but lost not a syllable.

"We must take care that they do not give us the slip," said the councillor.

"Oh! we shall be in time the morning of adjournment. I know that he is to attend a ball, or something of that kind, on that evening, at Major Warren's. He intends remaining three or four days after the session to oblige his friend Osborne, who is, they say, to marry Isabel."

"All right: they will be sent to Castle Island for the present, and we may hope, that a little salutary confinement and solitary reflection will once more make them good citizens."

"It may answer with Osborne: but nothing but hard knocks will drive his projects out of the other's head. He is the most obstinate, headstrong brute you ever saw."

"Yes! I know that too well. But wilder colts than he have been tamed."

At this the subject was dropped, and the worthy councillor addressed his discourse to Miss Talbot, who was invited to join the duumvirate; which she did with the air of one who had no care upon her mind—like one whose placid brow no unquiet thought could ever cloud.

CHAPTER IV.

To decide that she ought, and that she would, warn the brother of her dear friend Elizabeth of the danger that impended ; that she would do it, merely because that sister would be *so* distressed to hear of his captivity ; and because she felt pity for his errors —required no very lengthened deliberation on the part of Mary Talbot. But the dawn of day had come before she could fully arrange, to her own taste, the manner in which she should make the communication. She then determined that she would that very morning, prevail on her friend Miss Warren to write him a note requesting to see him, and that she would then state the danger to which he would expose himself by remaining another day in Boston.

When she arose she resolved to set about it instantly, and to hurry down to her friend's and breakfast with her. But it seemed as if Fate had decreed that all her benevolent intentions should be frustrated, and her placid temper put to the severest test by the happiness of her brother.

When she came into their breakfast room, she found seated there, *tete-a-tete* with him, no less a personage than that distinguished warrior, Lieutenant, or as he was now, by regular promotion, become, Captain Brindle. That officer had not thought it beneath his dignity to drive Mister Harry's

span of bays down to Boston town to carry home the owner and his friend Osborne. And he had come charged also with a brief communication from the lady of his love to Squire Talbot, as well as a long confidential epistle to Miss Mary herself, which he now proceeded to deliver.

Anxious as Miss Talbot was to proceed to execute her charitable errand, she could not resist the temptation of reading a letter from her dear friend, but when she glanced her eye at its somewhat appalling length, she changed her opinion, and putting it in her bosom, said she would read it at Miss Warren's.

"Read it at Miss Warren's! why what the deuce! do you treat a letter from my—my—Elizabeth in that style? And what, I should like to know, takes you to Miss Warren's in such haste this morning, that you can't even stay to read a letter which may contain such happy intelligence for me!"

"I am going there to breakfast; I shall read it by the way, if it will oblige you so much, however."

"Oblige me!" echoed Talbot. "I don't understand you this morning, Miss: you appear to have some very important affair on hand that you cannot afford time to read Elizabeth Eustace's letter, after going without hearing a word from her for nearly two months! Mary Talbot! for the first time in my life, I am ashamed of you!"

"Really, brother, if you should never have any better cause, I am content you should be so as often as you please. I am going out, and I hope by the time I return to find you in better humour."

Her brother now actually grew angry because she would not stay and make herself acquainted with

the whole extent of his happiness. He accused her of want of respect to her correspondent and of regard for him. He bestowed some very unhandsome epithets upon Miss Warren and her *coterie*, and finally wound up with declaring that if she went there without having first read the letter, he would go with her and spoil the sport of the party at all events, as he was on ill terms with the whole set.

Vexed to be thus detained, she sat down and read the letter, or pretended to, from beginning to end. Under any other circumstances it would have interested her deeply. But as it was, she scarcely knew what she read. Every moment was precious, and she was once more on her feet; but her persecutions were not ended.

"I should imagine," said her brother, "that there must be something very confidential in it, as you don't offer to say one word to me about the contents. What ails you this morning? Here is a letter of ten lines only which I have received, written, as I suppose, under her father's eye, from what she hints, and I hoped to have had a little more intelligence from her by yours. Will you allow me to see it?"

"No, indeed, there are a great many things in it," said she, blushing, "which are not for you to see."

"Will you tell me what she says?"

"Come, this is too much; I beg you will tease me no more with your nonsense; I am tired of it;" and so saying she coolly put on her bonnet and gloves and walked to the door, dropping a curtsy as she went out, without changing a feature of her face.

"Ah! come back, come back," said her brother, in his most winning tones—but she shook her head, and went on her way.

The letter which she had just received furnished her with a most delightful pretext for persuading her friend to send a note to Eustace; and by the time she put her hand upon the knocker, her whole story was complete.

She found her friend in bed, and they had yet an hour to breakfast. "Bel, you lazy thing, get up! I am come to breakfast with you!"

"Oh, no, no! you come to bed!—bless you, breakfast won't be on table yet in an hour!" said she, with her usual merry laugh.

"But pray get up! I want you to write me a note, which I do not very well like to write myself. It is an affair of which you know something."

"Do I? I know something of a great many affairs, but not a word of this."

"Yes, be quiet! you know that my brother is engaged to marry a sister of your friend Major Eustace, and that he and my brother are the bitterest enemies in the state. I have a letter here from his sister this morning, and I want to see him, most particularly and most speedily, and I do not dare to send for him to our house, for good reasons, you may suppose. But if you have no objection to send him a note requesting him to call here, on the receipt of it, as soon as possible, I will be 'yours to sarve,' as your intended says."

"By all means—oh, yes, by all means! anything to serve the cause of true love. By the way of true love, poor Osborne was most unhappy last night. I quarrelled with him, and I dare say he will be here by nine o'clock to make peace. I do so love to tease him."

"You should not do that, my dear! He may take

a whim in his head, some fine day, that this pouting and peace-making are too tiresome—and then, good-bye to your lover.”

“Oh, ho! how little you know of it—why, he can’t exist without me! He’s so desperately in love that he writes me long letters, the moment he goes home from here, and sends them to me with as much haste as if he had not seen me in a month. Ah! he shall not be teased after we are married, my dear—I mean to make the best wife that ever was seen in the Bay State.”

“Fie! how can you speak of it with such a levity! But, no matter, it is but a joke, I suppose. But come, despatch—and write me the note, and then call your boy to carry it.”

The note was speedily at its destination, and a polite reply received, stating that the moment he had given the same to the bearer he was setting out to come.

“Here must be some mighty secret to disclose to me about the ball to-morrow night, I suppose,” said he, as he went along: “How happy are that light-hearted sex, to find occupation and felicity in such trifles! How infinitely wiser a man would be to follow their example, and cast away all these agitating projects of ambition; all these nobler aims; forget the love of fame, which after all, alas! is but an infirmity that grows with what it feeds on, and devote himself to the pleasures of thoughtless frivolity—

—To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Næra’s hair.”

"Oh! there's no doubt on't: but the devil of it is, at by the time we have found it out, we have lost our taste for such juvenile frolics; and we cannot bring ourselves to anticipate our second childhood."

When he found, upon his arrival, that Miss Talbot was the person who really wished to see him, and she had, after more agitation than he ever saw her manifest before, informed him that she desired to see him for something which she would immediately explain, and hoped he would excuse the liberty, &c.,

anticipated nothing less than an application on behalf of her brother with regard to his sister. He had, late, so much increased his stock of political as well as personal rancour against him, that when Miss Warren glided out of the room, to leave them alone, he was vowing to himself that no entreaty and no argument should have the slightest effect upon him.

"I do not know," said she, with a half smile, which if he had been in a pleasant mood, he would have thought bewitching, "I do not know how you gentlemen bind yourselves to inviolable secrecy, when an important secret is confided to you: but whatever is the strongest way, be it oath, or what it may, I must insist on it before I make my disclosure."

"I know of no more sacred obligation than that my honour imposes on me," said Eustace, rather proudly and with a dignified bow.

"That is sufficient," said she hastily; "but you will perceive the necessity of the most scrupulous discretion, when I have related to you, why I sent for you: both on account of your own security and that of another person who is interested."

Eustace wondered and wondered what it could mean; while the lady went on to say that she would have communicated it to him in some other way, but that she could think of none that was not liable to accident, if she wrote, or indiscretion if she committed it to a third person. At length, preliminaries being brushed away, and the gentleman having professed a world of obligations, though he did not know for what—the grand state secret was revealed to him!

Eustace was, for two minutes, dumb with amazement and indignation. He then said in slow, deep accents—

“By heaven! they dare not do it! They are not yet grown so bold in their new dictatorship!” He added, in a milder tone, “Miss Talbot, I am more obliged to you than I can express for this proof of your friendly feeling, and good wishes; but you must surely—surely be misinformed.”

“I forbade you to ask how I came by the information,” said she, “and I must still adhere to my resolution. But I am sure, positive, certain of it, as eyes and ears can make me of anything; and I entreat you to provide for your safety by retiring from the city this very morning as secretly as possible; and if you will permit me to advise you, do not stop until you are within the bounds of Hampshire. Alas! what times are these approaching?”

Eustace who had been hastily deliberating whether the better part of valour was not his wisest course, could not bear the idea of flying like a coward or a criminal, and began again with his heroics.

“Would you have me fly, Miss Talbot, basely, dishonourably! hide myself for fear of these vile oppressors? Oh! rather let me die a thousand deaths,

or remain immured within stone walls till the latest day of my life, than have it said I sought to shun the common danger !”

“Surely, surely,” said she, colouring with her earnestness, “that is neither wise on your own account, nor doing justice to your own friends and the cause they are defending. They will need you there : here, confined, imprisoned, you can render no service ; and your liberty is surely worth something to you, beside.”

He gazed at her as she spoke with so much more animation than he had ever seen her manifest before ; and her eyes ! they were supernaturally bright, on that occasion. He forgot his danger, his friends, cause, everything, to pay her a compliment.

“My liberty ! I would willingly renounce it for ever to be your slave !”

If he had at that instant commenced the soliloquy of “Now is the winter of our discontent ;” or broke forth with “To be or not to be ;” or any the most out of the way speech that can be conceived, the lady would not have been half so surprised. She blushed, and became violently agitated. Eustace, who, it appeared, had no idea that she was subject to such weakness till that moment, caught her hand, which she did not withdraw from him. He spoke of his presumption, and before he knew very well what he was saying, he began to speak of his long, and unrequited love ! A fresh start of surprise from the lady, and her delicate lily-white hand, half withdrawn, as much as to say, “can I believe that tale ?” He recovered full possession of it once more, and then with vows as prodigal as ever lover uttered, he told his love and swore his faith and constancy. In a

word, he was made a happy man—the lady agreed to marry him!

Of course, after all this, there was no further difficulty in his obedience. He took a tender leave of his adored, and hastened to make good his retreat, for fear John Doe and Richard Roe might mar his prospect of future felicity. He hinted enough to Osborne to awaken his apprehensions, and in less than three hours they two, accompanied by Captain Brindle as driver and talker, were beyond the reach of pursuit, and rapidly pushing for old Hampshire.

CHAPTER V.

THERE had been, for the first three or four hours of their journey, very little conversation to beguile the way. Osborne had come off in a particularly bad humour, both because he could not be permitted to stay to the ball given in fact in his honour, and because Eustace would not even allow him to go to take leave of his beloved. He had gradually, however, come to a better feeling, as it was not in his nature to be more than that length of time out of the laughing mood. He began to find some amusement in Hezekiah's quaint soliloquies and occasional replies to his companion, and he resolved to draw him out.

"Captain," said he, "I want your opinion about our cause. If things should come to the worst, and we had to settle it by hard blows, do you think our insurgents would stand fire? I mean as many as one in ten, say?"

"Why, neow, ye see, Squire, that's a plaguy tough question. There's about tu-thirds that a'n't good for nothin', 'less they're put behind a stone wall, or some such thing, and I ruther guess about one in ten would stand consider'ble before they'd run. But there is a way to bring 'most any on 'em to it, if a body had the stuff."

"Stuff! what stuff? what does he mean?" said Osborne, turning to Eustace: "do you understand it?"

"No; but I see the captain means something by that knowing twist of his mouth, and changing his quid of tobacco to the other cheek. What stuff do you mean, Hez?"

"I mean the pewter," said he, with a knowing wink. "Give 'em good, fair wages—so much a month—and I'll be darn'd if they hadn't jest as li'ves fight as work, and a great many on 'em a darn'd sight ruther."

Osborne, after a slight laugh, affected to maintain the other side of the question, and insisted that as it was oppression that made them take up arms, they would scorn the idea of fighting for pay.

"You think so, due ye?" said the captain, with a sarcastic grin. "You jest offer it tu 'em, and see if they don't snap it up quicker 'n a duck does a light-nin'-bug. Ye see, I'm round among the tag-rag and bob-tail a good deal, and I hear 'em talk what they think. They're willin' to fight it out to the eend—but they'd all like to git a leettle somethin' as they go along."

"Well, I am sorry to hear that patriotism is at such a low ebb," said Osborne.

"Patty-tism! did you say?" said Brindle; "why, jest look at them poor starvin' continentals. I guess they've had about enough of your patty-tism. It is a very good thing, but you can't make it into white bread, nor brown bread—it's about as good for a man as Indian meal bran. Them continentals, now, they're willin' to fight a leettle more, jest out of spite—but they won't hold out—people can't afford to fight for nothin' and find themselves."

"But we see them do it now, whenever we have a turn-out,"

"Oh, yes! for tu or three days. They can carry bread and cheese, and a few onions for a relish, and get along for a day or tu; but when you come to fightin' week in and week out, and nothin' to cook, and nothin' to cook it in, I guess your troops 'll begin to make for hum!"

"Well, then, I suppose," said Osborne, "the boys will want full wages next time they come out. We must have a turn-out at Worcester next week.—Won't you be there with your company? Hasn't Shays warned his men?"

"I guess he has! and I guess you'll see about a couple a hundred of our Springfield chaps streakin' on't that way 'afore a great many days, and a small man about my size a-headin' on 'em!"

When they stopped to dine, while the captain was looking after his horses, Osborne inquired of his companion if the captain should not dine with them?

"What a question! surely you must be jesting. Would you ask your driver to dine with you? He is or was but a bound servant to my father, and you can't really suppose that I could sit at the same table with him!"

"Well, may I be rode on a rail if I have not tried my best to get at this thing called 'true democracy' for these four years, and I am as far off as ever. Now, for instance, you are a true democrat, people's friend, &c. and you refuse to let an honest lad, who has borne arms in their cause so often as to be promoted to the rank of captain, sit at the same table with you! Rank inconsistency! This is your equality—republican equality! Now, let me tell you, that the Turkish Emperor—the Grand Signior himself—eats and drinks with his slaves, *bought* slaves, and

with all his glory stoops to take a bondsman for his grand vizier ! I like that government best upon comparison with all others. I think I shall migrate thither if our insurrection goes wrong."

Eustace, who piqued himself on his perfect democracy, and was a great stickler for republican equality, was somewhat annoyed by this impeachment of aristocracy. He denied that there was any assumption of superiority in declining to admit a menial to your table. "They are, by their own consent, by their destiny, placed in an inferior rank, and it is only keeping them in their proper place," as the common saying is.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal !" repeated Osborne.

"Yes !" said Eustace, warmly, "that sentence, I fear, will be an eternal stumbling-block in this country. In the *particular sense* in which it was used, it is true—but it is *not* true as a general proposition. Are men created *physically* equal ? are they created *mentally* equal ? Why, in the latter respect, the disparity is so enormous that it has baffled me in all my speculations upon the object of creating such a monstrous inequality in the natural rank, if it may be called so, of mankind. Sometimes I have fancied that superior minds must have been sent among mankind merely to prevent the race from sinking into mere animals, by inspiring their fellow-mortals with higher aims than mere sensual enjoyment. At others, I have half dared to think that this natural inequality of intellect was intended to establish the basis of subordination in society, and that government, in the beginning, resulted solely from that. But of all the foolish projects to raise the standard of human na-

ture, so to speak, this of breaking through the grand barriers which divide refinement from grossness, genius from dulness, greatness from littleness, and bringing us all to the same rack and manger to eat, and depriving us of the right of choosing our own associates—I say, this is the most dangerous and the most ridiculous! What you may do with regard to your admitted equals—receive his visits, invite him to dine, or not, as you please—you must not do with your inferior, because it is contrary to natural equality. No, sir! Mr. Jefferson only meant to say, that, *in a state of nature*, no one has any authority or command over his fellow, that we are all, politically, on the same level. That is true—but in any other sense it is not true, and never can be made so.”

“Thank ye,” said Osborne; “I see I shall never get any insight into the subject, after all. It is *vox et preterea nihil* to me, I assure you. I am theoretically a monarchist, between ourselves—that is, if I could arrange the details to suit myself. But in practice, I am a far better republican than you are. I sit at the same table with my housekeeper, my man Thomas, my work people of all kinds, saving and excepting the ‘niggers,’ whose peculiar colour and fragrance, though delightful to some people, offends all my senses.”

“That may be *your* taste—to dine and sup with boors and clowns—but for myself, I will be master of my own person, in the choice of my company to dinner or supper, or quit the country.”

The dinner here made its appearance, and ended the discussion of all graver matters. After they had made a sumptuous dinner upon bean-porridge, baked beans and pork, ham and eggs, broiled chickens,

corned beef, and, by way of dessert, hasty pudding and molasses, together with a huge pumpkin pie—they summoned Captain Brindle to finish the residue. The captain did his best to demolish the pumpkin pie, but was finally obliged to renounce his design, so he slyly wrapped it up in his pocket-handkerchief and carried it away, for his amusement on the road. A monstrous cantle of the corned beef was also missing, and as the captain was particularly partial to that delicate viand, there is little doubt that he was the party responsible. The landlord, however, took care to indemnify himself by his charges, and when the captain was inclined to remonstrate upon the excessiveness of the bill, the landlord desired him to step in and look at the corned beef, “how it was hacked up, so ’twould never be fit to go on to the table again.” That silenced the captain, who, however, grumblingly said, “he’d remember the house, and recommend all his friends to it !”

“No! I thank ye kindly,” said the landlord, “I’ve as much custom now as I want, and you need not trouble yourself about it, I guess.”

“I guess I will, though,” said Hezekiah, grimly as he lauched out the money, while Eustace who was waiting for him, was calling him at the top of his voice.

“What the devil are you about there?” said he as the captain approached and took the reins.

“I wish you’d let a body have a chance to beat down sich a rogue of a critter as that is; his bill is nigh upon ten shillins!”

“Is that all?” said Eustace, “here, go back and give the poor man that half-crown.”

Hezekiah gave the whistle which was the starting

signal to his horses, as well as of his surprise at the extravagant proposal: and in a few moments the hero was out of sight.

The dinner had put Osborne in high spirits again, and he commenced a new discussion with the captain upon government in general.

"Captain, tell me, what is your opinion of the best form of government for insuring the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the governed?"

"Eh? What was that 'are question, Squire? Due jest put that 'are over agin, wun't ye?"

Osborne repeated the question with some explanation of the terms.

"Oh! I understand it," said the captain; "but I wanted a little time to think. For the last time I thought on't I kindly got agin a stump."

"How so? then, it seems, you have thought of it before."

"Ho! thought on't! yis, I guess I have, and talked on't tu, with a good many kind of folks; and I never found many on 'em yet that knew what government was! Do you know?"

"Of course I do," said Osborne; "but let us hear your definition."

"No, I want to hear your'n: ye see if we don't start fair there's no use in running a foot-race."

"Well, by government, I understand then, the sovereign power of the state; the executive, legislative and judicial authorities are its component parts."

"Oh! that's your grammar and dictionary sort of a divination. But I mean what is it, as we have it now-a-days, or before the revolution, all the same?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Osborne.

"Well, then I'll tell you what it is ! government you see, is the same all over the world ; a poor man is jest as great a critter in one country as 'tother. But what *I* understand by government is the folks ; the people that deministers it ! I don't care a corn-stalk what *your* government is—on paper, if you'll let me put my folks there. D'ye understand ?"

"Oh ! perfectly, perfectly ; go on, go on," said Osborne.

"Well then, you see, the best government is where the best sort of folks git the power and keep it, and treat all alike ; where the people can 'arn a livin' by workin' pretty easy six days in the week, and do what they like Sundays for amusement ; providin' they don't git drunk and fight. That's my notion of the best government. Ye see it ain't what folks likes best, that's best for 'em ; but let 'em have what they like best, and they'll die afore they'll give it up if you go to take it away. But only let 'em alone and see how quick they'll git tired on't ! Then let 'em change it and so on, and every one will be the best as long as it lasts ; so there ye have it."

"That's enough," said Eustace ; "you can meditate on some other subject now till we stop for the night. The cursedest tongue that fellow has of any Yankee I ever yet saw."

Nothing further, worthy of transmission to posterity in the shape of discussion or event occurred until their arrival at Springfield the next day.

Two or three days were spent by the party in that patriotic task of stirring up the people to support the good cause by putting down the court which was to sit at Worcester next week. As they were assembling to the number of a hundred and fifty under the

command of the valiant Captain Brindle, Talbot drove into the village, with his sister in company. The moment the carriage was perceived, shouts and groans and yells were set up to welcome the return of the "traitor," as he was still called by his opponents.

"Vagabonds! rebels! stupid fools!" muttered Talbot. "By heaven! if I had but twenty, aye, ten mounted dragoons, I'd scatter you to the winds. Base, cowardly mob that you are! You shall pay for this yet!"

Captain Brindle, who had his private reasons for his civility, urged his men to behave like gentlemen, particularly when they saw there was a lady in the carriage.

"Why, od'rot it, captain," cried one of the noisiest, "we can't behave like gentlemen, when we see that darn'd traitor, that inemy of the people's rights—the man that is for hangin' us up like strings of inyans! But, never mind! we'll 'tend to him another time. Come, let's move on tow'rds Wooster."

And off marched the gallant band of patriots, defying cold, and fatigue, and danger—everything, in fact, but hunger. Capt. Shays and his particular friends had already rode forward to overtake a party which had started from another rendezvous.

The present party wore, however, a more martial appearance than the insurgents were accustomed to. Their summer apparel was laid aside, and guns and bayonets, many of them new, were becoming more plenty among them. They had sundry banners, with patriotic inscriptions, such as—"Sons of Liberty"—"No Tyranny"—"Freedom or Death"—"No County Courts"—"No Lawyers"—"No Deputy

Sheriffs," &c. Sundry drums and ear-piercing fifes gave forth their spirit-stirring discord. Zeek Morehouse, who acted as drum-major, by special commission from his master, notwithstanding the lessons he had received from his young mistress, said "they didn't keep no tune nor time." But for all that they moved forward, proud of their strength, and confident of victory. Wherever the legion bent its steps, terror followed in its train. Farmers ran to house their innocent pigs, and housewives to cage their poultry. The butter and the eggs, and the bread and cheese were carefully deposited in the safest place, and those who had cakes, pies, sweetmeats, and such luxuries, hastily buried them in the ground, as the alarm was given that the insurgents were approaching.

Still in general very few depredations were committed; and then the mischief was sure to fall upon some notorious adherent of government, who was famed for grinding the face of the poor. They, however, in the course of that day's march came to the house of a government-man of an opposite description—a good, jovial fellow, and one who bore no malice against the insurgents, except that he had declared they ought one and all to be hung.

It was determined, by way of punishment for this harsh expression, of which one of his neighbours informed the corps, to help themselves to all the eatables and drinkables the good man had in his possession. After a most rigid investigation, his stock was found hid away in the garret, among a heap of rubbish. To empty a barrel of beef, one ditto of pork, was but the work of two minutes for a hundred and fifty men. Each took as much as he could get, and

the man, finding his whole winter's provisions thus speedily appropriated, said, in a laughing tone—

“Well, boys, there you’ve taken all my pot-luck, I guess the best thing I can do will be to join your party, and go for plunder too. I’ve got a gun—I guess I’ll go along with you—the town will take care of my wife and children till I come back. Captain, you’ll take me along, I suppose?”

“Sartin, sartin!” cried Capt. Brindle, laughing—and both he and his men were so well pleased with the good-humoured philosophy of the man that they immediately restored him one-half of his provisions. Whereupon the farmer set a barrel of his best cider a running, and a firm peace and concord were established.

“Neighbour,” said the captain, with his most consequential air, “if you think it’ll due ye any good, I’ll give ye a *protection* agin’ any more contributions to our friends.”

“I’ll thank you kindly if you will,” said the farmer; and producing pen, ink and paper, the captain wrote the following protection:

“To all whom it may consarn—

“Take notis, that the bearer, Timothy Upshot, has by me this day been put under contribution for one half of his pervisions, and I hereby discharge him from any funder servis of that kind to the cause.

H. BRINDLE,

Capt. 4th Comp’y Hampshire

People at Arms.”

“There, neighbour, I guess that’ll due ye. Come, boys, let’s march.”

They arrived at Worcester in good condition, but too late to effect the object of their march, as the

court had been already broken up the day before, the first of the session, by a party of a hundred and fifty men only, hastily collected from the surrounding country, with our old friend the blacksmith at their head. The government, relying on the effect of the measures of the general court in tranquillizing the discontents, had entirely neglected to provide against a repetition of former scenes. The court, on assembling, found the court-house in possession of armed men, under a resolute leader. They immediately adjourned, as required, but did not separate without forwarding to the government a most exciting and highly-coloured account of this fresh outrage. They called on the executive to support "the majesty of the laws and the dignity of the court of the general sessions of the peace for the county of Worcester, which, they begged leave most respectfully to suggest, *must* be protected, or crime and violence would go hereafter unpunished."

When this communication, which was forwarded by despatch, reached Governor Bowdoin, he read it with the most sincere sorrow. He saw at once that the period was come, when the stern call of duty and patriotism must be obeyed. He must either abandon the commonwealth to insurrection and anarchy, or repress these unhallowed attempts upon the courts of justice. The next day he promptly issued his orders to certain major-generals, which were boldly published, stating that as the lenient measures of the general court towards the insurgents, and the laws passed for their relief, appeared only to give the malcontents the greater dissatisfaction, he now felt himself bound by the most solemn obligations of duty to God and the commonwealth, to repress

this spirit of resistance to the laws and the government at all hazards: and he therefore ordered them one and all to see that their divisions were duly armed and equipped, and to hold them ready to march at a moment's warning.

This spirited proceeding of the governor, was like an open declaration of war. There was a deep and awful suspense through the whole commonwealth. The intelligent of both parties knew that JAMES BOWDOIN was not a man to shrink from his word or his duty, let the hazard to himself be what it might. The timid of both parties saw nothing left but an open civil war: and while many of that class belonging to the government party, blamed the governor's precipitancy, the same class on the other side were now recommending unconditional submission.

In Middlesex county, which by its vicinity to Boston was most exposed to the operations of the government troops if they should take the field, the insurgents were so much alarmed that they relinquished the project of disturbing the court of common pleas, which was to be held there in a few days; and despatched a trusty messenger to Worcester, where the insurgents remained, collected in considerable force, to ask advice and assistance. The leaders assured them of their support; and to quiet their alarms, reminded them that the government had neither the necessary means nor credit to bring a thousand men into the field, let alone their five and ten thousand of which their Middlesex friends seemed to be apprehensive. They immediately set their troops in motion; but owing to the late arrival of the messenger who had been retarded

by the lameness of his horse, they had been so slow in their movements that their friends at Concord were disheartened and the court sat its time out in quiet. The insurgents were met, when within twenty miles of Concord by another messenger, who not only informed them of this, but also gave them the somewhat startling intelligence that the governor had sent out warrants and a squadron of horse, and arrested two of their leaders, and were in pursuit of the third, who it was supposed was also taken !

Unwelcome news flies fast, and though the party wheeled about and marched at a quick rate towards Worcester, the news of the capture of Job Shattuck their principal leader in Middlesex threw a damper over their spirits. Job's hesitation as to his plan of operation had been fatal to him. At first he was on the point of following his spirited wife's advice and defending his house as his castle. But he found of several who had volunteered, only two were forthcoming when the hour of trial approached. And those two were his own spouse and his son Daniel, a lad about thirteen years of age ; but who had the true fire of the flint in him. While, however, he was making his preparations to stand a siege, news was brought that the force in pursuit consisted of two or three hundred ; and upon holding a council of war, it was finally agreed that it was better he should take to the woods. As it was snowing violently, it was thought that he might shelter himself in a cave not easily found at a mile's distance from the house and escape their search.

He had not been long gone from his dwelling before a party of some forty horsemen, armed with pistols and swords approached and demanded en-

nce. "By what authority?" said Mrs. Shattuck in the upper window. "By authority, madam, of the commonwealth of Massachusetts." "That won't" said Mrs. S., "my husband is gone from home, I can't admit any body if they come with authority from all the commonwealths in the world. This house is my castle, and I mean to defend it."

This was uttered by a delicate and rather pretty young woman, who held a musket, loaded and fixed in her hand, ready to make good her word. She was as warmly opposed to the government as her husband, and had often declared that she would pick up arms, at once, if she were a man. Being a man, she had nevertheless resolved to stand a glorious siege.

"This is too bad," said the commanding officer. "I dare say the villain lies concealed in the house. Captain North, pass round to the other door, and burst it in."

Accordingly the captain, with about ten men, picked up some logs of wood lying there, and proceeded to execute the order. But the moment they stepped up, within striking distance, a shrill boyish voice was heard from a small window over it, as follows:

"Mister, you needn't come any nigher; if you do, I'll let drive this pistol right into your gizzard, I tell you. What you goin' about there?"

They looked up, and to their amazement saw a little red-cheeked, fair-haired urchin of thirteen, pointing a pistol at their ranks. They could not refrain from a general burst of laughter.

"Oh, little man, now don't fire off that great gun."

It'll kick you over, as sure's death. Go and give it to your mammy—go, that's a good boy!"

"You go to grass!" said the boy, coolly, taking deliberate aim meanwhile at the two foremost men, who kept advancing with a heavy log between them to batter the door withal.

"Stand back or I'll let her go off—I will, by the piper," said the juvenile hero.

Another laugh, and another step or two forward, and bang! went the pistol, loaded with a heavy charge of small shot. The men were hit, and let fall their log, each crying—"Oh, Lord! the little son of a gun has shot me."

The officer, who was a man of promptitude and decision, and who saw that the boy had to reload his piece, now ordered the two next to go forward, and in less than half a minute the door was battered down and the troop entered. Mrs. Shattuck ran and embraced her son, and as she saw resistance was unavailing, let the party search the house at their leisure, keeping strict watch of them, however, to see that they did not make free with any of her household goods. As the wounded men came in, she was applauding her son for his good behaviour.

"Little asp!" said one of them, "you'll be hung along with your daddy, if you get your deserts. Here, old woman! I wish you would give me some lint, my arm bleeds like all natur. Od'rot the little plague! to think I've been in four battles, and never got a hurt afore, and now to be shot by a little curly pated brat!"

As the wounds, however, were very far from dangerous, and the good lady humanely distributed a liberal quantity of lint between the two sufferers, and

dressed their wounds herself, they concluded that they would not complain of the young lad for high treason; but they cautioned him never to do the like again.

"Oh, I should have let you had another charge," said the boy, "if I'd had time to load her; but I don't know how to load so well as fire."

"Pity!" said one of the wounded; "you are a promising lad—you show your bringing up, I'm darn'd if you don't."

The search being ended, and no Job found, they proceeded to inquire of the nearest neighbours if they had seen anything of him. But all pretended that they had not seen him for the last two days. "They had been wonderin' what had become of him."

The officer was just calling a council of war, to deliberate whether it was best to continue the pursuit any further, when a young man, well acquainted with the neighbourhood, and a violent partisan of government, who lived some distance from the spot, came up, attended by a dog. The same questions were put to him, with no better success as to information, but the young gentleman suggested that probably he was lurking about the woods, to which he pointed.

"If he is," said he, "here's Truenose will smell him out in less than a jiffey—the greatest blood-hound in this country!"

The party proceeded to the woods, and Truenose was put upon the look-out. There were several tracks, not yet entirely filled up with snow, at the entrance, but as they proceeded they disappeared, and Truenose seemed as much at fault as the rest of the company. At length he appeared to have got

on track, and he set off at such a speed that though he kept the open path, it was impossible for the horsemen to keep up with him. Having toiled after him in the deep drifts for some time, they gave it up, and followed more leisurely, until they heard him at a distance, barking furiously. They hurried forward, and when they reached the spot, found that True-nose had treed a fine racoon! This wrong scent cost the poor animal his life. The first marksman that aimed at him shot him through the head.

The dog was called off, and every effort made to get him on a new scent; but he seemed to have no taste for the trade of an informer. While his master was descanting on what he would do, if the snow were not on the ground, two pistols, fired at quick intervals by some of their party who were looking about on their own responsibility, gave signal that some discovery had been made.

All pushed forward to the spot where the shots had been fired, and the unlucky victim was then seen sitting near the mouth of his cave, armed to the teeth, and with a look of the most dogged determination.

"Job Shattuck," said the colonel, "we have a state warrant against you. In the name of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, I command you to surrender!"

"I surrender to no state-warrant as you call it. If you have a better warrant than this gun, which contains five ounce bullets; or these pistols, which are good for three a piece, very well! But you must not pass that pine tree or I fire."

All expostulation was in vain: and the colonel seeing no hope of a peaceable capture ordered two

of his men to fire upon him ; but not to aim at any vital part. They did so ; and the ball of one of them lodged in his thigh. He fell to the ground, and the party rushed in to bind him : but before they could get so near, he was rising on his knee, and pointing at random, he fired and slightly wounded one of the men. But the battle was over, and he was soon mastered.

The prisoner resisting even after he was disarmed, the attempt to pinion his arms, one of the non-commissioned officers who was superintending the operation, drew his cutlass and gave him a dangerous stab in the chest. They then bound him behind one of the troopers, and dashed forward through the woods at full gallop, highly delighted with their victory !

The wounded man grew faint from loss of blood, and entreated that they would let him stop at his own house long enough to have his wounds dressed. After some hesitation, it was finally agreed that he should have fifteen minutes ; and the cavalcade turned aside and rode to his dwelling.

As they approached the door, and his anxious spouse saw her husband bloody, with his head drooping, lashed behind a trooper—a sudden sickness and dizziness came over her. For a moment, it seemed to her like a frightful dream swimming before her eyes. At the next, as she came to herself, she gave one quick, piercing shriek, and rushed wildly among the troop.

“ Oh ! my husband—my dear husband ! ” was all she could articulate.

“ Madam,” said the commanding officer sternly, “ your husband having resisted the commonwealth’s authority, has been wounded. And if his wounds

are dressed, it must be in fifteen minutes ! So you had better despatch. Let him dismount."

Without stopping to inquire or remonstrate, she ran to send her son for Doctor Newton, who lived at hand, and set herself to scraping lint and preparing baudages. In a few moments, the doctor made his appearance, and after examining the wounds, shook his head.

"Colonel !" said he, "neighbour Shattuck is badly hurt ; and I think you might as well give up the idea of taking him to Boston to-day, unless you wish to see him a dead man. Why not leave him here till he is fit to be moved ? I'll give bail for his appearance to answer anything you have against him."

The colonel produced his warrant and pointed out the words to the doctor which forbade a compliance with his request. "' Without bail or mainprize,' says my warrant, and I must go by that."

"But if the man were dying—were on his death-bed—do you tell me that you would drag him out of it and convey him to prison !"

"Doctor, I thought you was a friend to government," said the colonel.

"So I have been : but if such barbarities are practised by it, I'll be as much its enemy as I ever was its friend : I tell you it is no better than murder to drag that man in his situation, tied behind a trooper, riding at full speed, all the way to Boston to-day. If he die, I'll present it for murder to the grand-jury myself."

The doctor's resolute humanity at length softened the colonel's obstinacy. The doctor suggested that a sleigh might be easily found in the neighbourhood ; and that he might travel in that manner without

much danger. The attempt was made, and though the first application was unsuccessful, as the owner said, "he wanted to carry some corn to the mill to-morrow," the second was fully successful, and the owner even volunteered to drive the poor man to Boston himself. As soon as the sleigh was secured, Mrs. S. began to equip herself for the ride also.

"Where are you going?" said the doctor, as he saw her hastily packing up her wardrobe, and huddling on her cloak and bonnet.

"I am going to Boston, to be sure, to take care of my husband's wounds. And what I shall do with poor Dan, unless I take him too, I don't see."

"Oh! don't trouble yourself about him," said the doctor; "I'll take care of Dan. He shall go and keep my Bill company."

The Spartan mother, who had not before, through all her affliction and anxiety, thought of shedding a tear, could not now subdue her emotion at this trifling kindness. "Oh, doctor, I can never repay, never express——" and her utterance was gone—so small a mark of sympathy and kindness does it require to open the richest, purest fount of human feeling, when it reaches the heart, in the midst of grief, afflictions, and persecutions!

The news of this arrest, and the circumstances attending it, flew through the whole commonwealth, with all proper exaggeration and misrepresentation. Nothing was heard on all sides among the insurgents and their leaders but the most ferocious threats of vengeance. When Eustace heard of it, he was in the county of Worcester, endeavouring to stir up the lukewarm secret friends of the cause to some grand

movement. He immediately left them, with the bitterest reproaches upon them for their indifference, and cursing "all half-faced fellowship," pushed forward to the ancient town of Worcester, to join the leaders, who were to rendezvous there, while their followers were engaged in putting down the county court, and asserting the supremacy of the people.

CHAPTER VI.

THIS second irruption of the insurgents, after their recent visit, but a few days before, was far from giving unmingled satisfaction even to their own party in the village of Worcester. They had learned, by experience, that their hospitality to the strangers cost them "something considerable," and when they came to reckon up the sum total of their sacrifices for the public good, the amount appeared enormous. As to their opponents, the adherents of government, they were more furious than ever. Many were ready to fly to arms, as they heard of the insurgents collecting in the vicinity, and resisting their entry into the village to the last extremity. But others, who disliked the idea of doing that fighting which the government was bound to do for them, inculcated the necessity of acting with such circumspection as to leave the insurgents in the wrong, and to avoid furnishing them with any pretext for violence and pillage, which was probably just what they would desire. It was finally concluded that a small force should, if possible, be got together at the opening of the court, only to act on the defensive, and protect the administration of justice, as well as form some check upon the movements of the insurgents. This was on Saturday, and it was hoped and believed that the intervening Sunday before the sitting of the court would be free from disturbance, and the inhabitants

should enjoy their spiritual comforts, on that day, in their wonted manner.

The minister, the Reverend Mr. —, was not only "powerful in prayer," but celebrated for the vehemence of his discourses, both in and out of the pulpit, upon the subject of the political affairs of the times. He had resolved to give his congregation the benefit of a sound and luminous sermon upon the duty of submission to the civil power—to trace that duty through all its branches, in his morning's discourse, and to employ the afternoon in applying the principles to the events of the times, and the consequences of a disobedience to this divine injunction, both in this world and the world to come. A large majority of his congregation were friendly to the government, and many an eye was seen to twinkle with satisfaction, and many a dull face to brighten up to something like animation, when the preacher, with a stern look, announced his text—"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers."

As the reverend gentleman had pronounced—"Twentieth, and lastly, of this division of the subject," and was about to close with some comments upon the peculiar sin of resisting the *judicial* power—to the everlasting horror of the pious, the sounds of drums and fifes, playing "Yankee Doodle," approaching nearer at every note, interrupted the godly exhortation! It was a band of some forty or fifty of the insurgents, marching in to take possession of their head-quarters—the court-house—and as they wished not to enter, unnoticed and unhonoured, they had taken that mode of announcing their arrival. Consternation seized the audience—amazement, combined with indignation, sat upon the preacher's coun-

enance—the females began to fall into fainting-fits and hysterics as the bold invaders came opposite to the “meeting.” The scene was full of the most ludicrous terrors. Some, however, who were friendly to the cause of the insurgents, were as much delighted as their adversaries were depressed. But the storm passed harmless by: the troops marched on till they came to a tavern beyond, where they halted and the music ceased.

The reverend minister resumed his discourse: but, alas! the unction was gone; the vehemence of his manner was no more! His voice was tremulous and agitated; his articulation, tame and hesitating. He soon wound up with—“the remainder of the subject will be treated of in the afternoon’s discourse.”

In the intermission, as the interval between the morning and afternoon service was called, several other bands of the insurgents, some more and some less numerous than the first, were seen marching in from different points of the village. Those of their friends who had attended the morning sermon, took pains to make their fellow-patriots acquainted with the offensive nature of the discourse. Whereupon a large number of the officers declared they would go and take their men to hear the afternoon sermon, and would march them in solid column. The proposal found favour in the eyes of a considerable number; and as soon as the minister had been seen going towards the church, the men who were desirous of attending upon the preaching of the word,” were called upon to fall in and march forward.

“I guess we’d better let him get through with his last prayer,” said our old friend Ananias Dwight, before we go in. Our minister’s got a monstrous

gift for prayer, the first one he makes ar'ter dinner. Ye see, the sperit and flesh is both strong then. He can go an hour at a stretch and never hem nor haw once, one stiddy stream o'prayer all the time."

"Poh! that's nothin' so 'markable," said Captain Brindle; "there was old Parson Mather that us't to preach in the north parish o' Springfield. I've hear'n that old critter pray from about four o'clock till sundown, one summer when there was a great drought. You see he had a meetin' to pray for rain, and I allers tho't the old parson smelt a shower comin' up, for he was a great 'stronomer, and jest as he begin to pray, I'm darn'd if it didn't begin to thunder, a great—great ways off. The parson he jumped to, and afore he'd finished his prayer, it begun to sprinkle; and, by jingo, if it didn't come down, like Noah's flood. It thundered and lightened; it rained and it blew—and sich a time among the wimmen-folks! But no matter; there's more than two-thirds of the north parish b'leaves to this day, that Parson Mather's long prayer brought down that 'are blessed shower. Like enough! but come—how'll we know when your parson gits through with his long pull?"

"Oh! I'll go and stand by the door; and when he gives out the psalm, after the prayer, I'll make ye a signal to come," said the officious Ananias.

This arrangement was acceded to, and after half an hour's suspense, Ananias made signal that the psalm was about to be given out; and the procession to the number of about one hundred moved forward in good order and with great decorum. They marched in and filled the aisles on both sides of the church; the officers and many of the men being

ressed in a sort of military uniform, the whole attention of the congregation, minister and all, was riveted on them. The parson paused in the middle of one of the finest psalms of David, as translated by Watts, and by his looks seemed to demand—

“Come ye in peace, or come ye in war?”

At he was soon relieved by the courteous behaviour of our worthy captain, who with respectful inclination bowed his head to the minister, ordered his followers, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, to find seats. Doors were now opened to them on all sides; and when the confusion subsided, the parson once more beginning—not where he left off, but at the beginning proceeded to read the psalm. The captain in the meantime had taken the liberty to help himself to a seat by the side of a lady in deep mourning, who occupied a whole pew alone and seemed in no haste to admit a companion.

As the captain piqued himself upon his skill in psalmody, he took up a psalm-book and joined with a whole voice in the worship. The lady now began to turn her head; for to do the captain justice, he was without a rival in the choir for power and sweetness of tone combined. He came within one step of being chosen chorister at the last vacancy in his own meeting.

The lady began to feel more gracious. Her thick veil prevented the captain from getting a fair view of her features, but he saw enough to inform him that she was a stout buxom dame, of forty or thereabouts, and he had no doubt but that she was a widow by the demure way in which her mourning

was put on. The lady, who had more opportunity for making observations, saw a stout, red-haired, red-cheeked, though freckled, young fellow, in the garb of an officer, and with an air of great consequence. She began to think that it was a pity so fine a singer and so nice looking a young man should belong to that vile party of the insurgents.

While these meditations were going on, the minister had risen to continue his discourse; and when the text was announced, although the widow, for such she was, had looked it up in her Bible and read through the chapter in the morning, she now took it up and did precisely the same thing. After which, with some approach to courtesy, she partly drew aside her veil and handed the book to her companion. The captain took it, saying to himself as he took his eyes from her face—"not so coarse, I vow, as might be;" and at the same time in taking the sacred volume, contriving to give the lady's fingers a very gentle pressure of christian affection. The effect was not unperceived by him: her bosom rose and fell twice with a quickened time, and she pushed him a part of her own footstool on which to rest his weary feet.

But the captain's attention was now called to the discourse, to see whether the parson *dare*, in the presence of so many brave insurgents, go on at the rate he had in the morning. That was precisely the topic of the minister's own anxious cogitations, as he looked round at the formidable accession to his audience. He had no ambition for the honours of martyrdom, and still he had given out his text, and he could not recede. He would have given a month of his salary if he could have made as graceful retreat as a wor-

methodist clergyman did, of whom we have heard, who, having given out a text and rashly commenced an extempore sermon, and finding that he stuck fast, and could not go on at any rate, suddenly announced—"Brethren and sisters, we will turn this meetin' into a *prayer* meetin'!"

But our worthy divine had never heard of such an obvious resource, and he was obliged to stumble on the best might. He repeated thrice or four times the same minous text—"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers!" when the idea of inverting his discourse, and preaching upon the consequences of opposition—its wickedness and punishment, here and after—struck him, and he at once embraced it. He proceeded to state, that having in the morning ascertained the Christian's duty of submission to the powers, he would now illustrate the duty of the powers to govern in righteousness and the fear of the Lord: a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well.

This subject," he observed, "would divide itself into seventeen heads. The first ten would comprehend the duty of the rulers—1st. With respect to the protection of the rights of the citizen or subject. 2d. With respect to promoting his welfare and prosperity. 3d. Lightening his burdens as much as possible. 4th. Providing for his moral improvement. 5th. For his religious instruction. 6th. For the public safety from invasion. 7th. For the public security against the secret plots of its enemies. 8th. The duty to redress all just complaints. 9th. To administer justice uprightly, and, herein, of the necessity of prompt and speedy administration of justice. 10th. The duty of the rulers to set good examples, as well

as make good laws." The other seven were divisions upon the consequences to the rulers themselves, to their people, here and hereafter, of a neglect of these solemn duties. All the denunciations which had been prepared for the insurgents, were brought in against the oppressor and tyrant, *mutatis mutandis*. When he came to this part of his subject, more than once, however, the good man forgot to make the necessary alterations, and thundered out two or three consecutive denunciations of the wrath of God upon all stiff-necked, rebellious disciples—"aliens to the law of God and the commonwealth of Israel." But he who was most likely of the insurgents to understand it, and who was to signify his displeasure by rising to leave the church, was deeply engaged in a sly flirtation with the lady in black. The greater part of the rest were fallen asleep in their seats.

From stolen glances, our gallant captain had proceeded to overt acts of a very decisive character—"for weal or for wo." He had laid a sacrilegious hand upon a corner of the lady's veil, and was making, every now and then, a gentle attempt to draw it aside, so that his vision might be blest with a sight of her charms. The lady would, with some spirit, withdraw it from his hold, but take care to leave it in the self-same position, so that it was not more than two minutes before it would be gently solicited again. The lady, at length, gave him a look, as if to forbid him, but the smile that accompanied the slight shake of her head, was as kind and amiable as need be. The captain grew bolder: he took her hand, and gave it a pressure so distinct that the lady could not mistake the nature of his sentiments. She withdrew

but so gently, and as if only in fear of being observed, that it was evident she was not, in her turn, moved. She saw, most plainly, that she had made conquest of the "handsome stranger;" for so he appeared in her partial eyes. Neither of them heard a syllable of the sermon after that, and the parson might have invoked all the plagues of Egypt and all the pains of Gehenna together upon the heads of the insurgents, without exciting the attention of the captain, under the circumstances in which his happy destiny had placed him.

But, as sermons with only seventeen heads must quickly come to an end, the meeting was ready to be dismissed before he had any conception that more than the first three or four heads had been disposed of. He returned his thanks to the lady "for the use of her pew," and receiving a winning smile in reply, proceeded to range his men, and to take the lead, that they might go back with the same good order which they had come. "I'll find her out; let me look one for that," said he; "and I'll know all about her 'fore I quit Wooster—a 'tarnal buxom, whole-me lookin' widder: I don't let such game as that go without a chase."

The sterner calls of Mars, however, were to be next attended to. The insurgents, with a force to the amount of about eight hundred, under the command of the redoubtable Shays himself, had no difficulty in preventing the court from sitting, and the dispersion of the hundred or two friends of government, who showed themselves in arms the first day, was a matter too easy and too trifling to merit to be recorded by the muse of history. The insurgents were now, for the most part, ready to disperse, but a heavy

snow storm had fallen in the mean time, and it was thought necessary to wait until paths should be broken. Their provisions were exhausted two days before, and they had been supported by the contributions of the people, voluntary and forced. As, however, it was somewhat uncertain how long they might be detained at Worcester, Captain Shays, who had seen such things done before, proposed to billet his army upon the inhabitants in their houses. "It will be more comfortable for the men, and if it an't quite as agreeable to the people, why—they'd better be thankful it an't no wuss." The proposal was at once adopted unanimously. There was a list made out, and Captain Shays, with the assistance of a Worcester man, distributed them to the different houses.

He came to the name of Appleton. The Worcester man whispered him—"send Brindle there: she's a real brimstone, as darn'd a spit-fire as ever you seed. It'll be a good cat-fight between two sich spunkey critters!"

"'Appleton,' here Captain Brindle, you'll take that name, and ten men with ye. You'll find a plenty to eat and drink, I warrant ye, if there's any in the house—he! he! he!"

Away marched the captain with ten picked men: the "civillest fellers," as he said, that he could find among his rag-tag. He was accompanied by a guide to show him the house, and he went on his way, whistling with all his melody.

Now it is our duty to record, that shortly after the depredation which had been committed on the deacon's fence and premises, that worthy and exemplary citizen, deacon, and magistrate, had fallen into

a profound melancholy, and never held his head up afterwards. The physician who attended him did not scruple to declare that the insurgents were the cause of his death: that the heavy expense which the deacon incurred, in putting up his fence again and repairing other damages, had preyed upon his spirit and brought him to an untimely grave. The deacon had died two months before, full of years and of hopes—that he would recover: and dying, bequeathed all his real and personal estate to his beloved wife, the companion of his declining years. There were some ill-natured whispers, that high words on the part of Mrs. Appleton were heard in the sick chamber the morning on which the lawyer was sent for to draw the will. But the will itself, in plain terms, contradicts everything of the kind. It speaks of Mrs. Appleton as his “tender and affectionate wife,” which ought to be satisfactory. However that may be, Mrs. Appleton was in undisputed possession of the “said real and personal estate;” and was admitted to be the richest widow in the county.

To the door of this lady, of whom, though he had entirely forgotten her name, he learned on the way enough to anticipate some sport, came our bold captain with his ten followers. One of them, the first serjeant, as they were at the gate, inquired what he would do, if the widow wouldn't let them in. “Wa-al, I rather calculate, we'll break in,” said the captain coolly. “That'll be rather onpleasant tue,” said the other, “bein' it's a woman.” The captain twisted his quid of tobacco from the right to the left side of his mouth. “By gosh!” said he, “if there's nothin' worse than forcin' their housen, I

guess they may think themselves pootty well off, eh?"

"Rat-tat-tat," knocked the captain. Nobody appeared to open the door; and no "walk in" was heard. Another thundering rap with the same result. The weather being extremely cold made the captain impatient, and he swore a round oath that he would break down the door if they didn't come next time, whether there was any body in the house or no. He took a musket, and with the butt-end gave four such knocks that the whole neighbourhood was roused, and an old woman at length, slowly opening the shutters of an upper window, told them in her sharpest key, they'd "better break down a body's door and done with it."

"So I will, by gosh!" said the captain, fiercely, "if you don't come down and open it about the quickest, I tell ye. What the plague do ye mean keepin' folks waitin' here in this sort of a way?"

"I guess you'd better go about yer biz'ness, you good-for-nothin' you. I wonder if you think we are a goin' to keep open house for such a set of stragglers as you be?"

"Stragglers! you old, wrinkled, dirty, vinegar-faced, hump-backed—nasty trollop," said the captain, forgetting the respect due to her sex and to his own dignity, "I'll duck you in the nearest snow-bank if you don't do as I bid ye."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old beldame, "you'd better catch me first."

"You hateful old witch—you'll suffer for this—I'll make ye ride on a broomstick for something. Saul Hinsdale, you jest giv' me your gun agin! I'll break the darn'd old door into ten thousand flinders!"

At that moment, the mistress of the mansion, who had pushed forward her duenna, to meet the first onset, and had kept her own eloquence as a fund in reserve, now came to the window, to discharge the first instalment. Her face was of the colour of red flannel ; her eyes flashed fire ; and her bosom heaved with throes like those which precede the eruption of the volcano.

"How dare you—" said she, in the tone and with the majesty of a queen—when the captain, who was on the point of applying his battering-ram, at this new voice, looked up. The widow's speech and power of speech were gone! It was the blessed officer she had seen on Sunday, in her pew, and who had ever since haunted her dreams! She trembled—but it was neither from fear nor cold. The sudden happiness had been too much for even her nerves, and her agitation kept her silent.

The captain was, in his turn, as he afterwards expressed himself, "considerable flusterated!" but he respectfully doffed his beaver, and having, in a short speech, explained to the lady the situation of affairs, and that she must take them in "for all he seen," the lady, with a gracious look, replied, that if that were the case, there was no help for it. Accordingly, she descended, with her faithful follower and a young girl of ten years of age for her retinue, cleared away the barricadoes, and unbolted the door.

The quarters were soon assigned to the men: for the captain, instead of being difficult and hard to please, proposed that they should all sleep on one floor. "Just give 'em a good bunch of straw apiece," said he, "and a blanket, and they'll git along well enough, I warrant ye."

But the lady insisted that would not be comfortable. "Oh, jest exactly the thing," said the captain, "they're some on 'em old continentals, and I guess they've laid on worse beds than that afore now."

The men, who listened to the discussion, said to themselves, "Now, darn him, what does he want to be meddlin' about our beds for? I'll warrant ye he'll take care to get the best one for himself, the sly varmunt."

The arrangements were soon concluded, and the men, set to eating a warm repast in the kitchen, soon forgot their hardships, and became as merry as decorum would allow. The captain had charged them to behave with the utmost civility, not only to the lady, but to every part of the household, and had threatened the most exemplary punishment in case of any breach of discipline. He himself was invited into the parlour, where a bright fire was soon kindled, and while the widow was absent, superintending preparations for their supper, the captain fell straightway into a profound reverie.

"Darn my buttons! if this 'ere an't the funniest thing that ever I did see! To think I shu'd a'been billeted on my buxom widder, by sich an accident! I'll court her—I'll lie and flatter—and kiss and rumple her. Dang me, if she ain't as handsome a woman, *of her age*, as ever I'd wish to look at; and I ruther guess she likes me! Ah," said he, surveying himself in a looking-glass opposite, "how can she help it? I have a great mind to marry her, if she holds out as 'greeable as she's begun—and—and—the money holds out, as much as that chap says *that* showed us the way. A feller don't meet with such a windfall every day in the year, and when they due

come, he's a 'tarnal fool if he don't hitch on. Let me alone! I shan't lose nothin' by being afraid to ax for it, you may depend on that."

Tabitha, the ancient house-maid above spoken of, brought in the supper, and the widow soon followed.

"Captain," said she graciously, "I'm afeard you've been lonesome."

"Oh, no!" said the gallant captain, "I was thinkin' of you, all the while, and that's next best to seein' on ye."

"Oh, la! now, captain, if you go to goin' at that rate, I declare you'll affront me. You're only makin' fun on me."

The captain protested that he would sooner die than think of such a thing—that he was thinking how much trouble he had given her, and that, in fact, he was concluding that he might as well go over to the tavern and take a bed with his friend Major Eustace." (The major would have kicked him down stairs if he had dared to propose it.)

"You ain't a goin' to do no' such a thing," cried the widow. "A pretty story indeed! Why, it would look as if you was starved out. I guess there's enough to eat and drink, such as it is. Come, set by."

Tabitha, who expected at every moment to see her mistress send the scalding tea-pot at his head for his impertinence in praising her beauty, and declaring his admiration so freely, opened her eyes till they became as tea-saucers. In a few minutes more, she was told that she needn't wait, as she would not be wanted, and to have a good fire made in the best spare bed-room. She went out, leaving her hearty maledictions on the wretch who had bestowed so many unkind epithets upon her, and who had not

since had the grace to make the least apology : " And Miss Appleton ! I due believe the critter's bewitched her. Yes, yes ! she's a widow bewitched, sure enough ; and there'll be no good come out o' this day's work, I tell ye."

When Tabby had made her exit, the dialogue assumed a more decided tone. The captain, after some gay conversation about their Sunday's interview, observed that " she must have taken him for a very *sassy* feller!" The widow, in a jovial tone, replied, that she had no doubt " he was all that." The captain admitted that his attentions were rather free ; but he defended himself by maintaining that " he had never seen a woman that had pleased him so much at first sight, and that he really did not know how to behave himself," and so saying he caught the widow's hand again, and notwithstanding all her mock resistance, carried it to his lips.

" For shame, captain ! I won't stand that—you mustn't tempt any more such liberties, will you?" But the captain refused to make any promises ; because, he said, " he knew very well if he did he should break them." There are few lovers so conscientious !

" Well, now, say, widder," said he, " ain't it one of the most sing'ler hap-hazards that ever you knew—our bein' thrown together agin in this droll way ? Don't you think there's somethin' like the hand o' Providence in it ?"

" Hush ! hush ! don't talk so, captain ; I won't stay in the room if ye due. If I was a young gal, now, of eighteen, it might do. But, la ! I'm an old woman."

" Widder ! I'll tell ye what it is—if I was goin' to marry you to-morrow mornin', I would'nt give a

re-plaster to have ye one day younger. I wouldn't, now!"

"Now, captain, hold your tongue," said she, playfully, endeavouring to stop his mouth with her hand. The captain took it and kissed it with great fervour and devotion. The widow now affected other and more serious scruples.

"How *can* I suffer such liberties from a stranger? I don't know who you be; and here I am settin' and laughin' and carryin' on, just as if I'd been acquainted with you from a child."

Hezekiah, now called on to relate his history, began from the beginning, and insinuating that he was a distant relative of the Eustace's, and had been taken and brought up by the colonel, being himself an orphan, went on to enumerate his various steps to promotion; and intimated that it was "jest as like as not he might go a peg higher before he got done with it! Then ye see it will be Major Brindle—and who but he?"

The widow's heart melted like wax. She felt the warmth of genuine love for the first time; for she had married the deacon from motives quite foreign to that tender and delicate passion. She grew thoughtful and made several mistakes. Such as pouring the contents of the captain's tea-cup into her own, instead of the slop-bowl, asking him if he would take another cup, when he had not yet tasted the last, &c. The captain grew more and more ardent in his professions at every fresh cup.

"Now, widder, if I tell ye somethin' will ye promise not to be mad with me about it?"

"I can't say, captain, till I know what it is. How

can I tell what you are a'goin' to say?" said she, with a pretty smile of embarrassment.

"Wa-al, I'll tell ye any how! Widder, I'm in love with you, if ever a man was in love with a woman."

"Oh! oh! oh! Captain—captain—captain—you'll choke if you tell such stories as that. And besides, you've no right to be sayin' such things to me, and my poor husband only three months dead." (It was two months and three days that very day.)

"Three months! why! bless my soul and body—how long do you want to be pinin' about it, when it can't be helped. How many gits married before the first three months is over?"

"More shame for 'em!" cried the widow warmly. "I don't think they or't to begin to court before six months, any how. And never to marry before twelve months was up!"

"Whew! whew! Is that your opinion? I tell ye, you're all wrong. A decent respect for the first husband, to be sure, is all right: but I should say that three months was quite long enough to mourn and grieve. Why, we can't live but once; and we may as well make the best on't, and not lose so much precious time jest out of respect to the world's opinion, when they don't care a pin about any body but themselves after all."

The widow liked the philosophy, but she was ashamed to confess it. "Well, now, suppose, that I was of your way of thinkin', and willin' to be courted, do you think I am such a goose as to believe a word of all you've been tellin' me? Don't I know what a deceitful set of wretches you men

are? Not one on'ye to be believed, not one on'ye worth havin'!"

"I due deny that most expressly," said the captain. "They ain't all deceitful; for here's one, and that's myself, that's willin' to act up to what he says, as soon as you please. So ye see, there can't be no doubt about my promises. And as to not bein' worth havin', why, may be, that's partly true; but then, if they ain't any of them worth havin', why, they are the best you can get, if you wait a hundred years; so you may as well suit yourself as fast as you can." And so saying, he again took her hand without encountering any further resistance.

At that interesting moment, Tabitha, who had resolved to plague the captain as far as in her lay, burst into the room to announce that "the men were playing cards in the kitchen, and carryin' on like the old scratch." The widow was sorely vexed at the interruption, and also sorely scandalized at the card-playing, as she was a strict member of the church, and a card was an implement of Satan which she held in the most special abhorrence. She cried out upon it, as a sin and an abomination. The captain, who liked the game of all-fours himself, occasionally, did not look upon it in that precise light, but he sympathized with the pious horror of his landlady, and rose up to go to the kitchen and repress the outrage. The widow followed after, to see what would be the end of it.

"It's some of that pesky Saul Hinsdale's work," muttered the captain as he went along, "but I'll break it up, sargeant or no sargeant."

As he entered the room, Saul cried out: "Hello!

here's the captain, come to take a hand! There, Joe, you 'nigg'd there, I'm darn'd if you didn't."

"Whose ca-ards is them?" said the captain sternly.

"Why, they're mine," said the sergeant, "I guess, I bought 'em and paid for 'em, if that makes it out."

"Give me them ca-ards," said the captain imperiously.

"Now, I ruther guess you don't," said Saul. "What the dickens do you want o' my ca-ards? I want 'em myself. If you want to play, you can take a hand here."

"Give me the ca-ards!" said the captain, in a voice of thunder, and at the same moment he laid a powerful grasp on Saul's neck with his right hand, and with the other seized the pack as Saul was shuffling them for a new deal. Saul dropped the cards, and rose to make fight, but at one push the captain sent him spinning across the room, and then coolly tossed the cards into the fire.

"Now, Saul, do you go straight to bed, or I'll send you at once to the guard-house for mutiny and disobedience of orders. D'ye see, I'll hev' discipline, and if I say there shan't be any ca-ard playin'—there sha'nt."

The sergeant was boiling with wrath, and swore the captain should pay him the first cost of his ca-ards, to which the captain, willing to pacify him consented; but insisted on his going to bed, as he had ordered. Saul now obeyed with a good grace, and the captain returned with the widow, who had witnessed the heroism of her admirer, to the parlour, to speak of their new-born love.

The widow, at first, grateful for this mark of the

captain's attention to her wishes, became tender; from tender, gradually advanced to caressing—and the end of the *tete-a-tete*, at about three in the morning, was, that she agreed to become that day two months, Mrs. Hezekiah Brindle. Love often vanquishes stronger scruples than those with which the widow was tormented.

The remaining two days and nights that the captain tarried under her roof was one perpetual feast of nectared sweets. Playful, amorous conversation by day, and “regular courtin’” at night, made them the happiest pair of lovers that the world contained. The captain and his troop fared best of all the officers and men, who were billeted in the village, and it was with a heavy heart that they left the hospitable roof, to take up their line of march for home.

On their way to Springfield, the snow again commenced, and as the weather was very severe, more than one unfortunate and weary straggler sank down into the deep drifts that they were obliged to wade through, and never rose again. The company under captain Brindle, as night was fast approaching, separated into detachments and stopped at different houses as they could find them on the road. He himself, with about a dozen, pushed on in hopes of finding another one at a short distance, but got bewildered in the snow, and finally brought up, after a walk of three or four miles, at a comfortable looking farm-house. The captain, without knocking, raised the latch and entered. There was already a party in advance of them, and the master of the house had just produced to the officer a certain exemption from further contributions which our captain had given out on his way to Worcester. The officer refused to re-

cognise it as valid until supper was provided. In the midst of the argument the captain entered.

"Yur' welcome, captain," cried the landlord, thinking that he was quite sure of a backer; "here's this man wun't pay no 'tention to your purtection."

"My what?" said the captain, eyeing him sharply, and recognizing his *protégé*. "What's the muss now?"

"Why, I suppose you'll support yur own purtection, won't ye? That's all I ax," said the master of the house.

"Ye needn't bawl so loud," said the captain, gruffly; "I ain't deaf. Here, let's read your paper."

The good man put it into his hands with fear and trembling. The captain read it over, and handed it back to him.

"Taint worth a cent," said he coolly.

"What the plague and darnation's the reason it ain't?" cried the poor man in an agony of alarm.

"Why," said he with a snigger, "it ain't got no DATE to it."

"Well, what o' that? You-don't deny givin' on't to me, do you?"

"Oh! I don't deny it's my handwriting; but I say it's good for nothin', because it's got no date, and I leave it to this captain here and all the company."

The company decided by acclamation that a date was all-important, and not having been originally put to it, could not be now supplied. The friend of government gave a groan, for he saw that all reason was thrown away, and he should be obliged to give supper to twenty-five or thirty men, and he might as well do it with a good grace.

"Well," said he, "if it must be so, it must, and I

must do the best for ye I can. But I should jest like to ax one leetle question of the captain here, if he's got objections."

"Oh! none at all," said Captain Brindle.

"Well, then, I should like to know whether or no, if this had had a date, you would have paid any more attention to it? Now jest tell me candidly, and I'll have your supper ready the sooner."

"Wa-al, then, candidly," said captain Brindle, "jest as things is to-night, it would have been all the same if it had a date, and been countersigned by the commander-in-chief himself, old Dan. Shays. It would 'a been all the same. We should 'a found out some other flaw in't."

"Well, that's some consolation, any how," said the good man, and he went off to order supper in much better humour.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

THE standard of rebellion was now avowedly unfurled: the insurgents had rejected the proffered terms of the legislature with disdain; they issued manifestoes of justification, setting forth their grievances, among which the suspension of the *habeas corpus* figured largely, and they declared, in the most inflammatory language, their determination not to lay down their arms till a complete redress of existing complaints, and some guaranty for the future, could be obtained. Everything indicated that the differences which had arisen between the discontented and the government could only be adjusted by an appeal to arms. The whole commonwealth, from one extreme to the other, was filled with the note of preparation for a conflict. Boston itself did not escape the general panic, which the late proceedings of the insurgents at Worcester, and the rumours of their future plan of operations, had created.

The rebels, it was said, were about to collect in still greater force, and march directly to Boston to release the state prisoners confined there. Occasionally reports were propagated by individuals in the town, who were secretly attached to the cause of the insurgents, that they were already on their way, to the number of five thousand. Private information

led the governor himself to apprehend that some such design was in agitation among the leaders, and he gave secret orders to the major-general of the Middlesex militia, to have a competent force ready to act at a moment's warning. The alarm continuing rather to increase than subside, to tranquillize the minds of the inhabitants, the governor ordered out a detachment of the Suffolk county militia, to guard the entrance to the town. The citizens of Boston were organized and regularly drilled; sentinels were stationed at alarm posts, night and day, and the town wore the appearance of a state of siege.

In all this trepidation, there were not wanting timid friends of government, who privately urged the chief magistrate to release the prisoners who had been arrested as dangerous to the public order, and try the effect of private negotiation with the leaders of the rebels. They had, it was urged, shown a disposition to treat, by a petition sent from Worcester to the governor and council, which proposed a kind of armistice, until the general court should again assemble. Though the paper was without signature, it was known to have come from the leaders, and many were anxious to embrace this opening for an amicable arrangement.

But the governor and council were not of that opinion, and looked upon it, as in fact it was, as a mere trick to cloak their real designs, and mislead the government. The governor was not to be lulled to sleep by such contrivances. He was most reluctant to shed the blood of the misguided people, or even of their leaders, but he was firmly resolved that the commonwealth "should receive no detriment," while he remained its governor. He quietly waited

for the next movement of the discontented, taking such steps to bring into the field a force sufficient to overawe them, as were in his power.

But, ready as he was to risk his own popularity, and encounter all hazards, personal and political, he found, when the late affair at Worcester had left him no alternative but that of surrendering the government to the insurgents or of repressing them by force, that the most formidable obstacles were to be surmounted. The treasury was empty: the commissary-general reported that he had no resources in his department to sustain the troops, if they should be called out: the quartermaster-general declared that he had neither tents, arms, ammunition nor anything else necessary for the service, and, like his colleague of the commissariat, "no money to purchase them withal." There was no possibility of collecting the money by a tax, even if the legislature were in session to impose it. The governor had prevailed on General Lincoln to accept the command, in case there should be a necessity for a regular campaign against the rebels, and he now, after casting about in his own mind for expedients, and finding none that were practicable, sent for the general, and exposed the situation of affairs to him.

"In heaven's name, my dear general, what shall we do? Here is Talbot writes me that they are preparing for a larger assemblage of their forces in Hampshire than they have ever yet had, and he absolutely *demands* that the government should take some steps toward supporting its friends. He calls on me to send two thousand trusty, well-affected men into that county, and hints that the national armory

at Springfield will not be safe, with a less garrison, many days longer."

"My dear governor," said the general, coolly; "if affairs are in this predicament, and no possibility of raising money to provide the necessary supplies, I know of one mode left us yet."

"And what is that? what is that?" asked his excellency eagerly.

"Why, *take* them, where we can find them, and let the state make compensation to the sufferers afterwards."

"Ah! that is a resource that had not occurred to me. But it is an odious system of taxation which I would, if possible, avoid."

"I do not by any means recommend it," said the general; "I only wished to point out a last shift, when we are reduced to despair. Now let us see what we have to rely on, in the mean time. First, we have a plenty of good, true friends, both to you personally and to the cause of the government.—Secondly, some of those friends have long purses.—Thirdly, and lastly, some of them have long heads, and will see the necessity of lending the government a sum of money to sustain it, if they wish to keep the residue of their property, and particularly those who hold any public securities."

"A loan on the credit of the state, and to put down insurrection too! My dear general, it is impossible to borrow a dollar on the credit of the state at this time. The alarm is too great, even if the state were not so deeply in debt, to think of it. I should be laughed at to propose it."

"Very well, I'll propose it, with your excellency's consent, to certain of our moneyed friends. If they

do not subscribe, they shall give me good reasons for declining. I'll make out the list immediately."

He took up his pen, and hastily put down some dozen names, which he handed to the governor. "That list is not complete," said he, "but I should imagine that they could lend thirty or forty thousand pounds on good security."

"Thirty or forty thousand pounds!" exclaimed the governor; "will that sum be necessary for the service?"

"Every shilling of it, and perhaps more, if the war should be at all protracted," said the general.

"You have omitted one name, my dear general. Please to set down James Bowdoin, five thousand pounds."

The general remonstrated, but the governor not only insisted on the privilege, but also offered to guaranty the loan to the whole amount of his private fortune.

"No, no," cried the general, "there will not be the least occasion for that. I assure you, governor, this money will be forthcoming from the Bank of Massachusetts in less than two hours from this moment."

"Incredible—impossible! I know our people do nothing by halves and quarters when their public spirit is roused, but this, in these times—well, I will hope, and that's all I can allow myself to do."

The general disappeared without ceremony, and mounting his horse, which stood at the door, was seen galloping about the town, at a furious rate for a couple of hours. The circumstance was observed, and in less than an hour from the time it began to be noised abroad, all business was at a dead stand in

the town of Boston. The quidnuncs were running in all directions to learn the dreadful news. A great battle, it was asserted, had been fought in Hampshire, and general Shepard, with upwards of a hundred of his bravest men, had been killed. The people were seen running to the state-house;—from thence, having gained no information at the public offices, they were hurrying to the governor's house, and long before general Lincoln had completed the round of his visits, the governor's door was besieged by a thousand people, in breathless anxiety to hear all the particulars. It was in vain that the governor despatched his private secretary to assure them that no intelligence had been received of any disturbance whatever in Hampshire. That, on the contrary, all was quiet there at the latest advices, and likely to remain so. "What then did it mean, general Lincoln's riding through all the principal streets at such a rate?" To this the secretary was unable to reply, and the majority were fully convinced that some alarming intelligence had been received, which it was thought proper to conceal from them.

"Now this 'ere's a purty piece of biz'ness," said Ichabod Carter; "I wonder if we hain't a good right to know what the news is. If the governor don't come out with it, I'm darn'd if I ever vote for him again, there now."

"No, nor I nuther," said Jacob Heddy, "and I can take four more votes away from him. 'Tain't usin' his friends well."

The conversation was going on in this strain, though they had begun to drop away one by one, when general Lincoln suddenly turned the corner of the street, and came in full view of the inquisitive

throng. His horse was covered with foam, cold as the morning was, and an universal shout uprose from the assembly, as he, slackening his pace, rode up to them.

The nearest to him soon called out, as he took off his hat to return their salute, "Come, now, gin'ral, tell us all about it."

The general courteously inquired what was their pleasure, and what had brought together so large a number of his fellow-citizens. Orators and spokesmen in abundance began to explain.

"If, my good friends, you would only speak two or three at a time, I should be able to understand much better."

The explanation was at length completed, and the general, after a hearty laugh, assured them, upon the word of a soldier, that they had been entirely misinformed. That he had no news whatever of that or any other kind from Hampshire, and that the whole object of his morning ride was to call on some private gentlemen, whom they all knew; and that, being somewhat pressed for time, he had rode his horse rather faster than he ought. He prayed them to go home, and make themselves entirely easy on the score of the rebels, for they might rely on it, that if they had been on the way down to Boston, as was falsely reported, he should have been gone before that, to meet them at least half way!"

"Hurra! three cheers for general Lincoln, and three more for the governor," shouted some one from the crowd, and having discharged their most sweet voices, they quietly dispersed.

"The people are frightened out of their wits, but I verily believe," said the general as he entered the governor's study and threw himself on a chair.

"How! I thought so! afraid to lend their money! Well, on my word, I can't blame them so very severely considering the state of our exchequer."

"Oh! the people I speak of are those just now collected in front of your door. As to the others—here is a letter which will give you an insight into the success of my expedition."

The governor hastily read a brief note addressed to himself and the council, stating that "the undersigned had been made acquainted with the necessities of the state, and they respectfully tendered as a loan on the sole credit of the commonwealth, the several sums annexed to their respective names." The governor cast his eye to the bottom and found a sum total of £ 40,000! an enormous sum at that period.

"Heaven be praised! that Boston patriotism is as noble and generous as ever!" exclaimed the governor. "But truly, when I look at the past, I ought not to have been surprised!"

"When it ceases to be what it is, in that respect," said the general, "it will cease to be Boston: the name should be forthwith changed!"

It was time that the government had begun to act with some vigour. For while the general and his excellency were thus intent upon raising money, the rebel leaders, with large supplies already in hand and more at command, were secretly enlisting troops in Hampshire and Berkshire for a regular campaign. In the mean time, while the term of the county courts at Springfield approached, the governor purposely abstained from all attempts to support them, and waited to see how far the rebels would trespass on the forbearance of the government before he called his troops into the field.

CHAPTER II.

As the indications of a resort to force, to determine which of the two contending parties should rule the republic became more decisive, the mutual hatred of Eustace and Talbot appeared to gather new fierceness and intensity. The recent contract of marriage between the former and Mary Talbot was kept a profound secret, and if it had been revealed would probably have only added to the flame. Elizabeth Eustace, however, was not so easily deceived as the rest of the world, who had less opportunities of seeing the parties together, and she soon perceived that something more than a mere reconciliation between the *ci-devant* friends had taken place. But it produced no relaxation of the interdict to the correspondence between her and her impatient lover. She submitted to hear him abused by her brothers every hour in the day without opening her lips to defend him, being satisfied to render him justice in her heart, and fully resolved to make him amends, by her future devotion, if heaven should once more smile upon their loves.

Mary Talbot had, since her acceptance of her ardent admirer, given the uncontrolled dominion to the affection which he had so long and painfully cherished. She was at least three-fourths of her time at Col. Eustace's, making the solitude of her own house an excuse for seeking the society of her dearest and

best of friends—her dear Elizabeth, of course. She was constantly complaining of the little time she could see her brother. He was so immersed in “those baneful politics;” and yet, very often, after an absence of a whole day, the moment he entered the door was the signal for her to trip across the village to Col. Eustace’s, and, of course, Eustace was her constant escort home.

It was a few evenings before the sitting of the county courts was to take place, that they were proceeding homeward at a late hour, when, just before they reached her brother’s door, Miss Talbot, in reply to some often repeated vow, said, laughingly, that she never would believe in the sincerity of a “lover who would leave his adored to run after those hateful politics.”

“Ah! my adored, retract that hasty opinion,” cried he. “It is doubly cruel to be obliged to quit your presence, as I am on those occasions, and to be reproached for it too. I would to heaven that I could be ever in your blessed sight! The fates forbid it. But I think of you every moment when I am absent, and the sweet hope of seeing you again, alone enables me to sustain those absences.”

“Eustace, you are a very wicked man to make so many false vows, so unnecessarily, when you have already won the lady you address them to. Perhaps you think I believe all those fine things you have told me so often? No, indeed, my friend; I will still judge by your deeds, not your words, and not till you renounce those everlasting, unhappy political turmoils will I give you credit for sincerity—for a true lover’s devotion.”

“Oh! I thought I had convinced you of your error

in that matter so many times, that you had at last given it up. Now, I have offered again and again, if you insisted, to renounce them for ever and ever."

"If I insisted! a pretty condition, when you know that unless the sacrifice were purely voluntary, I would not give you the least credit for it. If you had, of your own free will, anticipated my wishes in that respect, I should have appreciated it as the most convincing proof of love which it was possible for you to give me. But you know that when you ask me to *insist* on such a step, that I would rather urge you to follow the bent of your own inclinations, and that I should be happier in thinking you had done so, than in seeing you follow my advice, though it were ten times better for you."

"My dearest—my love," cried Eustace, "I *will* study through my whole life only your wishes and your happiness. Tell me, what do you desire? Shall I break through all my promises to these poor oppressed victims of power, and forfeit my honour? No, you would not desire me to do so base a thing! Shall I shrink from the dangers into which I have led so many of my best friends, and leave my name to be recorded, 'Coward—traitor—dishonoured'? You would rather see me dead! Shall I not be still the sworn enemy of oppression, and risk my life to secure the liberty of my fellow-citizens, as I have already done, without thinking of the sacrifices it might cost me? I place my destiny in your hands. Consider well of it, and whatever may be your wishes, I obey them."

"No! no! no! I will not consider of it at all! I was only in jest! I desire you to follow your own impulses, and to think nothing of my selfish counsels."

I wish, indeed, that these troubles did not occupy you so much, but I should be ten times more sorry to see you fail in your engagements to the cause."

"How shall I ever deserve such affection from such a girl? Ah! I truly, sincerely wish that I was free from all these entanglements of political life, and these troubled elements of society were at rest again, so that I might devote my whole life to you. But I must perform penance yet a little longer, and I must be off to Berkshire again to-morrow."

"To-morrow! to Berkshire! and you have kept it a secret from me till this moment! How long to be absent? I dare say a whole week."

"Not I, indeed! Do you believe it possible that I could exist a week without seeing you? You are unkind to suppose it. But let us not speak of parting till we are obliged to say farewell. I remember a lady who promised me her hand, not long ago, and refused to name the day. I have often begged her to do it since, and still I am duped with half promises. I have a right to complain, have I not? But perhaps the lady has forgotten her promise?"

"Perhaps she has repented of it?" said she, coolly; "but have you urged her very strongly upon the subject?"

"With all my powers of entreaty, argument, eloquence—I have tried every expedient, and all in vain. There is always some new put-off, some reason or other, and I am beginning to despair. I shall do something desperate, if she does not relent. Ah, my love! make me happy before we part, and name the day when you will consent to be mine for ever."

"This day twelvemonth, then; what say you to that?"

"That you are the most provoking creature in the world. This day twelvemonth! Why, I shall never be able to endure such a probation as that. Is it that you want to see my good behaviour for so long a time, before you dare trust yourself and your happiness to me?"

"No, no; it is not exactly that: shall I tell you frankly the reason? It is that I cannot bear the idea of it, while you and Frank are incessantly making war upon each other. I have cherished the hope that you would yet be friends, and that his marriage with Elizabeth would then take place."

Eustace was suddenly struck dumb: his betrothed had always forborne any allusion to that subject before, and he felt, at the moment, in the most awkward situation imaginable. He walked some paces in silence, and then said, with some hesitation and stammering—

"Ah! we must leave those things to time; that should form no obstacle to our union."

"But why to time—why delay what should be done, and what may be so easily accomplished?" urged Mary Talbot, in her most earnest manner: "You will not allow your sister to marry her brother's mortal enemy—and you think it a very serious obstacle in her case. If so, why should it not be in mine?"

"Oh, my dearest! there is all the difference in the world. But if there were none, you do not intend to say that you are going to retaliate on me for my opposition to your brother's marriage?"

"I am not sure—not *quite* sure of that. I am capable of being as obstinate as either of you. Be

ware, beware how you slight my advice and provoke me to take sides with Elizabeth."

"Oh, you are not serious; you know how much I deplore the position in which that poor girl is placed. Do not, do not you add to my present regrets and troubles. God knows I have torments enough already."

"Are you unhappy, Eustace?" asked she, in her tenderest tone. "Ah, if you would but renounce those ambitious projects, and seek tranquillity and content in retirement, how much you would be a gainer by the exchange!"

"I begin to believe you, my love! though with you I could be happy in the storms and strifes of the world, or in the deepest shades of obscurity. When I return from Berkshire, we will resume this subject exactly where we now leave off."

"You truant! how long are you going to remain there?"

"Only three days—I shall be here in time for the——no matter—and the day shall then be positively fixed, or we will be married without naming it at all."

"Go, you madcap! I shall never make you reasonable—good night—good night—we are at the door: you will be home on Monday then?"

"On Monday—and I shall expect to find you with my sister on that day. Good night; and all good angels guard your slumbers."

"Divinest creature on the face of the earth," said he to himself, as he went along. "Yonder moon, that shines with the light of day, is not more bright and queenly among the stars, than she among her sex! She gave me some pretty sharp advice, by the

way, to-night; and I suppose I shall often have such lectures when she becomes my wife—no doubt of it: it is a privilege they all reserve—the best and mildest of them. Seriously, I believe it would be far better for me to follow it in this instance, but I am in too far to recede. I have not exactly passed the Rubicon, but I am two-thirds over, and I must gain the other shore. ‘Revolution,’ glorious ‘revolution,’ or inglorious ‘rebellion,’ shall soon be decided, and yet, when I think of her, my zeal in the cause begins to waver. This will not do! I must not let love itself damp my patriotism. My honour is at stake, and I must go forward—it is time to strike the blow.”

The blow which was the subject of his soliloquy, was the meditated capture of the national armory at Springfield, a declaration of resistance to the government, and the call of a state convention. The leaders in Berkshire were reluctant to take such decided steps, and Eustace and others had been sent for by some who were for open war at once, that they might infuse the proper spirit into their lukewarm associates. After traversing the county with several of them in all directions, urging the utter necessity of some decisive plan of operations, it was finally settled that it was too late to attempt the capture of the arsenal at the approaching term of the Court of Common Pleas at Springfield, as their forces could not be collected in season, but that they should call out at least two thousand men, to rendezvous at that place from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth of January. Having obtained the concurrence of the leaders in Hampshire to the project, the emissaries returned home, and the commander-in-chief, captain Shays, immediately set his secret agents in motion. I

In the meantime, the court had met, and been dispersed by captain Shays at the head of about three hundred malcontents. They took possession of the court-house, and stationed guards at intervals according to their usual custom, and having done that, a committee was appointed to wait upon the judges at their lodgings, and present a petition, that they would not, at that time, proceed upon business, but adjourn without a day.

"Here, captain Wizzle and major Blackman, I wish you'd just be a committee to present this petition," said captain Shays to two of his officers; "and ye needn't be afeard of speakin' purty plain to 'em, if they make any fuss about it."

"I ain't a speakin' man," said captain Wizzle, "and the major'll have to due the talkin'."

"Darned if I due," said the major, "I am a fightin' man; I don't know anything about your speechin' and arguin'; and besides that, there's my own uncle one of the judges, and he might think it looked ruther sassy."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll due," said captain Shays, or as he was now familiarly called by his own men, 'the General,' "I tell ye what I'll due—I'll put captain Brindle on the committee along with ye. I'm darn'd if he ain't got jaw enough for 'em, come what tack they will."

Accordingly, the captain was summoned, and informed of his appointment. "Wa-al now, it's strange," said he, "that you allus want to be pokin' me for'rards whenever there's any out o' the way thing to be done. I don't care—come along. We'll make a short days work on't, I guess."

The judges were waiting at Moses Bliss's, in ex-

pectation of receiving some communication from the rebels, and when the petition was presented and read, they good-humouredly attempted to reason with the committee upon the matter of the petition.

"The truth is," said the first judge, "that this opposition to the courts is very childish. What folly to suppose that society can long exist where justice is not administered! And what possible good to these people themselves can come out of it, is more than I can see."

Captain Brindle's colleagues cast their eyes on him, and he, embracing the opportunity to speak his speech, said, after taking a fresh quid of tobacco—

"This 'ere court thinks one way, and we think t'other. Everybody's a right to their own way of thinkin'. Ye see, judge, we think now that we get along jest as well without courts as we did with 'em, and if ye come to that, a darn'd sight better. There ain't quite as good times for the deputy sheriffs and pettifoggers, and all them plagues of Egypt, as they used to be—but, on the hull, we like it better. It's better for the poor man, and for some rich ones too, I guess," said he, with a significant grin.

"Young man," said the judge, "you take a very narrow and confined view of the subject, if you suppose that because the poor men and debtors, in general, profit by this state of things to evade the payment of their debts, that it is better for them in the long run. They will find out to their bitter cost, how they have deceived themselves."

"Oh! when we find it don't work well, we can soon change it, so I dare say we shall one of these days. But jest now, we ain't quite ready."

The judges, after a brief consultation, adjourned without a day.

"That's the best thing," said captain Brindle, "that you can due, 'bekase it must 'a been done any how, ye see. Wa-al, good day to ye, judges; I hope you'll stay all night in the village. Friend Moses has got good beds and good fare, and plenty o't. I wish ye good day."

"Good day, sir," said the chief judge, "good-humouredly; but no sooner was the deputation out of sight, than a full account of their insolent behaviour, and the conduct of the rebels was prepared for transmission to Boston.

"The governor seems to be asleep," said the chief judge, "but I think that will wake him. If not, he may prepare to hear of my turning rebel too, self-defence, as Talbot wrote him this morning: was a' going to do."

CHAPTER III.

IT was on the first day of the new year '87, that the despatches of the judges, as well as a long expostulation from Talbot, on the apathy of the government, reached governor Bowdoin. He was occupied in reading them when general Lincoln entered his study to wish him a happy new-year.

"A happy new-year to Master James Bowdoin, and a quiet new-year to Governor James Bowdoin," said the general, with one of his best bows.

"My dear general, if the last clause of your good wishes is fulfilled, I believe it must be yourself that shall bring it to pass. Read these letters, which I have received this morning from Hampshire. The court broken up, as usual, and the insurgents threatening, as Talbot says, to seize the arsenal and commence a regular campaign. And from Worcester county the news is not much better. The malcontents are openly announcing that they will prevent the courts from sitting there at the end of this month. The obstinacy and boldness of these misguided people forebode a bloody contest."

"Not in the least," said the general, hastily glancing over the letters. "No, sir; if the war lasts ten days after we are once in the field, I shall be greatly disappointed. And, truly, there seems to be no alternative but to take the field at once, notwithstanding the season."

"My dear general, you must decide on your own plan of operations. The council and myself have already agreed that you shall have whatever number of troops you think necessary, if it be the whole disposable force of the commonwealth."

"Oh! a couple of thousand men will quiet the three counties of Worcester, Hampshire, and Berkshire in two weeks, and, as I hope and believe, without bloodshed or serious show of opposition. Depend on it, sir, the insurrection will not be very formidable, when the *real leaders* have not sufficient confidence in it to put themselves at its head."

"I hope your prediction may be realized. But, in the mean time, I think it will be more prudent to assemble such a force as shall overawe the most desperate among them, and restore permanent tranquillity, by dispersing them and arresting their leaders for trial. I shall not consider the supremacy of the laws restored until that has been done."

The plan of operations was speedily settled. The army, to the number of about two thousand, from the counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex, were to rendezvous at Roxbury, on the 19th of January—twelve hundred from Worcester county were to meet them on their march at Worcester, and twelve hundred more from Hampshire were to assemble at Springfield, under Gen. Shepard, by the 18th, or earlier, if possible, to take possession of the arsenal. The orders had been issued, and the troops began already to assemble at Roxbury, under the immediate command of Gen. Lincoln, before the insurgents in Hampshire had the least intimation of the design. The first notice they received of it was from the proclamation of the governor, informing the people that

he had found himself reluctantly obliged to call out a part of the militia to protect the courts at Worcester; to quell the daring insurrection which was spreading itself over a portion of the commonwealth, and to apprehend all agitators and disturbers of the public tranquillity, for the purpose of bringing them to trial and punishment. A lively and forcible appeal was made to the patriotism of all well-disposed citizens to co-operate with the government in shielding their happy constitution from the violence which was evidently meditated against it, and to aid in averting the horrors of civil war.

When the proclamation reached the head-quarters of rebellion in Hampshire, the leaders of that party made it a subject of mirth and jeers. The apparent supineness of the government for so long a period, had left them in the firm conviction that it neither dared nor was able to attempt to put them down by force. Captain Shays offered to repel them from the borders of Hampshire with one company of his men. "They can't raise a ridg'ment to save their souls," said he to his staff-officers, "an' if they due, why, there'll more'n two-thirds on 'em desart afore they git to Concord, and by the time they git to the line of our county, they won't hav' ten rank and file left. But here comes the major; let's hear what he thinks about it."

Eustace had heard the news of the movements of the government with the most joyful emotions, as he now saw a prospect of a speedy decision of the controversy by force of arms. But he was far from anticipating so easy a victory as the valiant captain Shays was calculating on.

"General," said he, coolly, "you will have an op-

portunity soon to win some laurels. General Lincoln, for all his mild temper and amiable disposition, is the devil for prompt movements and quick marches. It is time to look about you, when you have him for an adversary."

"Now, due frighten a-body, major! I tell ye what it is, if he comes into old Hampshire he'll be Burg'ined 'fore he's been here five days, mind I tell ye."

"And you're the Gates that'll do it! Ah, general, you are a brave man and a great commander: but you must not despise your antagonist," said Eustace, laughing; "he is an older soldier, if not a better, than you are, and the first you'll hear of him will be at Worcester, with at least a thousand men."

"Oh, thunder! you don't think so?" said the captain, in great alarm.

"Not the least doubt of it, and you have no time to lose. We must have our forces out immediately."

There was a grand council held at Moses Bliss's, that evening, of the leaders in the vicinity, and they resolved, with great unanimity, that it was time to act on a larger scale. They issued their orders to their followers to assemble at Springfield forthwith, but in the mean time not only was Eustace's prediction as to the celerity of General Lincoln's movements verified, but on waking up two or three mornings after, his brother Tom came into his room, with consternation in his face, to tell him that "General Shepard, with eight hundred men, had just marched into the arsenal."

"Eight hundred men! where in h— did he raise them? It cannot be—it is impossible!"

"Impossible or not, I saw it with these two eyes of mine, and therefore I swear it must be true."

"That comes of those cursed delays; I wanted Luke Day to come down with his five hundred men and take possession of it yesterday afternoon. By Saint Paul! I have a great mind to renounce the party altogether, and let them go down to the pit their own way. They are a set of fools and block-heads—neither courage nor common sense among them."

"Egad! I've been of that opinion for some time myself," said Tom; "but I didn't like to say so. We can never do anything with such a ridiculous set of creatures for commanders. Why, Hez. Brindle is fitter to head the rebellion than such a poor, uncertain creature as that Shays. Why, he was ready last month at Worcester to lay down arms at any moment, if he could be sure of a pardon. He has no more energy or firmness than an old shoe."

"Very true, Tom; but he has an influence that we can't dispense with just yet. He knows better than any man I ever saw how to stir up the discontented, but the mischief is, that he does not know what to do after he has raised the spirits. But when we have fairly opened the campaign, of course we shall organize a general staff of different materials. We must see first, whether our men will stand fire, after these sham fights are over. I have no idea, for one, of taking a command, till I know whether they will fight or run. But this arsenal news is rather unpleasant; we must attack it forthwith—this very day."

The insurgents had mustered a force of at least a thousand men before twelve o'clock at noon that day, and hundreds kept pouring in from all quarters. Long before sunset, Eli Parsons made his appearance in West Springfield with his five hundred Berk-

shire men. The news of their arrival was welcomed with a *feu-de-joie* from the main body under Captain Shays, which was encamped on and near the old Boston road. Not many minutes elapsed before the force in the arsenal enclosure fired one also.

"What the dickens and darnation," cried Captain Shays, "does that mean. I guess they've got powder plenty there to jine us in our rejoicin'! Cap'n Wizzle, what do you make out on't?"

"I don't know what to think, unless they've hear'n some good news o' their own," said the captain.

And such was the fact, as they were soon informed. An express had just arrived to General Shepard, from Worcester, bringing news of the arrival of the army under General Lincoln at that place—of the court's being engaged under their protection, in the despatch of the public business, and promising to be at Springfield, within three days at furthest, with three thousand men.

This intelligence spread with inconceivable rapidity. The men began to grow uneasy, and anxious to hear all the particulars;—how many men Lincoln had brought with him, how many he picked up at Worcester, and how long before he might reach Springfield.

"I tell ye now," said Captain Brindle to General Shays, "you'll git 'tween two fires if you don't look out. If you'd jest marched in the night 'afore last, and squat down in the arsenal, you'd 'a been safe enough. I knew how it would be."

"I guess it ain't too late yit. We can take it any time in fifteen minutes. Why, Eli Parsons' brigade makes us up two thousand men good, and them Berkshire boys of his'n, darn'd if they ain't lions for

fightin'; I know 'em. Then Luke Day ain't slow, if you git his dander up; and his men's all clear grit. We'll take that arsenal to-morrow morning, jest for a spell 'afore breakfast."

"Any way, so as you git to work, for I don't stand this shilly-shally much longer."

The force under the command of General Shepard was inferior in numbers, scarcely counting nine hundred men, and the hasty works which they were able to throw up, were very illy calculated to sustain an assault. But his troops were animated with the best disposition, and having mounted several pieces of artillery, which were in the armory, they waited the result with the greatest coolness. The idea of attacking the works that evening had been renounced, although Eustace had pressed it warmly, and it was resolved that it should be postponed till ten o'clock next day, to give time to arrange a more perfect plan of co-operation amongst the leaders. Each had his plan of attack, and neither of them was even rational. Eustace found it difficult to make them comprehend his own, and in the mean time, Shays, who had double the number of men under his command that the others could boast of, was anxious to monopolize the glory of the capture.

They parted, and were to meet again at sunrise, to arrange the assault in detail. Eustace, who began to grow disgusted with the divided counsels and foolish obstinacy and jealousy of the leaders, was every moment expecting Osborne, from whose influence and talent at persuasion, he had hoped to have carried everything, as usual, their own way. But when he reached home, he found a letter from him, apprising him that he was confined to his bed with a vio-

lent fever, and that he was cursing his unlucky stars from morning to night.

“Curse on *my* unlucky star, to be deprived of such aid, precisely when I stood most in need of it. I suppose now, no other time in the whole year would have answered to have made him ill of a fever, but this very time, when his services are so important. It is d—d unlucky, for he has such a knack of coaxing those fools into reason, which I have not the patience to do. However, I must try them once more in the morning, and in the mean time I must contrive to reconnoitre their works by the moonlight. We are strong enough, if we can get a junction of all the forces, to storm their entrenchments.”

He found at home, however, some consolation for his ill news, in the presence of his betrothed. He had urged her and his sister to go down to Hartford, and remain till the quiet of the village was restored. They had not yielded to his advice, but he now remonstrated so warmly with them, that they at length consented to set off early in the morning in a sleigh, under the escort of Tom Eustace, and to stay there until the storm blew over. Having succeeded in overcoming their reluctance to that arrangement, he invited his brother to accompany him in a walk, for the purpose of a reconnoissance of the enemy's position.

They proceeded cautiously as they came within sight of the sentries, who were stationed outside at some distance from the gates, to prevent the near approach of stragglers. Eustace, keeping one object and another between himself and the one nearest to him, approached so near as to count the pieces of artillery which had been planted on the hasty en-

trenchment, and to mark every step of the sentinel as he paced up and down in the cold, clear moonlight. He was just deciding on the best points of attack, when he heard the tramp of several feet behind him, and before his brother Tom, who was on the lookout at a distance, could say, "there they come," a patrol of some twenty armed men surrounded the tree, from behind which he was making his observations, and a voice, which he at once recognized for Talbot's, called "stand, and surrender!"

Resistance and escape were equally out of the question: he therefore stood firm, and demanded in his haughtiest tone, "what they desired?"

"Oh! ho!" cried Talbot, "it is you, is it? You are a prisoner. There is a state warrant waiting for you inside."

"Base, impudent wretch," cried Eustace, furiously, "dare to lay finger on me, and your life, which I have once saved, and once given to you, shall pay the forfeit."

If he had been armed, he would, no doubt, have made his assertion good at the moment, for he was completely infuriated.

"Let us do our duty, without regard to hard names, lieutenant," said Talbot to the young officer who was next in command. "Bring him to the arsenal; he must be examined by the general."

Tom Eustace, who heard and saw all, now ran up and opened a fresh torrent of abuse upon Talbot, who coolly advised him to go home and sleep off his ire. He, however, followed after the detachment till they reached the gate, when they closed it in his face, and after knocking a quarter of an hour in vain for admission, he went home in a boiling wrath to

carry the news. He could scarcely communicate it for his imprecations of revenge on 'Talbot. The moment he had made himself understood by his sister and Mary Talbot—made them comprehend that Talbot was the active instrument in the arrest—a scene ensued that beggars description. Elizabeth shrieking and falling into fainting fits—Mary Talbot, struck mute with grief and amazement, sitting like a marble statue, pale and motionless as death—the father, stung to madness, invoking every curse upon the head of the infamous traitor, while his own daughter besought him, as her senses returned, to spare her, and to go himself to the arsenal to procure his release.

“Yes, I will go, and demand it,” said the old colonel, “and if it is not granted, to-morrow shall be a bloody day for that garrison.” And so saying, he leaned on Tom's arm, and getting into a sleigh at the door, drove off at hot speed for the armory.

He was challenged by the sentry, and sent in his name to the commanding general, with a request for an immediate interview. The general politely acceded to it, and the old gentleman, with Tom's assistance, got to his quarters in one of the wings of the building. A sharp dialogue ensued, in which the old colonel formally demanded the reason of his son's detention, and the general, having produced the warrant which had been some time before forwarded from Boston to apprehend him as “a dangerous and suspected person,” the colonel demanded whether he, general Shepard, dared to think of putting in force that infamous paper in the limits of Hampshire county?

“I dare,” said the general coolly.

"Then you are a base tool of the faction in power, and you will find that such infamy shall not go unrewarded. If you do not release my son before one hour is past, your house shall not be standing at sunrise."

"It is in vain to threaten me, Colonel Eustace," said the general calmly. "You can fire my house without any great difficulty, but your son will be no nearer a release than before. He is in very comfortable quarters, above stairs, where we shall keep him until General Lincoln's arrival, when he will be delivered into his hands, and he will, of course, be as well treated as our duty will possibly admit."

The old colonel requested to see him, but that also was denied. "He might send him anything for his comfort that he chose, but as to communication, verbal or written, it was entirely out of the question."

"May God Almighty punish you, one and all, with his severest scourges, both in this world and the next, for your behaviour to him and to me this night," said the colonel, and with this hearty malediction, he left the arsenal, and drove home.

The ill-success of his mission drove Elizabeth Eustace to despair, and almost to madness. She, for the first time, felt her heart grow cold and averse to her lover. She loved her brother with such an intensity of sisterly affection, and she thought him now so wronged and oppressed, that she fancied she began to hate Talbot for the part he had borne in it. Mary Talbot's feelings bordered on the same state, and they did nothing but mingle their tears over their common misfortune the livelong night. Mary now, for the first time, avowed to Elizabeth what, for

ome time past, the latter had suspected, and the confession only increased the anguish of the tender-hearted girl.

When the day dawned, they began to deliberate on the means of affecting a liberation of the prisoner. Elizabeth suggested that her friend should write to her brother, and frankly state her engagement with Eustace, and threaten him with her everlasting displeasure, if he did not immediately procure his release. The proposal was no sooner made, than Mary seized the pen, and in a glowing letter of two or three pages, laid her relation with Eustace, her wishes and her displeasure, all freely before her brother. She also insisted that Elizabeth should write a note to him, demanding, in good round terms, his instant release, and threaten him with perpetual banishment from her presence in case of disobedience. By the time the sun had reached the horizon, Zeek Morehouse was on the way to the fortress with both documents, and with the most positive injunctions not to return without an answer.

"Why, I can't stay all day, Miss Mary," said Zeek, "'case I've got to play the fife for our company. But I'll wait two hours but what I git one."

Talbot received the two letters just as the reveillé roused him, and the sergeant of the guard, who brought them, informed him that a lad was waiting for an answer. Talbot hastily ran over both, and if the confession of his sister amazed and displeased him, the tone of his beloved's letter was far from consoling him. He sprang up and dressed himself, and sat down to write, but his pen refused to do its office, simply because he had no ideas at command

that he dared to put down in black and white. He began one to his sister in the following words :

“ Mary Talbot—

“ You are certainly mad, or a simpleton. I am amazed at your folly,”—and there his pen gave out. He considered of it again, and tore it up. “ There is no use in remonstrating in that tone with her ; it will only make her more determined. What the deuce to do, I do not know. And then this saucy letter of Elizabeth. Egad, that looks dangerous ! I will write politely to both of them, and smooth it over in the best way I can.”

He accordingly commenced a fresh epistle to his sister, in which he regretted that an unpleasant duty had made him the instrument of arresting an individual, who, to his great astonishment, he learned was so near becoming his brother-in-law ; but that there was now no help for it, as the law must have its course, and it was impossible for him to turn it aside, if his own life depended on it. To Elizabeth he wrote, assuring her, that he did not know, when he called out to her brother to “ stand,” who it was that was near him. That he had no control over his fate now, and that he had no doubt that he would be speedily released. He, however, had no means of expediting that event, and he recommended to her, as well as to his sister, to have recourse to patience, as the best remedy in such cases.

The ladies were both highly incensed at such unfeeling epistles, and wrote back a still more high-toned joint production, the purport of which was that neither of them looked upon him as any better than an unfeeling monster, whom they never desired to see again.

Talbot read it with attention, and shrugging his shoulders, said to himself: "Well, I am certainly in a hopeful way. My patriotism is likely to cost me a sister and a bride. To complete my felicity, I ought to lose a leg and an arm to-morrow, and then I think I should be tolerably miserable. Curse on the rebellion! It is fated to be my ruin. But as to releasing Eustace just now, I won't attempt it, let what will happen, till these foolish people are dispersed—scattered to the four winds of heaven."

Eustace, in the mean time, was a prey to the most violent passions. He had raved and stormed, but in vain. He threatened the whole garrison with extermination, if they did not allow him his liberty, but the general was inexorable. Finding all plans for his enlargement useless, he set himself down to study the deepest revenge on Talbot that ever had been taken by one human being upon another for the deepest injuries. He thought of retaliation—of capturing him with a party of the insurgents, and carrying him into some hidden dungeon, where he would leave him bound hand and foot, for a certain number of days, without food or drink. That would feed his revenge, it was true, but not sufficiently. After that, he would still challenge him to mortal combat. He would have his blood—he would give him for "carrion to region-kites"—he would tear him limb from limb if he refused to give him satisfaction for the outrage—he would live only to be revenged.

"And what, mean time, was to become of the army of the insurgents?" When he came to consider of that, a hope of release, and a speedy prospect of revenge, danced before his eyes. "They will certainly attack the fort this morning, if they are not

mad; and with two thousand men, if they can't carry those trifling works, defended only by eight hundred raw militia, they ought to be bastinadoed, every man of them. I shall have a good opportunity to witness the assault from my windows, at all events."

But ten o'clock, the hour fixed for the attack, came, and no sign of a movement in the camp of the insurgents. Eustace stood at his window, straining his eyes, thinking every moment he heard the noise of drums and fifes at a distance, but he was doomed to be disappointed. Captain Shays was holding a council of war with his principal officers, and their deliberations were so profound and earnest, that it was not till meridian that they came to a conclusion. The captain then despatched messengers to Luke Day and Eli Parsons, informing them that he had determined to attack the post at precisely four o'clock the next day, on the east side, and directing him to co-operate on the other. Day returned for answer, that he could not on the next day, but he would on the day after. The messenger, who was one of Day's own men, was taken prisoner by a scouting party from the arsenal, and the letter, thus intercepted, never reached the captain. He, taking it for granted that the other would do as he had desired, was already arranging a plan of repulsing General Lincoln's advance, and eventually making him prisoner of war also, with all his force. He had decided that such a series of brilliant successes would place him next to General Washington as a military commander, and put the destiny of the commonwealth at his sole disposal. In truth, hundreds and thousands were anxiously awaiting the result of the first battle,

to decide into which scale they should throw their influence and exertions. A successful battle was sure to place a larger force than he had ever yet assembled at his command.

The insurgents were weak enough to expect, that General Shepard, out of respect to their superior numbers, would surrender without resistance. Day sent in a modest summons, as soon as he had despatched his messenger, stating that the "people at arms" did most peremptorily demand, that the troops under his command in the arsenal, should lay down their arms, which should be deposited in the public stores, and be returned to them at the end of the contest, and the troops themselves should return home upon parole.

The general smiled at the insolence of the demand, ordered the man to be shown the way out of the yard, without deigning a reply. The rebel chief, when he heard the little heed paid to his herald, swore by the living Jingo, that when Shepard did surrender, he should not have the benefit of his parole, but should be kept in confinement during the war, to pay him for his contemptuous treatment of the people at arms, and his unlawful arrest and detention of Major Eustace.

CHAPTER IV.

LONG and weary was the interval between the hour of the expected attack and the setting of the sun to the imprisoned major. He was deprived of all intelligence from without, except what he could glean by a partial view of the village from his windows, and seeing occasionally an officer or a straggling party of the rebels, walking leisurely through the street. He thought, when the sun went down, that perhaps a night attack had been resolved upon, and he still watched, with longing eyes, till the moon rose at midnight, for the appearance of the forces. Then, finding himself growing drowsy, he threw himself on his bed, with a hearty malison upon Shays, Day, Parsons, and the rebel cause in general. "Lincoln will be upon them before another day is over their heads, and I hope he will shoot some of them for cowardice, if nothing else. A pretty trio to head a rebellion, truly."

In such meditations he spent another day, when, about four o'clock, as the sentry at his door was relieved, he thought he heard something which denoted an unusual commotion in the arsenal. Going to his window, to ascertain if it were the arrival of General Lincoln with his force, which was the first idea that struck him, he beheld, to his inexpressible joy, the main body of the insurgents, led by Shays in person, advancing on the Boston road, with drums beating

and colours flying, and with every demonstration of an immediate assault. They marched with a firm step, and apparently confident of success. But when Eustace saw the dispositions which their commander had made for the attack—the troops straggling along in one open column, without a bayonet fixed—he lost all patience, and could scarcely bear to keep his eyes upon the ill-advised parade. “Oh, the stupid ass! what a pity it will be if the first shot does not dash out his brains—if he had any! Ah, he is halting—probably we shall now see some grand military manoeuvre.”

The captain had not halted for any such purpose, but because General Shepard had sent one of his aids, with Talbot and another gentleman, who served as volunteers, to demand the intention of their approach, and to warn them of their danger. “You must be aware,” said Talbot to Captain Shays, “that you are already nearer than it is proper for you to remain, and as you are within the range of our artillery, I advise you to retire to a less exposed position.”

“I thank you kindly for your good advice, Colonel Talbot—how much is to pay?” said the captain, shortly; “we mean to take a position where we shall be less exposed, and that is them barracks yonder, which it is our intention to occupy this night, if we know our own minds.”

“You are surely not so infatuated as to suppose that you will be permitted to take peaceable possession of those barracks. You might as well ask us to lay down our arms and march out of the arsenal while you march in,” said Talbot, warmly.

“Well, like enough that would be the best thing

you could do for yourselves," and, so saying, he ordered his aids to set the troops in motion.

The party from the arsenal galloped back to report the answer to the general, who sent his aid once more to say to them that the troops were posted there by the express orders of the governor and of congress, and that if they approached any nearer they would assuredly be fired upon. They were now within two hundred yards of the arsenal itself—and as they had advanced, their courage seemed to rise at every step.

"Tell Gin'ral Shepard," said Major Blackman, "that he can fire jest as soon as he likes—it's jest what we want."

"Yis! tell him that!" said Brindle, who was standing near Shays, "and tell him, if he does fire, to take darn'd good care he don't hit any body, or it'll be the wuss for him."

"There, you've got it all now," said Capt. Shays, and, so saying, the word was again given—"Forwards march!"

The column had advanced near a hundred yards further before the aid had delivered all these messages; when the general, finding all expostulation useless, determined to check their advance by a discharge from his artillery. But as he was about to order the matches to be applied, his humane feelings overcame the soldier, and he directed the pieces to be elevated so that the first shots should pass over their heads. The roar of the pieces did not prevent the rebels from hearing the whizzing of the cannon balls as they past over them, and Shays himself was the first to exclaim, "By thunder! there *was* motion in them guns!" But the troops, who were now more

fully persuaded that the general did not dare to fire at them, and would soon surrender, kept advancing. The cannon were reloaded, and as the rebels rose a slight eminence in the plain, which brought them within musket-shot of the troops in the arsenal yard, the general now ordered the pieces to be pointed at the centre of their column. At the same time, a bugle sounded its shrill notes, to give them further warning of their danger—but all producing no effect, the fatal order, to fire! was given—and a half dozen of cannon balls whizzed through their ranks. Three men near the commander-in-chief fell dead, and one was dangerously if not mortally wounded, and several more or less injured.

Eustace, who had watched every movement in the most breathless suspense, now forgot that he was not in the field himself, and in the most impassioned and loudest voice, cried—"Fix bayonet! forward—charge!" But what was his mortification at beholding the whole column, instead of obeying his orders—which it is true they did not hear—falling into the greatest confusion, and while General Shays was apparently endeavouring to keep them in some order by attempting to display column, three-fourths of them suddenly wheeled and ran off with all their might. Some cried "murder!" and threw down their guns to run the faster; others turned and discharged their pieces at the arsenal, as they got out of musket-shot distance—and when Captain Brindle, whose men had for the most part stood waiting for the captain to run before they would start, looked round him, he found himself and Major Blackman the only commissioned officers on the ground. The position of things admitted of no delay. The major's regiment

had disappeared in mass, and the captain's had but seventy men left; one of the killed was his first corporal.

"I say, major," said the captain, "I guess there ain't much use in our stayin' here alone; let's be movin';" and so saying, as he gave the word to his men, they started off with a most unmilitary step for a retreat.

"Hello!" cried the captain, who was trying to keep up with them; "what the plague are you about runnin' at sich a rate. Halt! I say, why don't ye halt!" and he ran all the while as fast as his legs would carry him.

When they were out of the reach of the artillery, they slackened their pace, but they were by no means easy in their minds. They might be pursued—they might be overtaken and cut to pieces, for General Shepard had a hundred horse posted inside. Besides, they were anxious to overtake their comrades, who had got the start of them by two or three minutes, and in that short time had left them nearly a mile behind.

The scene had overwhelmed Eustace with shame, disappointment, and amazement. After a few moments, however, he began to entertain hopes that they would rally and return to the assault. "They are fresh troops, the greater part of them," said he, "but they will soon get accustomed to the sound of cannon-balls! a first repulse is nothing. I have known many a brave corps, that would run at the first fire from a redoubt, but would return and storm it most gallantly."

But, alas! for General Shays's army. They never looked behind them until they reached Ludlow, a

village at ten miles distance from the field of action, if such it may be properly called. By that time, Captain Brindle's corps had formed a junction with the main body.

"Oh! Lord!" said the captain, "if this is the way ye're a-goin' to fight, I don't want to have any more to do with it. I resign my commission, and you can chuse a new captain jest as soon as you please. I'm a-goin' back to Springfield, and I'm darn'd if I don't jine the inemy if I git a good chance. I'm done with ye all."

It was in vain that his men remonstrated. That report being made to the commander-in-chief, he attempted to soothe him, and to induce him to hold on a day or too longer; all would not do, and the captain's resignation being duly accepted, he summoned Zeek Morehouse to accompany him home.

"Why you ain't a-goin' to take our fifer with you too?" asked the men.

"Darn'd if I ain't though! come along, Zeek, and bring your fife with you. Catch me in such a foolish scrape agin, and I give ye leave to tar and feather me, and ride me on a rail."

This dangerous example of the captain was followed by several other resignations of both officers and privates, the latter of whom did not wait to make a formal tender of them, but walked off without ceremony, as they got good opportunities.

As the captain went along home with his young fifer, who occasionally played a tune to enliven the march, the latter abruptly said, "Now, Cap'n Kye, what did you come off so short for? You've got some plaguey kink in your old head, I know."

"To be sure I hev'; don't you know that all our

chance was gittin' inter the darn'd arsenal, afore Lincoln got up here amongst us? That would a struck a terror, but ye see it's all up the chimney now. He'll be in Springfield by the time we get back, and darn'd if I don't think the best thing we can due, will be to sham good friends to government, and jine his army. There'll be trouble for some people's necks after this rebellion's put down; I'm sick on't, and I have been for some time. I shall jest take up a gun as a private, and go to the gin'ral and volunteer."

"Why, the old curnel'll kill ye! He'll shoot ye jest as quick as he would a red fox. You better not."

"I will! I know what I'm about. I've got more reasons than I shall tell everybody."

The truth was, that the period of the captain's nuptials was fast approaching, and he had no idea of being a fugitive, or a prisoner for treason, at that interesting epoch. He was a shrewd calculator, and his course had been taken with the fullest deliberation.

When he reached Springfield, he found it still agitated with the apprehensions of another attack from the whole body of the insurgents, and he learned that General Shepard himself shared in those apprehensions. As he knew the importance of such a success to prop the sinking cause of the insurgents, he concluded that they would not renounce the attempt while a hope remained to them. General Lincoln was still at a day and a half's distance, and the rebels were probably more exasperated than disheartened.

The next morning early, Hezekiah proceeded

straight to the arsenal, after collecting what information he could, and asked to see the "gin'ral." He was admitted to his presence, after some delay, as he refused to give his name to the officer of the day, to whom he happened to be unknown—but at length he was sent in.

The general was surprised at his visit, as he was well aware that he had been one of the officers of the rebels, and supposing that he came with some proposition from them, inquired who had sent him?

"Why, ye see, gin'ral, I come on my own hook, this time. I've resigned my commission in that consarn; and I've a mint to 'list for a private in your army. I don't want to have anything to due with sich a plaguy pack of cowards as they be; and I've made up my mind to support the government, and I'll take the oath of 'legiance as soon as you like."

"But were you not with the party that attacked the arsenal yesterday afternoon?" said the general.

"Ha! ha! I hope you don't call that a 'tack. But, hows'ever, I ruther guess I was; I won't lie about it, any how."

"And where did you leave them? where are they now?" inquired the general eagerly; for he had as yet received no intelligence from them. Hezekiah detailed the particulars of the retreat, and of his quitting them, and gave it as his opinion that they would break up of themselves in a very few days. "They can't hang together," said he, "and you need'nt be oneasy about 'em at all. I've been a wantin' to quit for some time, and now I'm clear on 'em, I want to keep so, and so to due that, I shall hev' to take a gun on your side."

The general could not help smiling at the easy impudence of the proposal; but as he was by no means so certain as the captain appeared to be of the pacific intentions of the rebels, and as so much depended on the preservation of that post, he did not decline the services of the new volunteer; on the contrary, he ordered him to be supplied with a gun and put into the ranks of one of the infantry companies then drilling. Hezekiah longed to inquire after the fate of the major, but, upon reflection, said to himself, "They'll think I'm come a spyin', and I can't do him any good, so I guess I may as well hold my tongue."

Eustace was as closely guarded as ever; and in reply to his impatient and imperious demand for liberty, at a personal interview with the general, he was politely told that his case should be laid before Gen. Lincoln immediately on his arrival, and that probably he might come vested with some discretionary powers upon the subject; but in the mean time no such authority could be exercised by any other person whatever.

The position of Talbot was yet more awkward and more painful than that into which he had brought his enemy. His letters were now not only returned unopened by his betrothed, but by his own sister.— So angry was she with him for delaying the release of his prisoner, that all his protestations of inability to effect it, only made her more positive in requiring it, and more irritated at her ill success. The stern refusal of the general also, to allow him the privilege of receiving letters from his friends, or of writing a line to any one among them, quite upset her philo-

sophy. She, however, still cherished the hope that her own influence with General Lincoln might prevail over all objections, and as his arrival was hourly expected, she determined to apply to him at the first opportunity. She accordingly kept a note ready to send him, as soon as he should make his appearance, requesting the favour of a few moments' conversation with him at his earliest leisure.

CHAPTER V.

THE roar of artillery, the roll of the drums, and the shrill notes of the bugle, with the shouts of the troops from the arsenal yard, gave notice, about noon of the next day, that the advance guard of General Lincoln's army was entering the borders of the village. Four regiments of infantry, three or four companies of artillery, and a squadron of horse, all with the most soldier-like appearance, and with an air of triumph visible in their features, marched to the music of an excellent band, and the whole village was thrown into ecstasy by the arrival of their new guests. There was scarcely a man or woman within the whole compass of it, who would acknowledge that they were any other than staunch friends of the government. All parties appeared to be equally overjoyed and anxious to welcome their visitors.

The mildness and urbanity, for which Gen. Lincoln was so justly famed, did not prevent him from exercising the military qualities for which he was equally celebrated, of promptitude and energy. Although the march that morning had been a forced one of twenty miles, through the snow and in weather of more than usual severity, no sooner had he ascertained that Luke Day, with his five hundred men, and Parsons, with his Berkshire recruits, were posted so near him, and that the main body, under Shays, had taken up a position but ten miles off, and

the insurgents were so far recovering from their first alarm as to be joining him again, than he at once decided that the troops should be put in motion in three hours, and gave directions that they should repose themselves, in the mean time, as comfortably as possible. For himself, the idea of rest did not even occur to him. There were so many arrangements to be made—so many different matters to be heard and decided on, that he was not left a moment to think of himself. Among the rest, the case of our hero was brought under his consideration.

“Oh, I am glad on his account that he was arrested, as well as on account of the public interest. Let him be well treated, and carefully guarded. I remember a circumstance or two connected with his name, that makes me anxious to have him closely watched until these troubles are over. Then I will write to Boston to learn the pleasure of the governor with respect to his future disposition,” said the general.

The two generals passed on to some other topic, and while they were discussing it, a letter was brought in, by one of his aids, to General Lincoln. He glanced at the address, and saw a lady’s hand-writing.

“Excuse me, my dear general,” said he, with a smile, “but as this appears to be a communication from a lady, you see the necessity of suspending all other business for a few moments.”

And wondering who and what it could be, he opened and read the brief note from Miss Talbot, which she had kept ready sealed the last forty-eight hours to despatch to him.

“Where is the messenger that brought this?” said

he to the aid, who had retired to a respectful distance.

"Waiting without, sir," was the reply, and the general, saying he would return in twenty minutes, snatched up his hat, and went out to speak with him.

"Are you the person who brought a note to me, a moment ago?" said he to our hopeful lad, Zeek Morehouse.

"I b'lieve I be," said Zeek, "if you are Gin'ral Lincoln."

"Where is the lady who gave it to you?" asked the general, hastily.

"I s'pose she's at our house. I left her there when I come here."

"And where is *your house*, sir?" said the general, beckoning him nearer.

"Why, Colonel Eustace's, to be sure. But look-a-here, ain't you a goin' to give an answer to that 'are letter I brought ye? Miss Mary'll pull my ears if I don't bring one, I due b'lieve. I never see'd her in sich a pet afore in *my* life."

"Come with me, my lad, and show me the way;" and so saying, with Zeek for his only escort, the general made his way to the arsenal gate. As he was about to pass through, one of his colonels stepped up to him, and with a respectful salute, inquired if he was going into the village without a guard, and on foot.

"Both, my dear colonel: I am not so magnificent as to wish a guard for show, and certainly I do not require it for safety. I am pretty well satisfied with my equestrian exercises for some days past, and I prefer to walk."

"But if you will permit me to say so much, general, I think you run some risk in going abroad so publicly, without attendants."

"Oh! I believe I have a trusty guide, and I have a bold presentiment of security. I shall be back in half an hour." And touching his beaver slightly to him, he hurried off with his new acquaintance.

"How far do you call it, my lad?" said he to his companion.

"Well, it's a purty smart walk," said Zeek; "about as fur as from here to the meetin' house. But if I'd a known you'd a come along, I'd brought the sleigh, and gin' ye a ride. By Jimminy, I guess the old man'll stare when he sees you. You know him, like enough, don't ye?"

"Whom do you call old man?" said the general, gravely.

"Why, Colonel Eustace; that's the way we call him, when he ain't by."

"My lad, you are wanting in respect to your master, to speak of him in that manner," said the general, coolly.

"Why, now, he ain't none o' my master. I'm only bound to him till I am of age," said Zeek.

"And what do you call yourself, then?" said the general, with a good-natured smile.

"My name's Zeek More'ous."

"No—what title do you give yourself? What appellation? Do you understand me?"

"Darn'd if I due," quoth Zeek.

"Why, sir, do you call yourself Col. Eustace's servant—domestic—boy—help—or what do you call yourself while you are in his service?"

"Why, I'm his boy, I s'pose. Some calls me his

‘help,’ but I don’t think that’s correct, for I don’t git no wagers.”

“And how is your master’s health?” said the general, not heeding Zeek’s objection to the phrase.

“Oh! the colonel is not so smart as he was. He frets like all natur ’bout Mister Harry’s business. You see that’s enough to make anybody fret; and he ha’n’t hardly left his room sen’ he come back from the arsenal, the night he was took prisoner.”

The general hurried forward, and, in a few moments, was ushered, by his guide, into the parlour, where the two young ladies were impatiently expecting the return of their courier. They had no idea of seeing the general in proper person so soon.

Mary Talbot gave a cry of surprise and joy, and ran to shake hands with him. She then turned and presented her young friend, while her own blushes and embarrassment contrasted so strangely with the perfect calmness and self-possession which the general had often remarked and admired in her, that he began to feel exceedingly curious to know the secret of the two ladies.

Miss Talbot expressed her gratitude for the polite attention of the general to her request, and when he inquired, with some symptoms of haste, whether he could have the happiness of receiving her commands in anything, she stated—her face all the while suffused with blushes—that the brother of Miss Eustace had been, as she believed, most wrongfully arrested, and was kept a close prisoner at the arsenal; that as her own brother was the cause of it, she thought it her duty to appeal to him, as commander-in-chief, and to implore him, for the sake of his aged

and unhappy father, and his distressed sister, for his liberty.

Elizabeth, who had risen from her seat, and passed her arm within Miss Talbot's, clasped her hands in silence, and gave a sigh and look of entreaty, while her eyes glistened with tears, which, for the moment, almost got the better of the general's firmness. He eyed Mary Talbot's changing features and brilliant black eye with some suspicion, and half-fancied that he read a deeper interest in them, in the fate of a lover, than the other manifested in the fate of her brother. He courteously replied to her—

“Miss Talbot, I am not without hopes, that the speedy restoration of tranquillity in this quarter will make it unnecessary to detain Mr. Eustace in his present confinement. In the mean time, you may be assured—and I beg you, Miss Eustace, to take this on the word and honour of a soldier—that every possible comfort and indulgence shall be extended to him, which it is in my power to grant him.”

“But, general,” said Mary Talbot, “why not grant him his liberty? If you have the power, I hope you will not want the inclination. How irksome, how cruel, must be his confinement! Elizabeth, why do you not try to move his pity for your brother?” Her own lips quivered with agitation—she clasped Elizabeth's neck with her arms, and for the second time in her life, Elizabeth Eustace saw her melt into tears.

The general was now tolerably certain of his hypothesis, and while he was meditating a retreat from further entreaties, Elizabeth made her appeal to the generous feelings of his nature, and spoke with such moving eloquence, in such tender melting tones, and enforced her pleading with such a shower of tears,

that the general was on the point of rushing out, for fear he should be vanquished in spite of his reason.

"My dear young ladies," cried he, taking their hands, "if you knew how much I am pained to be unable to grant your request, I am sure you would think me more an object of pity than the young gentleman whose cause you have pleaded so eloquently. Indeed, I should be quite willing to undergo all his confinement, for the sake of having two such advocates enlisted in my behalf."

"Ah, general," cried Mary Talbot, reproachfully, "you trifle with our prayers. You *can* grant them if you will!"

"Not I! he is in custody by a higher authority than mine; but all I can do to alleviate his unpleasant situation, rely on it, shall be done."

"Then you refuse us our request for his liberty?" said she.

"That shall be granted when it depends on me," and he was bowing to take his leave.

"But, in the mean time," said she, "may he not be allowed to see his friends—his sister here, his brother, his father—and to write to them?"

"I will, so far as my request goes, do all in my power to get him permission to write to his sister, as often as he pleases. Is there any other person to whom you would have the privilege extended, Miss Talbot? But recollect that he is to receive no answers, no communication from without, whatever. I trust Miss Eustace will not abuse the privilege, by receiving letters for others and conveying them to them."

"Indeed I will not," said she, delighted to find that her brother was to have that indulgence extend-

ed to him. "But," added she, archly, "I think he should write to this lady, to thank her for her kind intercession on his behalf. I am sure there would be no treason in his letters to *her*."

"Indeed I am quite of that opinion, and her name shall be also included in the list of the privileged," and enjoying the deep confusion and scarlet blushes of Mary Talbot, he took leave, and hurried back to the arsenal.

His stay had been so prolonged that his officers were beginning to grow alarmed. The general gave orders to parade the troops, and while that was doing, ordered Eustace to be brought to his quarters.

He entered the room, in charge of an ensign and half a dozen men. "Remain outside the door, till I call you," said the general to them; and he advanced to Eustace and tendered him his hand.

Eustace—who had come in with the most dignified sullenness, and prepared to beard and insult him—when he recollected Gen. Lincoln of the revolution, and the many kind things he had said and done to him on more than one occasion—laid aside his frown, and shook hands with him most cordially.

"My dear major," said the general, "I have heard your case stated, and I sent for you, to say, that I hope a very few days will put it in my power to congratulate you on your enlargement. In the mean time, you will be at liberty to write to two persons who have requested that favour to be allowed you."

Eustace was on the point of saying, with his haughtiest air, that "he would accept of no *favour* from tyrants, and the tools of tyrants;" but he ~~thought~~ thought himself that he had better first ascertain who they were that had made such an application on his

behalf, and he accordingly asked, "what two persons they were that he was to have the invaluable privilege of writing to?"

"Two ladies, whom I have just left," said the general; "Miss Eustace and Miss —— Oh! I dare say you are quite indifferent about the other."

"For God's sake tell me—is it Miss Talbot?"

"It is that very lady herself, whom you may, if you choose, thank for this change in your situation. But I have one condition to make—that you do not write of any political or military matters to her in your letters," he added, with a smile.

"No fear of it!" cried Eustace, with a slight blush; "I give you my honour to that effect, if you require it."

"Moreover," said the general, laughingly, "that you write nothing that can be construed into love-making, to which I do not wish to be accessary."

"Good God! general, you are not serious in that!" said Eustace, in some alarm.

"No! no! you are at liberty to write as much of that tender subject as you please; only remember, that gentle vows, reduced to black and white, may make you look blue, if they should happen to be brought out against you in after years. Good day, Sir, you have no time to lose in commencing;" and opening the door, Eustace's guard of honour re-conducted him to his solitary chamber.

In a few moments, a plentiful supply of pens, ink, paper, and sealing-wax were sent to him, with the compliments of Gen. Lincoln, and Eustace, forgetting that he was a prisoner—forgetting the rebel cause, his new constitution, and all the visions of his restless ambition, did not cease writing till he had

filled three sheets of paper. Luckily for the reader, they are not to be found, or it would have been our duty to insert them here *verbatim*. "That will do for the present," said Eustace, laying down his pen, and sealing them as expeditiously as possible. "She must have it this evening, and to-morrow I will write one twice as long, to her."

So intently had he been occupied with his epistle, that the stir in the army, as it prepared to move, the music, and the tramp of the corps of cavalry, had not induced him to rise from his chair. He now sent for the officer who had been left in command of the garrison, and having hastily enclosed his letter in a blank envelope to his sister, he requested him to despatch it forthwith.

The officer was an old comrade of his own during the recent war, and as he had received orders to allow him to write to our two ladies, he promised to forward it *instantly*. "But," said he, on taking it, "major, this is apparently a package of letters for other people: I must remind you *that* is not permitted."

"Upon my honour, colonel, there is but one letter inside, and that to the lady whom I was allowed to write to."

"Good heavens! all this but one letter! why, it will take her a day and a half to read it. However, I'll send it upon your assurance."

"Do, if you please," said Eustace, eagerly, and without even thinking to inquire of the operations of the army, and the position of the insurgents, he hurried his old friend out of the room.

The army had been put in motion within three hours after its arrival, and as the insurgents under

Day were still posted on the opposite bank of the river, and those under Parsons and Shays, had formed a junction at the post of the latter, ten miles north-eastward; the general at once ordered the Hampshire troops under General Shepard to move up the river to prevent a junction of Day's forces with the other body, and he himself crossed the river on the ice, to dislodge them from their post. The guard at the advanced post on the bank, boldly drew up, and the main body at some distance, was put in motion to support them. As the government troops drew nearer, and their bright bayonets flashed in the eyes of the rebels, they commenced a hasty retreat toward the main body of their companions. That was now drawn up in a strong position, which two hundred disciplined, resolute men might have maintained for hours against as many thousands. But, after two or three minutes consultation among their leaders, the word was given to retire. The order was quite unnecessary, for the flight was already beginning, and soon became general. Their ranks were instantly broken, and the whole body, officers and men, ran through the snow, as if they had wings to their feet. The general, who had anticipated a skirmish at least, from the first preparations, was struck with astonishment, and was even mortified to see so many of his fellow-citizens take to their heels without firing a gun.

"I would not have believed that, if I had not seen it!" exclaimed he to the officers around him. "Can those people be Massachusetts lads, and run so, like a flock of deer?"

"Ah!" said Talbot, who was serving as a volunteer, "give those same lads the 'law on their side,'

and they will stand their ground against any odds ! But, if you speak of running, I think we saw some finer speed the other day, when General Shays made his assault upon our garrison."

The cavalry was ordered to pursue, and to make prisoners, if possible of Day and his principal officers. "But, let no man be fired upon, or hurt, who does not actually resist," said the general. "It is a bloodless victory so far, and I wish to heaven it may remain so."

Talbot, who was burning to avenge some of the numerous insults he had received from them, rode close to the general's side and in a low tone began to remonstrate on the ill-timed clemency of his orders. "It is necessary to make an example, and, on my conscience I believe," said he sternly, "that if you will give orders to cut down some dozens of the fugitives, it will be far better for the future tranquillity of the county. If you will allow me to take twenty men only, I will do execution upon them that they will remember."

"For shame ! Col. Talbot, I blush for your unfeeling, barbarous proposal," and repeating his orders to the commander of the squadron, he struck his spurs into his horse's flanks, and, followed by all his aids, rode at full speed after them, to be certain that his instructions were strictly observed. The insurgents had fired some straggling shots as they retired, and wounded two or three troopers slightly, and he feared that the exasperation of the moment might lead them to some excess. But the speed of the insurgents, and their betaking themselves to the fields and woods, saved them from any retaliation. Ten or twelve only were caught, and those were soon

The general had listened to the suggestions of his officers with the politest attention, but had urged the troops forward at a quicker step, until the storm became a driving, furious north-easter. He then, without halting, called his staff and the generals and commanders of regiments around him.

"Gentlemen," said he, cheerfully, "we can march a few hours more in this storm, if the insurgents can, and if they cannot, we must soon overtake them. They cannot be many miles in advance, by the report of the last scouts. I know every foot of the ground, and, if the men can stand the march, we shall be able to secure comfortable quarters in the course of two or three hours."

"Let us go forward," was the unanimous response.

The squadron of horse was sent ahead to break the path, which was fast filling up. After quitting the village of New Salem, at two o'clock in the morning, there was neither shelter for the troops, nor opportunity to take refreshment, until they should reach the quarters of the enemy. The general rode among the ranks, cheering and encouraging his men, and although he had now received information which he wisely kept to himself, that the insurgents had advanced as far as Petersham, which it would require the whole night's march to reach, he kept constantly despatching scouts to bring him intelligence of their movements. The troops kept on without any open murmurs, and many of them contrived to keep up their spirits by frequent applications to their canteens. Ex-captain Brindle had had recourse to that expedient so often, that his store of liquor be-

came exhausted, and he applied to one of his comrades to lend him his canteen "jest for a minit."

"I'm darn'd if I've got more than half a drink in't, now," said his companion in arms, "and I wun't give that to anybody, for love nor money."

"You won't, eh?" said Hezekiah. "Wa-al, what'll you take for a smell? Come, I'll give you a shillin' for one swaller."

"No, you won't; that'll be the last of my liquor, I guess."

"Wa-al," said Hezekiah, "I'll give anybody two shillins, hard money, for one good drink"—speaking loud, that the whole company might have the benefit of the offer.

The general, who was riding near, caught the sounds, and turned his head to see if the offer was accepted, and what sort of a person it was who bid so generous a price. One of his comrades cried out, "Here, neighbour, I'll take that bargain;" and holding out one hand to receive the money, he passed him the canteen with the other. Hezekiah put down the price, and eagerly seized the invaluable vessel. He gave it a shake to ascertain the situation of the contents, and finding it in a promising condition, applied it to his lips. He gave one hasty swallow, and dashed it into the snow.

"Darn your gizzard, why it's nothin' but cold water, and cold as ice. Here, give me back my two shillins, you darn'd cheat."

A general laugh among those who witnessed it, made Brindle still more indignant at the trick. The owner, meanwhile, had coolly replaced his canteen, and insisted on retaining the money.

Hezekiah maintained that it was as "stiff as a poker."

The sun rose upon them, though the storm hid his face from their sight, without their pausing to repose themselves. It was nine in the morning before their front halted, and, when it did so, it was to make dispositions for an instant attack upon the insurgents, in their head-quarters at Petersham.

Thus was performed under the auspices of the gallant Gen. Lincoln, one of the most astonishing marches on record in ancient or modern times. Nothing, even during the revolution, when forced marches were ordinary every-day occurrences, could be compared to it. Such incredible celerity, such indefatigable perseverance, excited the amazement and the applause of military men all over the continent. When the particulars of distance, time, and weather were reported to Gen. Washington, he is said to have exclaimed, that, "if it were any body but Lincoln he would not have believed it." Baron Steuben said, pleasantly, that "no doubt such a march had been made, but yet he could prove it to be impossible to the satisfaction of Gen. Lincoln himself, if he would listen to him."

The insurgents, who were congratulating themselves upon their security and comfortable quarters, were thunderstruck by the entrance of the advanced guard into the village. The alarm was given, and to do Capt. Shays justice, he tried to rally his men and to give battle. But the panic was complete: they scampered off in the utmost confusion, and scarcely fired a gun. Fatigued as the government troops were, they pursued them two or three miles, and made prisoners of a hundred and fifty of the fu-

gitives. Among other laughable encounters, our old acquaintance, Captain Brindle, captured two or three of his own late company in the insurgent army, and brought them in triumph to head-quarters, when the pursuit was over. They, as well as the rest of the privates, were disarmed, and having, under the advice of Hezekiah, taken the oath of allegiance, and received passports, made the best of their way home to their families.

This dispersion of the insurgents at Petersham was fatal to their cause, but great numbers of them were still obstinately bent on carrying on a predatory warfare, and harassing the friends of government in small parties. Robberies and cruelties, arising from private and political rancour, were now so frequent in the western counties, that General Lincoln, dividing his army into two separate corps, one under his own and the other under General Shepard's orders, resolved to make the circuit of all the towns in Hampshire and Berkshire, where the malcontents were still troublesome. Their leaders were still lurking in Berkshire and on the borders of Hampshire, but perceiving plainly that the prompt and energetic movements of General Lincoln left them no hopes of re-assembling their forces in the state, they took refuge, with some hundreds of their followers, in the neighbouring states of Vermont, New York and Connecticut. In the two former states they found sympathizing friends and well-wishers to the plan of enforcing popular reforms by insurrection and rebellion. But though they occasionally made incursions into the Commonwealth, and carried off several conspicuous friends of government, as hostages for the safety of their adherents, who were now in prison on charges

of high treason, they never again appeared in any considerable force after their rout at Petersham.

The legislature, meanwhile, having assembled, the senate had unanimously passed a "declaration of rebellion," in which, after very slight opposition, the lower house had concurred. Everything indicated that the rebellion was without further hope of support from any quarter, within or without the walls of the legislature, and that body soon passed a law to provide for the trial of the prisoners. Some provisions were introduced of a novel and questionable character, to secure their conviction. The names of all persons whom the select-men should suspect of being favourable to the rebellion, were ordered to be withdrawn by them from the jury boxes, and not only that, but that if the attorney for the commonwealth should suggest that any juror drawn had favoured the rebellion, the court should summarily inquire into the truth of it, and set him aside if such should be the case.

While this law was pending in the house of representatives, Osborne, who had recovered from his illness, boldly came down to Boston to take his seat. He was free from any prosecution so far, and he was resolved to brave all dangers from state warrants, rather than forego the sight of his beloved Isabella any longer. He had also intended to be extremely circumspect in his course in and out of the house, for fear that some unlucky accident might yet befall him, which would place the lady out of his reach, perhaps for ever.

But when the proposed law came to be debated, he found it so full of what he considered tyrannical and arbitrary provisions, that he could not let it pass.

without some comment. He accordingly denounced it "as a measure fit for the worst times of the worst of the Stuarts; as a bare-faced system of packing juries, under legislative sanction; as a gross imputation that every man who had been so far misled as to favour the cause of the rebels, would forswear and perjure himself deliberately and wilfully, when he came to sit as a juror between the commonwealth and the accused." He spoke more warmly than any other member on his side of the question, and more than one of his friends, after his speech was finished, reminded him that it was not safe to speak so freely, even in that house, at that precise juncture.

It was not long before he had cause to repent his zeal. He was called aside the next morning as he was entering the house, by the sheriff of Suffolk, who politely informed him that he had a state warrant against him, and that he must consider himself a prisoner. The house was already in session, and he appealed to that for protection, in a short impassioned speech, which only made matters worse. In fine, he was obliged to submit, as the house resolved by a large majority, that it would not interfere, and he was conducted to the house which had been fitted up as a receptacle for the state-prisoners.

He was not a man to spend his time in grieving for such unavoidable accidents, and he soon resolved to console himself by visions of the future. He felt under no apprehensions of punishment, and having soon satisfied himself that his Isabella would remain constant, he amused himself for the first day or two, in plans for their future domestic felicity. But the irksomeness of his confinement began to prey upon his

good spirits after three or four days, and the wish for liberty was becoming uncontrollable.

As he was sitting in his solitary room, near sunset, the menial who attended him unlocked the door, and carefully locking it after him as usual, came close up to him, and inquired in a whisper if he did not recollect him ?”

“No ! who are you ?” said Osborne. “I never saw your ugly phiz before, I am sure, or I should have remembered you.”

“He ! he ! he !” said he, and whispering, “see how easy it is to be mistaken,” he informed him that he was “Joe Patchem, that was in Colonel Eustace’s regiment durin’ the war.”

“Ah ! I recollect you now, Joe ; how the devil came *you* here ?”

“Why, I’ll tell you ;” and Joe, notwithstanding the preciousness of his time, gave his autobiography from the time of leaving the army. He then dropped his tone into a whisper again, and said that he had been thinkin’ he might as well quit the business, and that he had been thinkin’ too, that he might contrive to let him out, if he was bold enough to attempt it.

Osborne was so overjoyed at the prospect, that he could hardly wait to hear the plan stated. The mode of escape was, that Osborne should gag and bind the poor creature, put on his shabby old garments, overcoat and hat, and boldly sally forth from the prison, unlocking the inner door for himself, and demanding egress at the other, without the least hesitation. “The old man ain’t at home, and the old woman ‘ill unlock it. I would’nt stop to say much, if I was you,

but if she speaks to ye, she'll ax ye to split some wood, I reckon, as she allwus duze me, and you jest say, 'yis, to-rights,' and then paddle off as fast as you can.' "

Osborne was reluctant to leave the poor wretch in such a situation, but finally, after a brief deliberation, and resolving to recompense him most liberally, he accepted his offer. He bound and gagged him, and disguising himself as well as he could, unlocked the door, and boldly proceeded to the outer one, and knocked to have it opened.

The wife of the keeper soon made her appearance, and, sure enough, as Joe had foretold, began to speak of splitting wood enough to last till next day. "Go right away about it, now, you lazy varmint," said she, as he crossed the threshold, and he, muttering as Joe had instructed him—"to-rights" passed hastily into the open air. The thought now, for the first time struck him, that in that disguise he would soon be discovered, if an alarm were given, and he proceeded with all speed to the house of a friend, where he borrowed a change of garments, a horse and sleigh, and in an hour's time he was half way to Pawtucket. "They will never think of my having made for Rhode Island," said he, "and if they do, I'll give them a run for it. It is a pleasant thing to be caught in such cursed scrapes, and we shall have an opportunity, Eustace and I both, to ascertain whether the trade of reformers is as profitable as it is agreeable. If it is, I shall certainly stick to it for the rest of my life! I shall be too lucky if my mishaps do not lose me my adorable besides. She is mortal, and she is a woman, and woman is mighty variable in some weathers."

In such edifying meditations, he consumed his time, until he crossed the Rhode Island line, and felt himself safe from pursuit. He then stopped at the first tavern, and boldly thundered at the door, until he roused the landlord from a deep sleep.

Joe, in the mean time, as the head-keeper went his rounds, was discovered in the situation in which Osborne had left him. The alarm was given and pursuit made in all directions, but no trace of the fugitive could be discovered. The keeper had some suspicion that Joe knew more about it than he chose to tell ; and when he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, after three days' interval, his suspicions became certainty. The governor issued a proclamation, offering a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of Osborne, and ten for Joe's person was thought ample. But the bolt this time sped harmless. Joe betook himself to the neighbouring sovereignty of "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," and having found out his old comrade, attached himself to his service, and they lived in exceeding harmony together.

"Some folks," Joe used to say, "calls me foolish Joe, and some honest Joe, but I guess they'll begin to find out that I know when to be foolish and when to be honest, as well as any on 'em!"

The trial of the leaders was not long after begun, and the conviction of some six in each of the counties of Berkshire and Hampshire, and one or two in Worcester, soon followed the restoration of order. Sentence of death was passed upon them, and the general impression was, that their speedy execution would succeed. The grand jury threw out a bill for high treason against Osborne, but found one against

him for seditious words and practices. When he heard of this result, he hesitated no longer to return to his home, and leaving his trusty follower at Hartford, till he could make his peace as well as his own, he proceeded to Springfield, and boldly made his appearance at the bar of the supreme judicial court to take his trial. The next day was accordingly assigned for it, and having easily found bail for his appearance, he proceeded to Moses Bliss's, to amuse himself in the mean time, as he best might.

"Are ye goin' to plead your own cause, Squire?" said Moses Bliss, "or git one o' yer brother chips. If I was in your place, I'd make 'em volunteer."

"D—n the trial!" said Osborne, impatiently; "what do you want to bother me with such nonsense for? Where is the witness, I should like to know, that dare appear against me?"

"I don't know," said Moses, "but they've subpœnaed me, and they've been chasin' round after Kye Brindle; but he's gin' 'em the slip, and gone down to Wooster, they due say, to git married to a rich widder. I think like enough they'll send after him yit, afore they've done with it."

The prophecy of Moses was literally fulfilled. The attorney-general declined, on the next day, to proceed in the trial, as the witnesses had not yet been found, and a messenger was at once despatched to look for Hezekiah at Worcester. He found him, just as the parson had tied the knot, and without regard to his energetic remonstrances, and the appeal of the lady to his gallantry, compelled him to set out early the next morning for Springfield. The lady, of course, did not submit to be separated from

her lawful husband, and the party jogged forward in great glee, Hezekiah stoutly maintaining, all the way, that he knew nothing in the world about the business.

All this while Eustace seemed to have been forgotten by every body but his nearest friends, and remained in his solitary confinement, without being allowed any other privilege than that of writing unanswered letters to his love and his sister. That it was meditated to make an example of him, and to try him for high treason, was confidently whispered among those who pretended to be in the secrets of the government. The alarm and agony of Mary Talbot and his sister, when this rumour reached their ears, were uncontrollable. They despatched a special messenger to summon Talbot from the army, with which he still was, that they might prevail on him to use his influence with the government for a pardon. Talbot hastily answered their letter, by saying, he feared he could not interfere to any purpose, or with any propriety; and with that most ungracious answer, they were obliged to content themselves.

CHAPTER VI.

Two or three days only had elapsed, after the ladies had received that ungallant response, when Talbot made his appearance in person. Gen. Lincoln had dismissed nearly all his troops, and was on the way from Berkshire to Springfield, where he intended to repose himself for a few days after the fatigues and incessant labours of the campaign. Talbot, having preceded him, had arrived the evening before the trial of Osborne was to take place, the witnesses being now all in attendance.

As soon as the attorney for the commonwealth heard of his arrival, he called on him to assist him in the trial of his old political opponent, and pleaded fatigue and occupation so urgently, that Talbot, without any great reluctance, soon gave his consent. He was well enough pleased to taste the fruits of the victory, which he had helped to win, by this triumph over a conquered enemy. Magnanimity would have said "No,"—but in times of civil commotion, and deep political rancour, that virtue is generally laid aside by the actors in the struggle.

The court-house was crowded to overflowing, and the most intense but noiseless excitement prevailed among both parties. Talbot, who had taken no little pains to prepare himself, opened the prosecution by a speech which commanded deep and breathless attention from court, from jury, and from the crowded

audience, of whatever political sentiment they might be. He stated, with great force and clearness, the law on the subject of seditious practices and words, and detailed the evidence in support of the indictment which he expected to offer. "In the list of witnesses, he took occasion to observe, there might be some less open and more guilty accomplices; but, without relying on their evidence, which he was willing to admit would be an imprudent calculation, he would prove to them, to their fullest satisfaction, that the prisoner at the bar had been guilty of all the offences of word and deed charged in the indictment, and might think himself but too fortunate that he was arraigned for a misdemeanor only, while so many of his friends, and the friends of the cause he had espoused, were already under sentence of death to atone for their treasonable and rebellious conduct, their parricidal attempts against the government and constitution of the commonwealth, to which they owed allegiance."

Among the witnesses who had been brought into court to testify, and were sitting inside the bar, was Eustace himself; and as it was the first time of his having been seen abroad since his confinement, every eye was turned on him before the cause commenced, and when the allusions, which Talbot evidently intended for him, were uttered, again the looks of every person who understood them were bent upon his countenance. He kept his dark eye, flashing with indignation, incessantly on Talbot, who did not venture, on this occasion, to confront his gaze more than once. Eustace had grown paler and thinner by his confinement, and though his cheek sometimes became crimson with anger, he maintained, for the

most part, a demeanor of calm, settled hatred and contempt towards his sworn enemy.

Moses Bliss was first called as a witness, and inquired of whether he had not, on some occasion, heard the prisoner speak of the government, and what he had said?

"Law! now, Squire," said Moses, "do you s'pose I can remember one twentieth part of what I hear said in my house, or who said it, or anything about it? I guess I must have a pretty good memory to due it."

Moses was interrogated further whether he had heard him speak of the late insurrection, or of any projected insurrection, and what he had said?

"Goodness, me! why, that's jest as bad as t'other question. How can I remember among five hundred people in and out some days, as them was, whether I heard this or that or anything in particular? why, I should think you'd see it was impossible."

"This mode of answering by putting new questions, and arguing the case, won't do, Mr. Moses Bliss," said Talbot, sternly; "answer me the question, upon your oath, whether you do recollect or not to have heard the prisoner speak of the government during the time I have specified, or at any other?"

"Wa-al," said Moses, with a slight grimace, "I believe I did, once or twice."

"What did he say, to whom, and where?"

Moses tried to evade by another long rigmarole dialogue, but was finally forced to testify that "he had heard the prisoner say, that 'it was time to put down a government, by force, which was every day committing some fresh outrage against the liberties of the people;' that it was about the time he came

back from the general court the last time, and was said in his long room to a public meeting of that party."

These were the very words charged in the indictment, and that was all the counsel could get out of the witness that came up to it.

"He is your witness, sir," said Talbot to the prisoner—and he, turning to his counsel, one of his intimate friends, said that he had better let Moses go without a cross-examination. The counsel accordingly rose and said that they would, if they thought it called for, examine the witness hereafter; at present they saw nothing that made it worth while to detain the court.

Witness after witness was called, and without any considerable success; as they could not be positive that they did hear any such words as those mentioned in the indictment, and being all of Osborne's party, they were exceedingly forgetful and refractory.

Enough had, however, been shown to make out the offences, and his counsel, relying on certain technical exceptions to the indictment, paid but little attention to the rest of the witnesses, until Talbot said carelessly to the crier, "Crier, call Henry Eustace."

There was a cordial bow and a look of intelligence exchanged between the prisoner and the witness, as he came up to the table. The clerk, directing him to hold up his right hand to take the oath, Eustace addressed himself to the court in a few words, as follows:

"I do not know, may it please the court, what I am called here to prove against the gentleman now on his trial; but to me it appears like a deliberate insult to have subpoenaed me here to prove any cri-

minality of conduct in him, when, if there be any, the fact has been already distinctly intimated that I was at least as guilty as the accused. As, therefore, I cannot testify to anything against him without criminating myself, I shall decline to appear as commonwealth's witness on this occasion. The person who conducts the prosecution must look elsewhere, among more congenial spirits, for his evidence to convict my friend."

He took his seat, and Talbot, who was far from being in a pleasant mood, insisted vehemently that the witness should take the oath, and make his declaration under that sanction, "that he could not answer the particular questions put to him without criminating himself;" and of that opinion were all the court.

The clerk again said, "Henry Eustace, rise up—hold up your right hand, and listen to the oath."

Eustace remained seated, and answered only by a look of defiance. Talbot called upon the court to fine and imprison him in the county prison for his contempt of court. Osborne here rose up, and with his blindest tones, entreated his friend to respect the authority of the court, and not to expose himself to any such animadversion of that tribunal, on his account. Eustace coolly replied, "that he had made his answer, and he would abide by it to the last day of his life."

Then the feeling of the audience, which had been thus far smothered, burst forth in one general tumult of applause. The court called to order—the sheriff bawled silence with all his might—but the mischief was done. The court, saying that they would consider hereafter what punishment should be inflicted

on the witness for his obstinate and daring contempt, directed Talbot to call his next witness. That was no less than Hezekiah Brindle. Hezekiah took the oath in the meekest manner, and to the first question, whether he was acquainted with the prisoner, he answered promptly, "Wa-al, I don't know but I am; I don't remember anything about these seditious words that I could swear to, though. I shouldn't like to say that I ever heard him say anything like it. I mean to tell the truth, what I due say, but I must be very sartin about a thing afore I'll swear to it."

The most deplorable uncertainty of recollection as to particular words, which Hezekiah was requested to specify, detracted so much from the value of his evidence that, after half an hour's painful questioning, Talbot gave over, and told him, rather tartly, to "go about his business."

"Oh, wa-al, if you're done with me, I'll go and see how my old woman is. That's my chief business, now-a-days!" and the whole court-house was in a roar of laughter.

The cause was now with the prisoner's counsel, and they warmly contended that there was no positive evidence of the words having ever been spoken, and that, even if they were, the indictment was defective. The court, however, was of a contrary opinion as to the latter, and left it to the jury to decide whether they found the words sufficiently made out by the evidence. They retired for an hour, and brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

There was a profound silence in the court, while the verdict was recorded, and the judges consulted briefly on the extent of the punishment. Osborne,

who supposed that they would impose a slight fine on him, was thunderstruck by the first sentence the chief justice uttered—"The sentence of the court is that you be taken this day to a gallows to be erected for that purpose, and there sit upon the same for the space of one hour, with a rope about your neck—that you pay a fine of fifty pounds to the commonwealth; and moreover be bound in the sum of one thousand pounds, yourself, and two sureties in five hundred pounds, to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for five years;" and the sheriff was ordered to see to the execution of the first part of the sentence that very afternoon, and to keep the prisoner in custody until the other parts were complied with.

"These latter, I will now, by the aid of my friends, endeavour to do," said Osborne, rising; "and if I may be allowed to ask that the other part of the sentence may be left until I can apply to the proper authority for a pardon, I think the court will perceive that I make no unreasonable request."

Talbot suggested whether the time could be postponed by the court, as it was already recorded as a part of the sentence.

Eustace hesitated for an instant whether he should not take the unfeeling wretch by the throat, and strangle him on the spot. His reason gradually returned to him, as he saw the many tenders of money to pay Osborne's fine, and offers to become bound for him made by his friends around him.

"Here," said Brindle, slyly, "there's the fifty pound, a note of the Massachusetts Bank, and I'll be one to give security for you; but there's so many on 'em wantin' to due it, I'll stand back."

Osborne, who was unprovided with so large a sum

at the time, took the note from Hezekiah, and the first friends that came up, he accepted as bail for his good behaviour. This being done, the sheriff took him to his lodgings, until the ignominious part of the punishment was ready to be inflicted.

When the gallows was hastily erected, and the prisoner had mounted with the rope around his neck, there was not a single spectator visible in the whole village. The judges began to doubt whether there was not yet a sullen feeling of resistance to the laws, which it would be necessary still further to subdue by force. The moment Osborne descended from the gallows, and had turned the first corner, he was surrounded by his old friends, and cheered and carried in triumph to Moses Bliss's. The conduct of Eustace soon became the general topic, and though no such word was uttered, it was tacitly understood, that their whole party should collect on the morrow to witness his trial for the contempt of court. He had been remanded to the arsenal, where he was as strictly guarded as ever, and he awaited the issue with the most stoical indifference.

Long before the court-house opened the next morning, an immense crowd was seen thronging around the doors. They were unarmed, and entirely peaceable, but wore faces of deep and gloomy discontent. The name of Talbot might be occasionally heard among them, with whispers of execration; and a coat of tar and feathers was more than once spoken of, by the more hot-headed among the leaders.

The judges were on the point of moving toward the court-house, and had given orders that Eustace should be brought up for punishment, when the in-

ice was announced that Gen. Lincoln, with a squadron of horse and a battalion of infantry, had entered the village. They sent a message to him immediately, requesting to see him. He had observed the emblems of the people, as he rode along, and he inquired what it meant. The court briefly explained to him the particulars of Osborne's trial, and the obstinacious conduct of Eustace, which had been postponed for sentence till that morning.

The general shook his head; and the judges, seeing his looks, that he did not exactly coincide with their severity towards Osborne or Eustace, now asked what was "to be done with the chief instigators while the poor deluded tools, who had led the mob in the field, were to be condemned to the last moment?"

"I will agree to all you can say upon the guilt of the men, but I would not punish even the most guilty. A sound policy forbade. You yourselves admit that the excitement of their adherents has gone on ever since the trial of Osborne was announced, and is still going on. I am for a suspension of the sentences in this instance, until, if it should be necessary, we may have the views of the executive with respect to further prosecutions. It is not the question at this time, what punishment the law allows, but what good policy may advise," said the general. The judges, who understood that Gen. Lincoln's opinion was large enough to authorize him to order or to discharge whomsoever he might deem proper, acquiesced in the proposal to omit any action dependent upon Eustace's case, and, after mature deliberation, concurring also in the views of the general with respect to the number of examples, broke up the

term of the court, to the great joy of all the rebels, who apprehended indictments.

The general did not neglect his duty to the ladies at Col. Eustace's, and among the first visits he made was one to them. They were on the point of despatching Captain Brindle, to solicit an interview, when the general came to the gate. Hezekiah had, by this time, contrived to domesticate his wife as well as himself at the colonel's, although, when the colonel heard of his defection to the government cause, he declared, in a very decided phrase, that "the rascal should never cross his threshold again." Hezekiah returned from the army, however, and, in defiance of the colonel's orders, at the first interview, to quit his sight for ever, he remained in the house, gradually recovering all his former authority over the household. When he had come to Springfield with his wife, he contrived to get himself invited to bring her up, and show her to the family, and the colonel then, in his blunt way, told him that "he might as well stay where he was, though he was ashamed of him."

Hezekiah was soon made the confidant of all the schemes of the two young ladies, as he was absolutely necessary to aid in carrying them into execution. He was to seek out the general, and if he still declined to interfere, he was to go to Boston, with sundry petitions to the governor for his release. Among others, was one drawn and signed by Elizabeth alone, which was supposed to be capable of melting the hardest heart among those in power. If they had known how seldom those gentry recognize the existence of any such thing, they would have been much less sanguine in their calculations.

The general apologized for his apparent inattention to their former application, but excused himself on the

ground of the peculiar state of public affairs at that period, and the necessity he was under of hurrying after the rebels before he could decide upon it. The gentle Elizabeth, who now preserved more self-control than her philosophic friend, spoke in terms of such moving terror at the prospect of her brother being tried for high treason, that the general was surprised into tears. Leave nature but to herself, and she will triumph where all the fine orations in the world would be thrown away!

"I will visit your brother this morning," said the general, soothingly, "and if he is more reasonable than yesterday, I will set myself to procure his release. But there are others, you must be aware, ladies, that I must consult on this matter."

He sought out several of the leading friends of government, and, with all of them, his wishes were their law, until he came to Talbot. To his amazement Talbot protested against it with the most unwonted vehemence. He denounced him as the arch-traitor—as the most dangerous among all the secret collaborators of treason; and intimated, that if he were left to go "unwhipt of justice," the government might take care of the next Percy as they best could.

"Why, what does all this mean?" said the general, in the utmost amazement. "You are the only friend of government that has raised an objection to it; and, to make it the more extraordinary, your own sister has warmly interested herself for his discharge."

"My own sister," cried Talbot, furiously, "is a simpleton. She has even been fool enough to promise to marry that hopeful traitor. I would rather to-morrow follow her to her grave!"

"Good heaven! that is shocking, Talbot," said the general; "agreed that the young man has been mis-

led, and has been as active and dangerous as you say, yet he is entitled, like others, to the benefit of his repentance. If he appear well disposed, and give satisfactory security for his good behaviour for the next four or five years, as his friend Osborne did, I shall certainly feel very much disposed to give him his liberty once more."

"Then, by heavens! I hope," cried Talbot, "that he may get up a new rebellion, that shall shake the commonwealth to its centre! Will you do me the favour to ask the opinion of the governor and council, at least, before you decide on any such step, sir?"

"Colonel Talbot," said the general, gravely, "I see very plainly that there is some private feud between you and this prisoner. If you are really in apprehension that he may attempt any violence to you personally, I will make it a condition of his release that he shall quit the state, and not return to it for a space of time that will give reason a chance to reassume the sway which she seems to have lost over you in respect to Eustace."

Talbot haughtily declared, that, as far as concerned any such apprehensions, he might be set at liberty on the instant, and he "would be glad to meet him on any spot in the wide world."

The general took his leave, saying, that he would consider of it, and pacing along leisurely to his headquarters, the idea struck him, that it would be well to ascertain from the young ladies, before he went near Eustace, what was the cause of the deadly hatred of Talbot to his old associate. Bending his steps that way, he met, full in the face, Mr. Brindle, who was on his way to bring a report from the general to the ladies, of the prospect of Eustace's release.

The general, recognizing a countenance familiar to him, bowed slightly, and was passing on.

"Gin'ral," said Hezekiah, with a shuffling attempt at a bow, "the ladies sent me to the arsenal to inquire what was agoin' to be done about Major Eustace."

"Ah! you are the young man I saw at Col. Eustace's door this morning. I was this moment going to make an inquiry of the ladies before I visited the young gentleman."

"Maybe I can answer it myself," said Hezekiah. "I know pretty much all the secrets of the family, and can tell ye. I've lived with the old gentleman ever sin' I was a boy."

The general hesitated a moment about confiding the question to him, but cautiously inquired if he knew anything of a private quarrel between Major Eustace and Col. Talbot?

"Why, I ruther guess I due; I know all about it, from beginning to end, and I can give you chapter and varse for the whole on't."

Hezekiah then proceeded to unfold, in his most voluble manner, the courtships of the parties, and the engagement of the "Squire to Miss Lizzy"—and the "kick up" between Harry and the Squire—and Col. Talbot's being forbid the house—and Elizabeth's solemn promise not to marry him without her mother's as well as her father's consent—and he added, "you may depend, she'd die afore she'd break her solemn promise."

"Ah! ha! that is the secret of it, is it? What an unfortunate division is this! And the sister of Col. Talbot all the while engaged to Eustace!"

"Jest so! It is a cross-grained, ugly piece of busi-

ness, and I believe you'll hev' some trouble to make 'em friends, gin'ral."

"However, we must try," said he, and he proceeded to Eustace's apartment.

"I guess," said Hezekiah to himself, as the general quit him, "you'll find it a tougher job to make up their quarrel, than you did to put down the rebels!"

And so in truth it was likely to prove; for when the general, in an appeal to him full of the kindest sentiments, pointed out the necessity of a reconciliation, dwelt on the duty of forgiving injuries, and alluded to the painful situation of their two sisters, while he and Talbot remained enemies,—Eustace, after a moment's silence, burst forth:

"Never, never—so help me heaven—will I be any thing but his everlasting enemy. It shall be the business of my whole life to revenge this last cowardly injury. I will persecute him, day and night, to the last hour of my life, and, if I do not make him as odious and infamous as any vile informer that ever breathed, I will quit the country that contains us."

"But the last injury," said the general, with a smile, "was the greatest favour he could have done you. For, in all probability, it saved you from any overt act of treason in the rebellion."

"Whatever it saved me from, or whatever it has brought on me, if I forgive it, may I be—"

"Hush, hush!" said the general, "those vows are quite unnecessary. I am sorry to have to report to your sister and Miss Talbot such bad success in my mission. I had hoped that a reconciliation would have restored them to happiness, as well as yourself to liberty."

"If that is to be the condition of my release, I had

rather die in the most loathsome prison that could be contrived, than to go forth this hour."

"And rather than be friend with the brother, you would also be willing to renounce your tender ties with the sister?" said the general.

"All—everything, rather than be his friend again ! I would be content to drag out *my* life a miserable prisoner—exile—beggar!"

The general reasoned and remonstrated yet further, but all was in vain. The same fierce and bitter denunciations—the same vows of revenge upon Talbot were his only reply ; and after, in some degree, exhausting his own patience, the general took his leave.

"After all, then, hatred is stronger than love," said the general, as he went along, "and revenge is sweeter than all the sweets of mutual affection. A couple of madmen renounce voluntarily their own hopes of happiness, merely because they wish to gratify the worst feelings of our nature towards each other ! I must go and take counsel of the ladies, what is next to be done, for, to confess the truth, I have done my utmost, as far as reason and good counsel go."

"There comes the gin'ral," said Hezekiah, who had been attempting to console the two young ladies in the parlour, "and I'll lay a goose he han't brought anything about. I can tell by his looks."

He ran out to open the gate, and saying as he did so, that "he hoped the gin'ral had brought some good news for the ladies," the general paused a moment, and said—

"I find there is no use in reasoning with either of them. They are determined to be enemies, and so

they must remain, for all I can discover. I am at my wit's end."

"I knew there wan't no use in talkin' reason tu 'em!" said Hezekiah. "But, I think I could work it out, if I could get Mäster Harry down here, and let the two ladies have one fair set at him."

"Hah! you counsel like a second Solomon," said the general; "I will go in and prepare the ladies for his reception, and return for him forthwith."

As soon as the general had acquainted the ladies with his intentions, and taken his leave, Hezekiah came once more into the parlour.

"Now, Miss Mary and Miss Lizzy, jest let me give ye one hint: when Mister Harry comes, don't you go to talkin' reason and sense, and argerin' with him, as the gin'ral did, but do you jest fall tu and cry, and take on like all nater. He can't stand that long, now I tell ye."

Afflicted as they were, the ladies could not help smiling at Hezekiah's advice, and if they had not already secretly done so, would no doubt have adopted it.

"I am willing," said the general to Eustace, "to accord you one interview with your sister and Miss Talbot, before I leave the village, and as no person will remain who will have power to do so when I am gone, perhaps you may think it worth while to give me your parole of honour to return here when it is over, and to walk with me to your father's house."

The proposition was so unexpected, and the pleasure so unbounded, that Eustace was transported with joy, and instantly accepted the offer. He could hardly be restrained from starting into a run, as he came within sight of the paternal mansion.

"Come, come!" said the general, "no ecstasies. Recollect that your revenge is dearer to you than you are going to see."

Eustace made a slight grimace, and said nothing in reply.

When they reached the house, the ladies were not visible in the parlour, and Molly Mopps, after the tenderest salutation, told him they were in Miss Lizzy's room waiting to see him!—

What took place at that tender interview—the sighs, the tears, the vows, the prayers, we may not venture to relate. The triumph of female anguish, and female blandishments was complete. They gained his slow, reluctant consent to a reconciliation with his enemy, and happiness, full and perfect, once more dawned upon them. Elizabeth, as soon as she heard the consent, ran down, with her eyes still suffused with tears, to communicate the news to the general.

Hezekiah, who had taken it on himself to entertain the general,—as Tom Eustace was absent at Boston, busy in procuring the release of his brother, and the old colonel was confined to his room with his gout—jumped up and exclaimed, as he overheard the joyful intelligence,—

"I knew it—I knew it! Now, by the piper, if we don't hav' the greatest weddin' that ever was in Springfield! But I must run and tell the news to Squire Talbot—he'll be nation glad to hear it, I guess, for all."

"Major Eustace, you are no longer a prisoner," said General Lincoln to him, as he immediately after entered with his adored hanging upon his arm.

"A thousand thanks to you, general, for giving me that welcome news—but, alas! I have only made an

exchange of captivity. Here, I am likely to be a prisoner for life !”

“Whenever you are tired of the exchange,” said the general, laughing, “I will see that you have permission to go back to your old quarters in the arsenal.”

While they were bandying jests with each other and the ladies, Hezekiah had found the 'Squire, and after several attempts, had succeeded in making him understand that “it was all made up, and that he had now full permission to marry Miss Lizzy as soon as he pleased—and the sooner the better, I should say,” said Hezekiah, “for delays is sometimes dangerous. She expects you now, I rather guess, and if you don't come there'll be another muss, like enough.”

Talbot paced the floor five minutes in silence—then, without so much as recognizing the presence of the messenger, took his hat and bent his course for Colonel Eustace's. He was observed by our party as he came to the gate, and all quitting the room but Elizabeth, they waited in some suspense for the result, with the exception of Mary Talbot.

“Pooh! pooh!” said she to Eustace, “he will almost agree to be bosom friends with the great enemy of mankind, if Elizabeth Eustace should make it a condition of giving him her hand. It is strange what penance your wicked sex will undergo to gain one of ours, and how soon they repent them of their devotion.”

“Is it so ?” cried Eustace ; “then how long a time do you allow me, before my repentance begins ?”

“Whenever you have good cause,” said she.

“Ah! you are right to say that ; for your heart tells

you we can never be anything but happy and devoted to each other, as mine tells me every moment."

"I beg pardon," said the general; "but you appear to forget, my good friend, that I am overhearing every word you say, and I must remind you that if you don't intend to keep those vows, you are very wrong in making them."

"Oh! it is of no consequence, my dear friend," said the lady; "for he knows very well I do not believe a word of them."

The officious Hezekiah again made his appearance, to announce that they might return to the parlour, and "he b'lieved, by Miss Lizzy's looks, 'twas all right." The whole affair had been so managed that he took all the credit, and no sooner had he seen the 'Squire and the Major shake hands, than he ran up to Col. Eustace's room to acquaint him with the whole history. The colonel shed tears of joy, and declared himself so much relieved of his gout that he would contrive to attend the weddings.

"Then you must get well plaguey quick," said Hezekiah, "for they're to be spliced together this very night, as the gineral's giv' me a hint."

"Why, what a monstrous hurry they're in!" said the colonel; "they haven't my consent yet to Elizabeth's marriage;" but at that moment the dear, dutiful daughter entered with her lover, and both consent and blessing were speedily given.

The general was impatient to depart for Boston, or at least affected to be, to hurry the nuptials, and in half an hour the news was spread over the whole village. Hezekiah came, breathless with expedition, to Moses Bliss, to ask his assistance in preparing the banquet, and yet did not neglect to communicate the news to such of his friends as he met on the way.

"Moses, I want you to help us get ready a leetle the grandest weddin'-supper that ever was set out in old Hampshire. We're a goin' to have a double weddin', and the old colonel says every thing shall be jest as I order and direct."

"Weddin'! why, who's a goin' to git married? you a goin' to git married over agin," said Moses, "or what's to pay?"

Hezekiah briefly explained, while Moses ejaculated, "Lord help us!"—"Due tell!"—"You don't!"—"Oh! the pipers!" and so on, till his catalogue of exclamations was exhausted. As the recital was concluded, Osborne, who had been ill, but was now well enough to set out for home, entered the room to bid his landlord good-by.

"Why, Squire," cried Hezekiah, in transport, "you here yet? The luckiest thing that ever was! You don't go any part of your way hum to-day, I tell ye." And, detailing to him also the turn affairs had taken, and that his friend the major was to be married that very night, he gave him a most pressing invitation to the wedding.

Osborne declined accepting upon such authority, but told him that he would wait to see Major Eustace, as he had some private business with him, and as soon as Moses and Hezekiah had arranged what the former was to do, and what dishes to cook, the latter hurried home.

It was not long before Eustace, accompanied by Talbot and the general, made their appearance.—"He may feel some embarrassment," said the latter, "and we must try to make him forget some little circumstances of recent occurrence."

Thus invited, and having made friends with Talbot, who made him as many excuses as he could

desire, Osborne agreed to attend the wedding. "I was to have been a Benedict about this time myself," said he to Eustace, "but I suppose since my late adventure it will be all up with me."

"Oh! nonsense!" said Eustace, "how can you doubt of the constancy of woman? You are becoming a misanthrope, and a cynic."

Short as the notice was, the wedding feast and the wedding cake were all prepared in season. The company was just as numerous as it should have been, and not one person was there, whom any wished away, and not one was absent, (except Tom Eustace,) whom anybody regretted. The old colonel himself had hobbled down stairs, and was among the gayest of the supper party.

"Here's to the health and harmony of the new married couples," said he, "bumpers, if you please, to that."

"I never was so happy 'afore in my life," said Hezekiah to Moses Bliss, who was seated by his side, below the middle of the table.

"Nor I nuther," said Moses; "less drink that bumper in full!"

The merry laugh and the harmless jest went round till midnight approached. The parson who had officiated, finding that there was some disposition to break up, judged it decorous to be the first to retire. Accordingly, he stood up, and with glass in hand gave as a sentiment—

"May these happy unions be crowned with the early fruits of marriage;" and, with a sly snigger at his own wit, while he picked up his hat to retire, he was gratified at witnessing a hearty laugh in several quarters, at his toast.

The general, who had been too much occupied

with the ladies to hear the joke, very innocently inquired of the newly married Mrs. Talbot, what the parson had said. Her blushes and confusion gave notice to press the question no further.

He shortly after rose to take his leave, and taking the hands of the two brides, he said, "I have but one word of parting advice to give you, ladies. If ever any of those matrimonial squabbles, which, they say, are not uncommon, should happen, remember this day, and do not attempt to influence your husbands by reason and good sense, but have recourse to the same weapons with which you have won this victory."

"You may be sure we shall not forget your advice," cried both the ladies, and the general, gallantly stepping up, bestowed a parting kiss upon the cheek of each, and took his leave. We should not have ventured to record this salute, if we had not first, by the most diligent investigation, ascertained that even the severe manners of that time and place permitted such a license. The indulgent reader will, therefore, make allowance for the customs of that age.

"Doctor Talbot!" cried Eustace, "you are as silent as a dead man to-night. Come, a sentiment from you, if you please."

"Well, as the brides have retired," said the doctor, "I'll give you one ;—" may you both make better husbands, than you have single dogs,—and so good-night to ye, my lads."

Two happy, fleeting months had elapsed after the wedding, and the four happiest people in the world were sitting together, watching the brilliant sunset from Colonel Eustace's windows, when Mrs. Eustace suddenly exclaimed, "there they are!" and ran off at full speed to the gate to welcome her old friend Miss Warren, now become Mrs. Osborne. After the

first shower of greetings was over—"and so your lady-love proved constant to you, after all your forebodings?" said she to the husband.

"Oh!" said the lady, gaily; "I liked him all the better for that awkward adventure of his. It has given me something to teaze the creature about, all my life, and that you know is *such* a pleasure."

They consented to partake of the hospitality of the colonel's roof for some days; and, one evening when they were talking of the state of the commonwealth, Osborne said to Eustace,—

"You did wrong to renounce political life, as you have. Since Governor Hancock was elected over Bowdoin, I have great hopes our party will yet come uppermost. And Talbot, what the deuce made you decline a re-election this spring? You have stopped in the midst of *your* career."

"Ask this lady," said Talbot, pointing to his wife. "She was so delighted when I told her, without intending to do it, that I was about to decline a re-election, that I came out the same day and announced it."

"Pretty much my case, though not exactly," said Eustace. "My wife plainly signified that she wished me to do so, and I acted accordingly."

"A downright fib! It was your own proposal;" said his wife, "but you often say that you are so glad you have renounced politics altogether."

"I admit it," said Eustace, "and nothing short of a proclamation of a king, shall ever induce me to meddle with public affairs again."

"I do not say that," said Talbot. "I shall be ever ready to renounce my happiness and ease, to avert any calamity from my country, that is, with my wife's permission."

"Let that be always understood," cried Osborne, "in whatever we propose."

With such amiable dispositions on the part of the husbands, it will, of course, readily be supposed, that these married people led a life of uninterrupted domestic felicity. Colonel Eustace was relieved from all his embarrassments, and Hezekiah bought a place near him, to give him the benefit of his daily advice.

The rebellion was doomed to annihilation. The legislature soon pardoned all who were under sentence of death, and Shays, Parsons, and two or three others who had been at first excluded from the general pardon, finally succeeded in obtaining forgiveness.

Thus, by the promptitude and humanity of one of the best of soldiers, and one of the most amiable of men, was a dangerous rebellion crushed almost without bloodshed. If ever, unfortunately, such a state of things should again occur in any part of our country, may such another chief be found to restore tranquillity!

Gentle reader! we would fain jog on together awhile still, but, sooth to say, our story will hold out no longer. Our tale is told, and if any, who shall honour it with a perusal, shall recognize the hand of a previous acquaintance, we give them praise for their discernment, and, till we meet again, which may or may not be, bid him or her a kind FAREWELL.

FINIS.









